



POISON  
IVY



BLIMPY



HOMER  
DOODLE



SPIDER  
WIDOW



SWING  
SISSON



ZERO



BIG  
TOP

# FEATURE

## COMICS



JANUARY

THE DOLLMAN SOLVES THE CASE OF  
THE UNLUCKY QUARTER



LALA PALOOZA



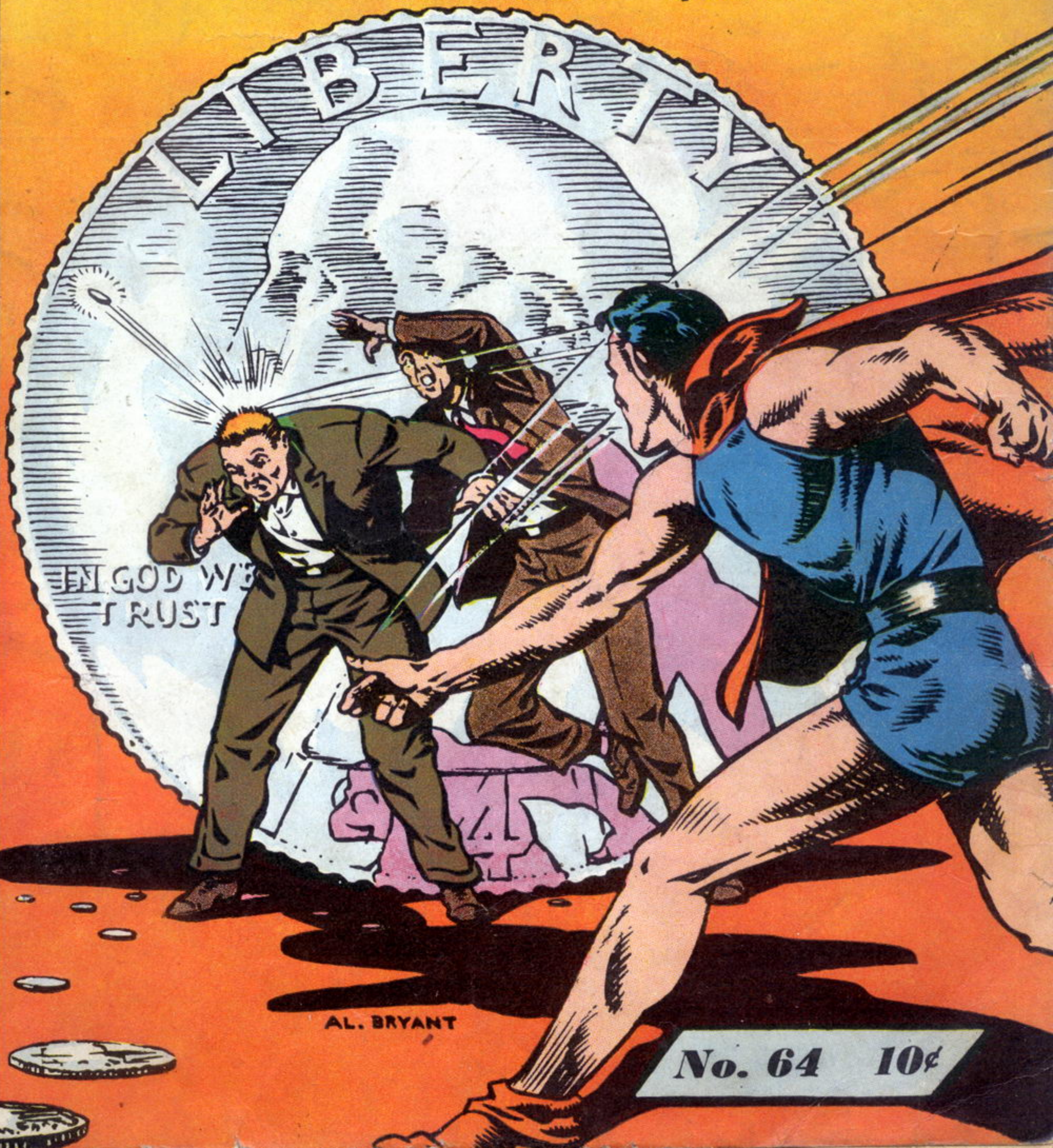
RUSTY RYAN



MICKY FINN



SPIN SHAW



No. 64 10¢



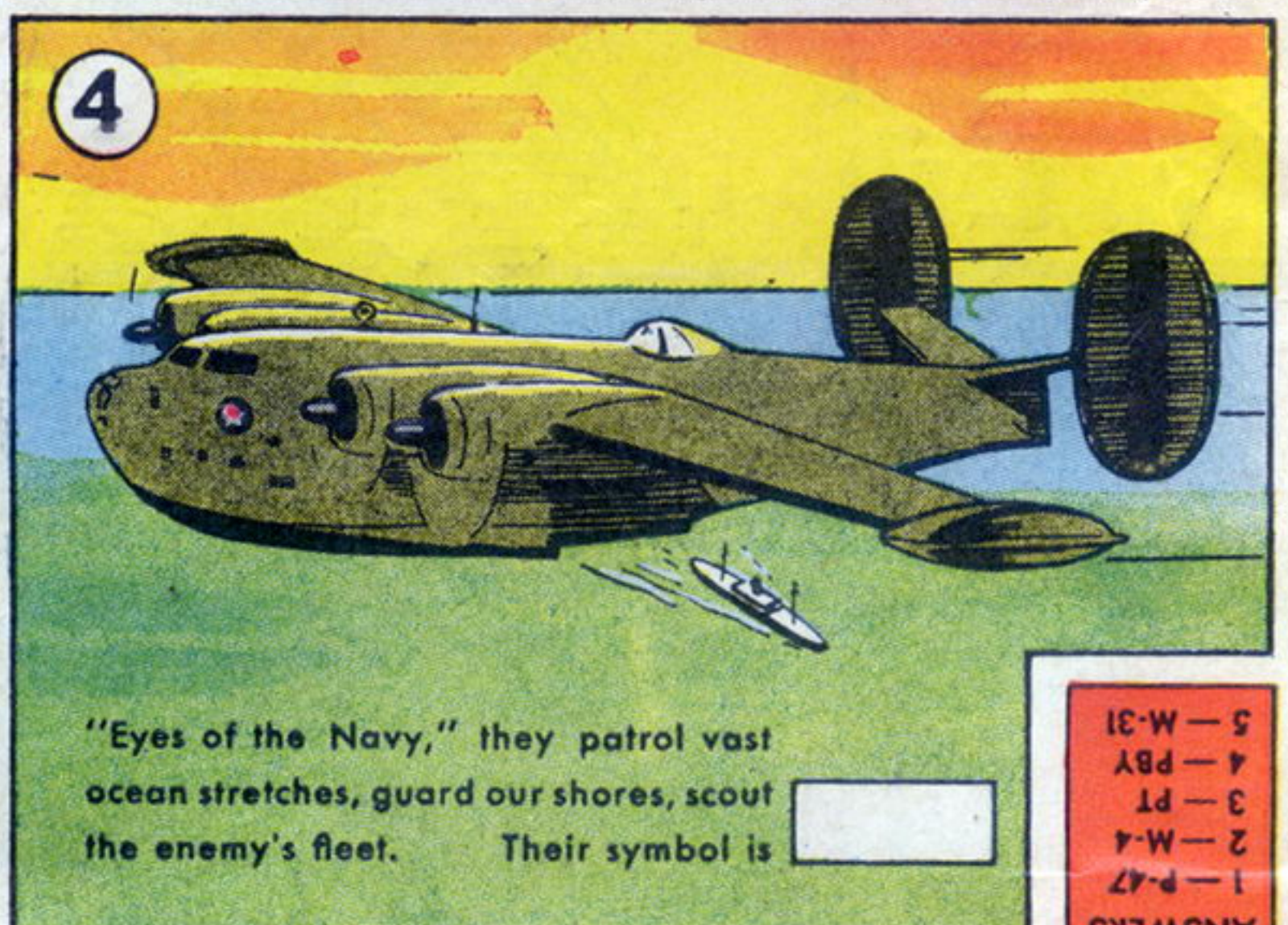
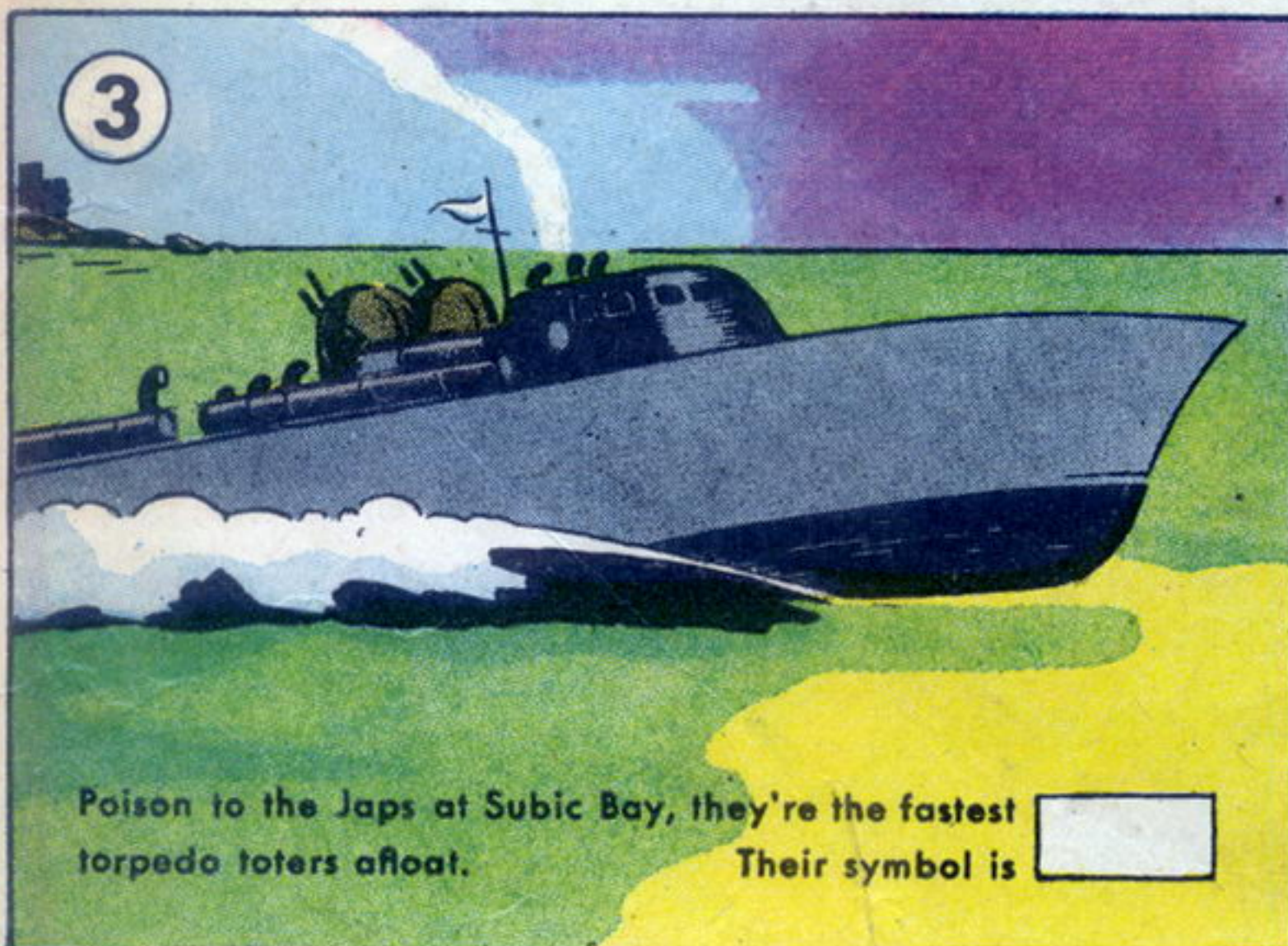
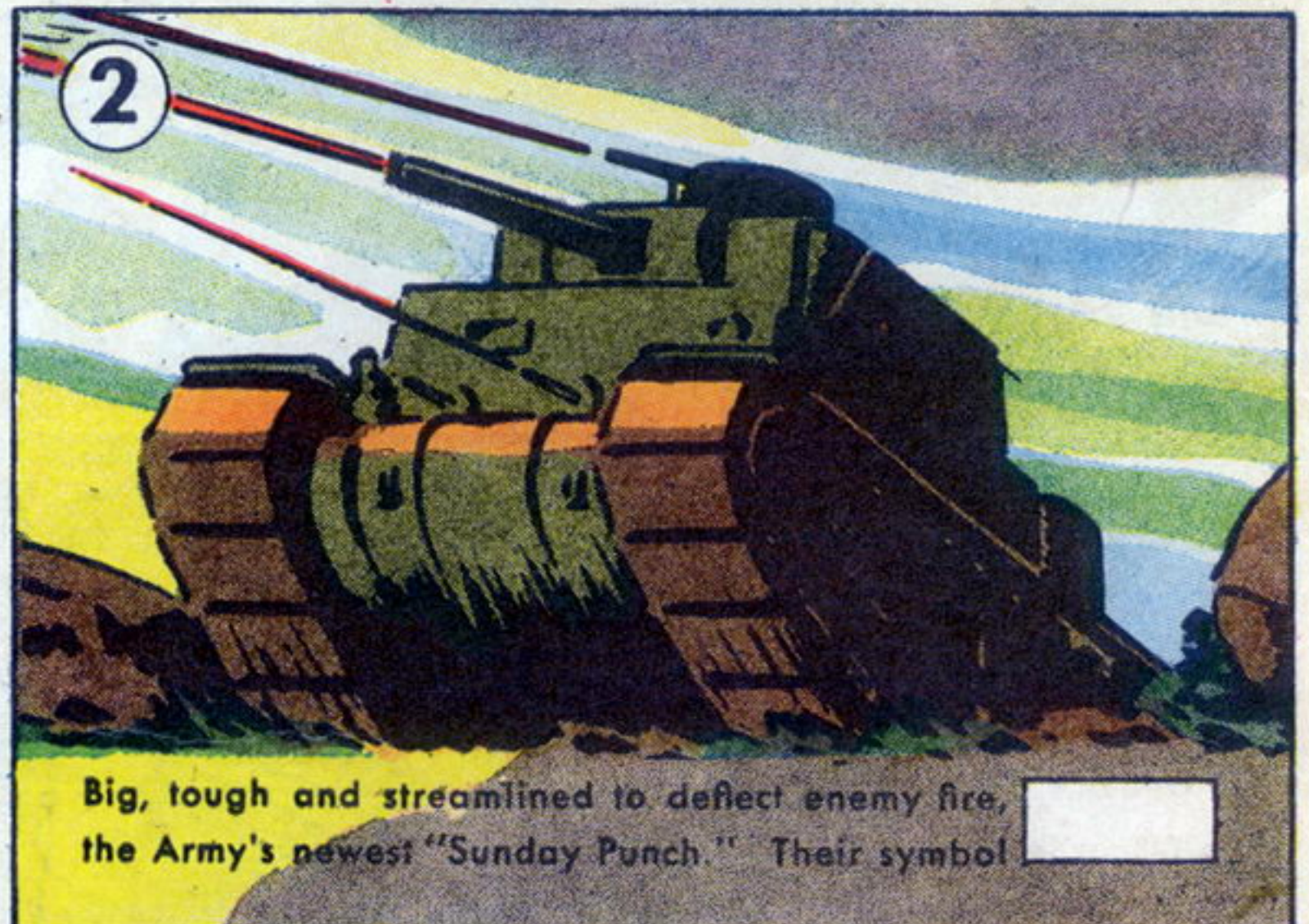
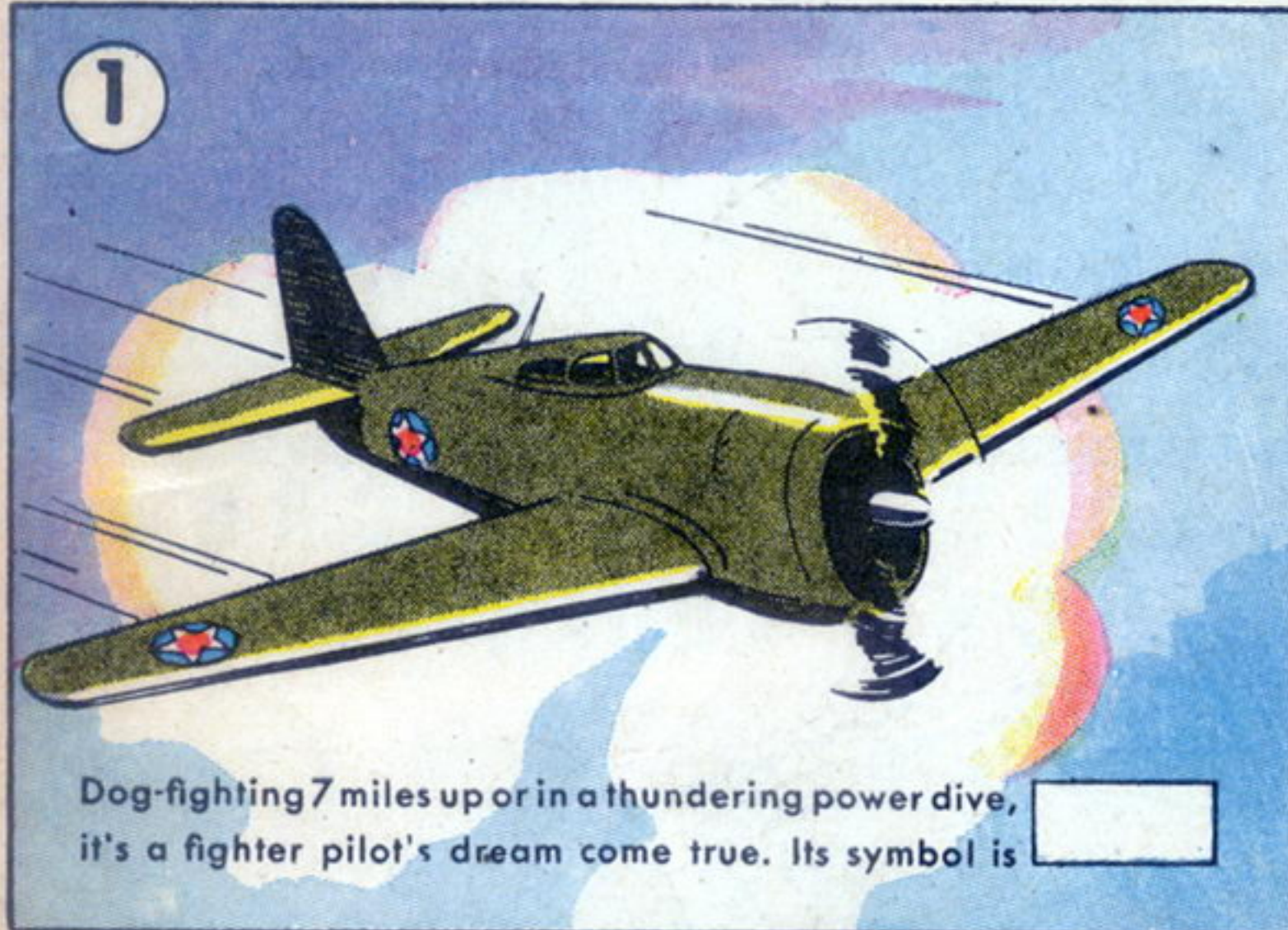


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# HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



ANSWERS  
1—P-47  
2—M-4  
3—PT  
4—PBV  
5—M-31



**MORROW COASTER BRAKE.** They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is  (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).

The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.



**ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION**

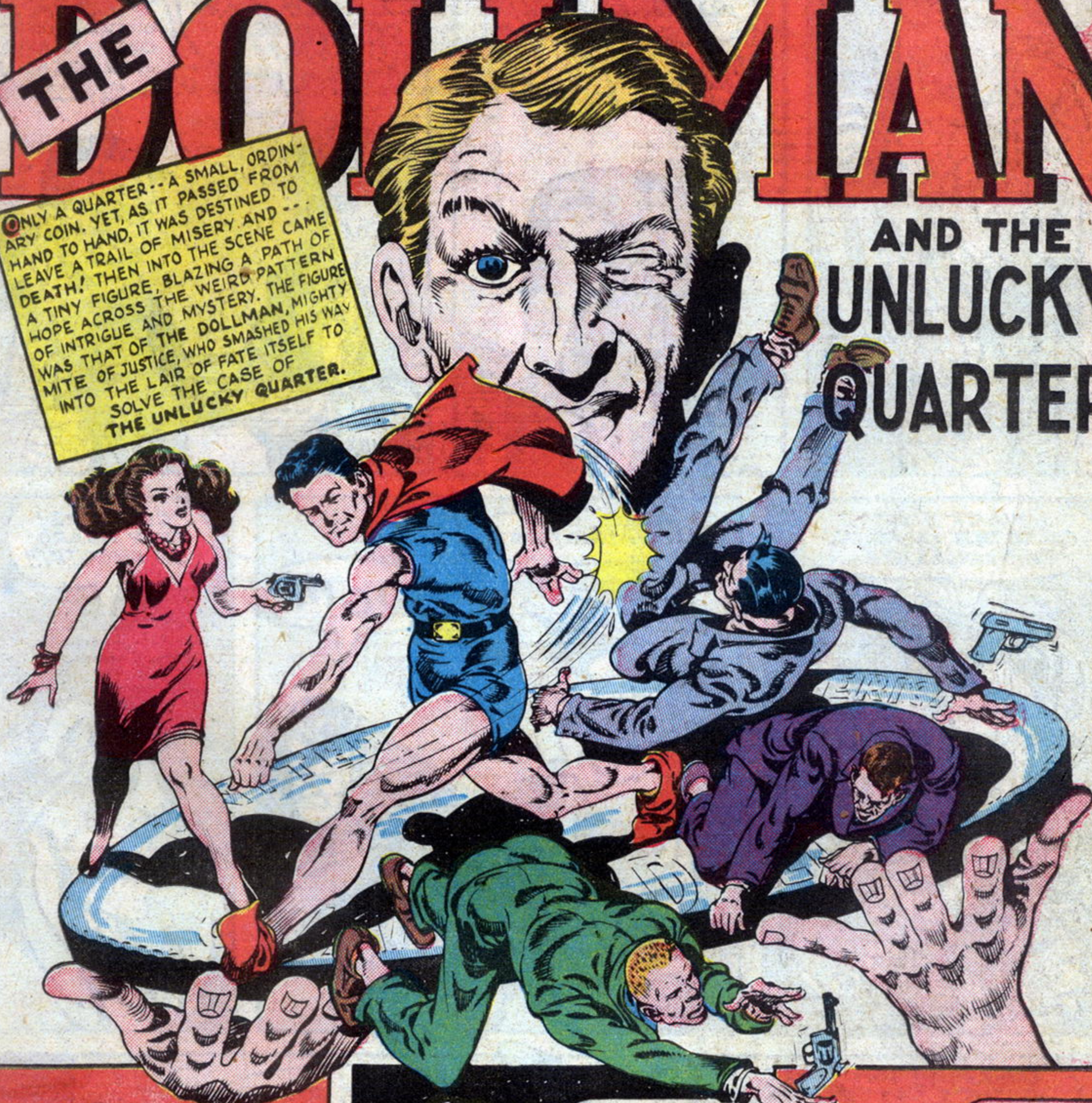
FEATURE COMICS, January, 1943, No. 64. Published monthly by Comic Favorites, Inc., 8 Lord St., Buffalo, N. Y. Executive Offices, Gurley Building, 322 Main St., Stamford, Conn. E. M. Arnold, General Manager. Gilbert Fox, Editor. Yearly subscription \$1.00, Canada and Foreign \$1.50. Entered as second-class matter August 20, 1937, at the Post Office, Buffalo, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. The characters and events pictured herein are entirely fictitious. The Publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 370 Lexington Ave., New York City. E. S. Murthey, Advertising Representative. F. E. M. Cole & Co., 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill., Western Representative. Copyright 1942 by Comic Favorites, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.



# THE DOLLMAN

## AND THE UNLUCKY QUARTER

ONLY A QUARTER--A SMALL, ORDINARY COIN. YET, AS IT PASSED FROM HAND TO HAND, IT WAS DESTINED TO LEAVE A TRAIL OF MISERY AND DEATH! THEN INTO THE SCENE CAME A TINY FIGURE, BLAZING A PATH OF HOPE ACROSS THE WEIRD PATTERN OF INTRIGUE AND MYSTERY. THE FIGURE WAS THAT OF THE DOLLMAN, MIGHTY MITE OF JUSTICE, WHO SMASHED HIS WAY INTO THE LAIR OF FATE ITSELF TO SOLVE THE CASE OF THE UNLUCKY QUARTER.



I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THAT READER TO COME ALONG AND SO FAR HE IS NOT HERE.

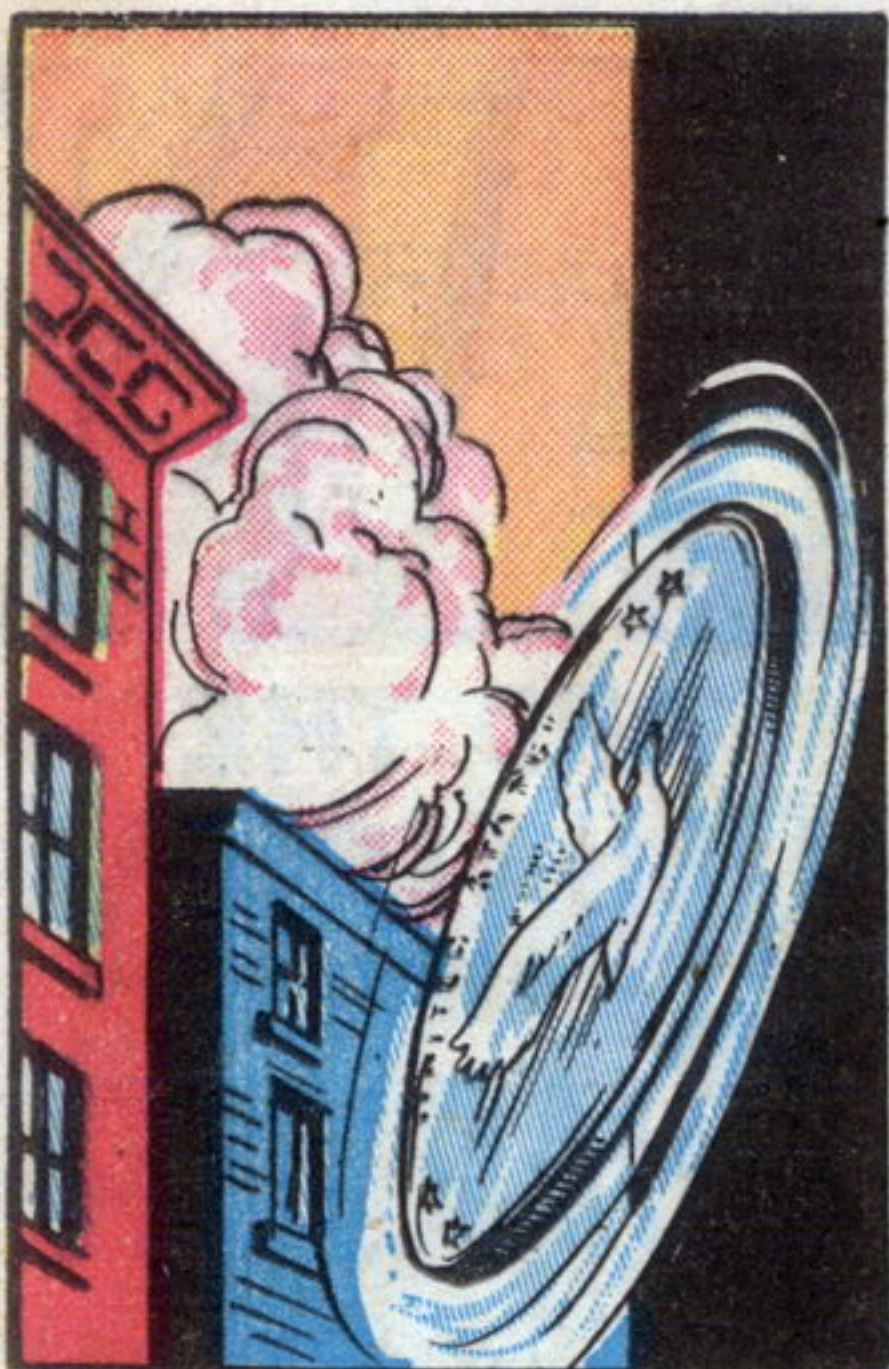


OHO! SO THERE YOU ARE AT LAST! IT'S ABOUT TIME YOU CAME. I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR MONTHS TO HAVE YOU READ THIS STORY..ER.. I'M KNOWN AS "ONCE MORE" CHARLIE.. AND I'M THE SYMBOL OF BAD LUCK!



YOU SEE, THEY CALL ME "ONCE MORE" BECAUSE I NEVER GIVE A PERSON BAD LUCK JUST ONCE. I ALWAYS COME BACK ONCE MORE! SEE? JUST WATCH THE TROUBLE I CAN CAUSE WITH THIS QUARTER..





A QUARTER!  
IMAGINE DE LUCK!



WHAT'D I TELL  
YA ABOUT STAYIN'  
OFF'N MY BEAT,  
LOUIE?

...UUULPS!  
"MIDNIGHT"JOE!  
WATCHA POINTIN'  
DAT GLIN AT  
ME FOR?



I WANT THAT  
QUARTER YA FOUND  
ON MY BEAT!

BANG!

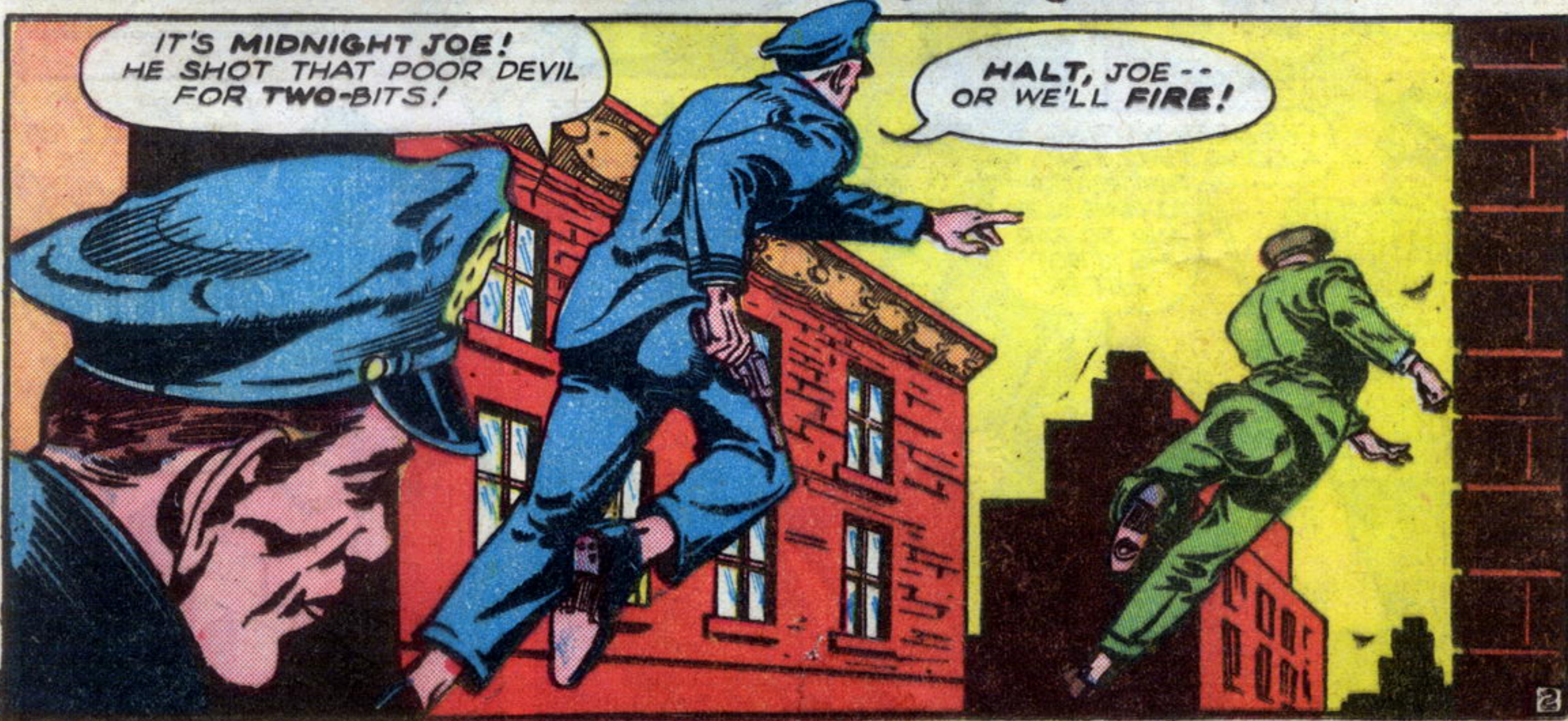


HA! HA! HA!

UGH!



COPPERS!  
THEY HEARD  
DE SHOOTIN'!!



IT'S MIDNIGHT JOE!  
HE SHOT THAT POOR DEVIL  
FOR TWO-BITS!

HALT, JOE --  
OR WE'LL FIRE!





YA AIN'T GITTIN' ME, COPPERS! TAKE THAT-- AN' THAT!

BANG!  
BANG!



G-GET HIM, MIKE-- I-I'M DONE FOR! I W-WON'T LAST MUCH-- MU-- UHHH--

MURPHY! MURPHY! NO USE-- HE'S DEAD!



OKAY, MIDNIGHT JOE -- YOU ASKED FOR IT!

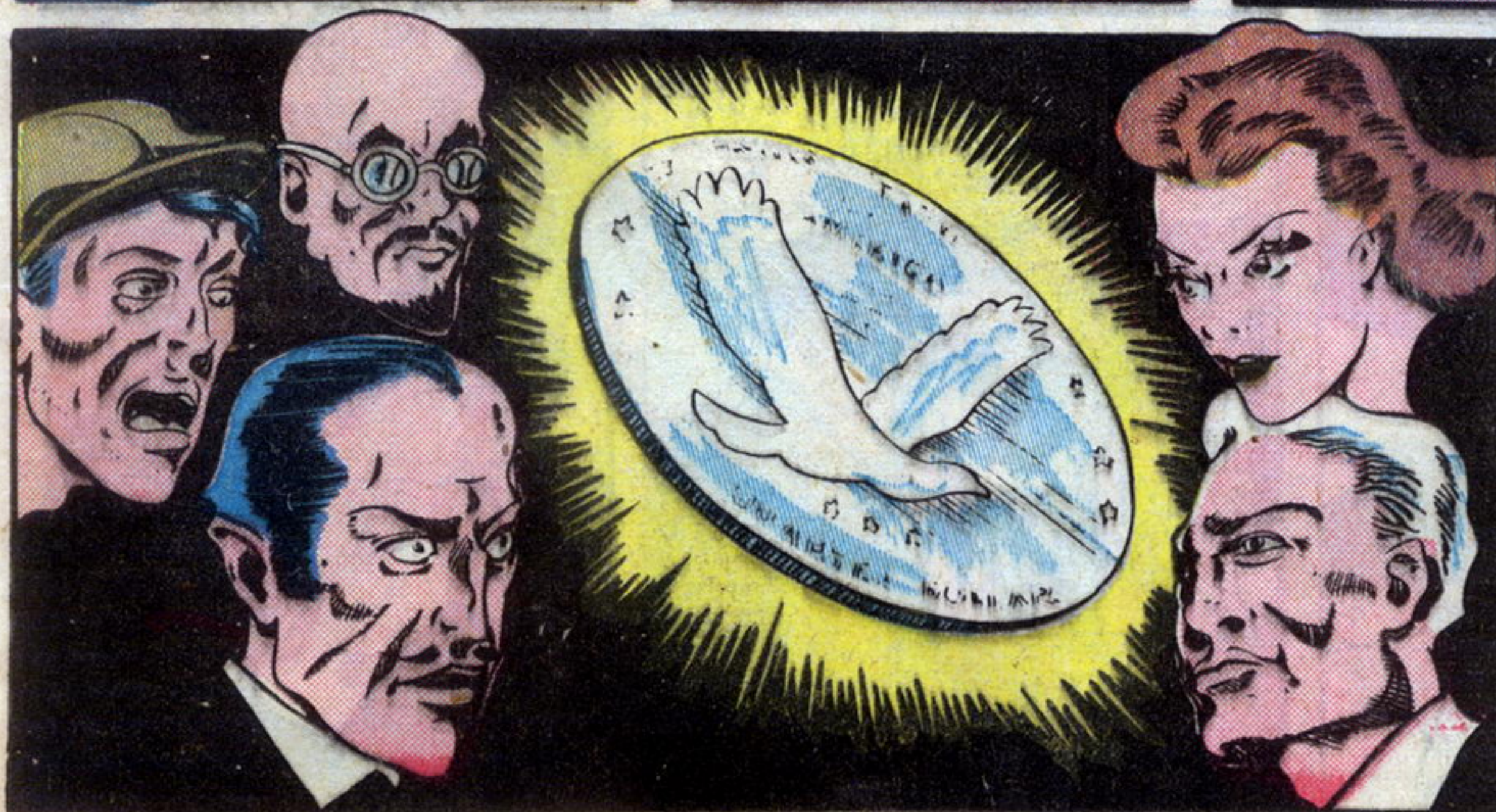
BANG!  
BANG!



YA GOT ME, COPPER! A LUCKY SHOT-- I-I-



INSIDE OF TEN MINUTES, THE UNLUCKY QUARTER HAS MADE THE ROUNDS.  
SCORE: THREE DEAD MEN!



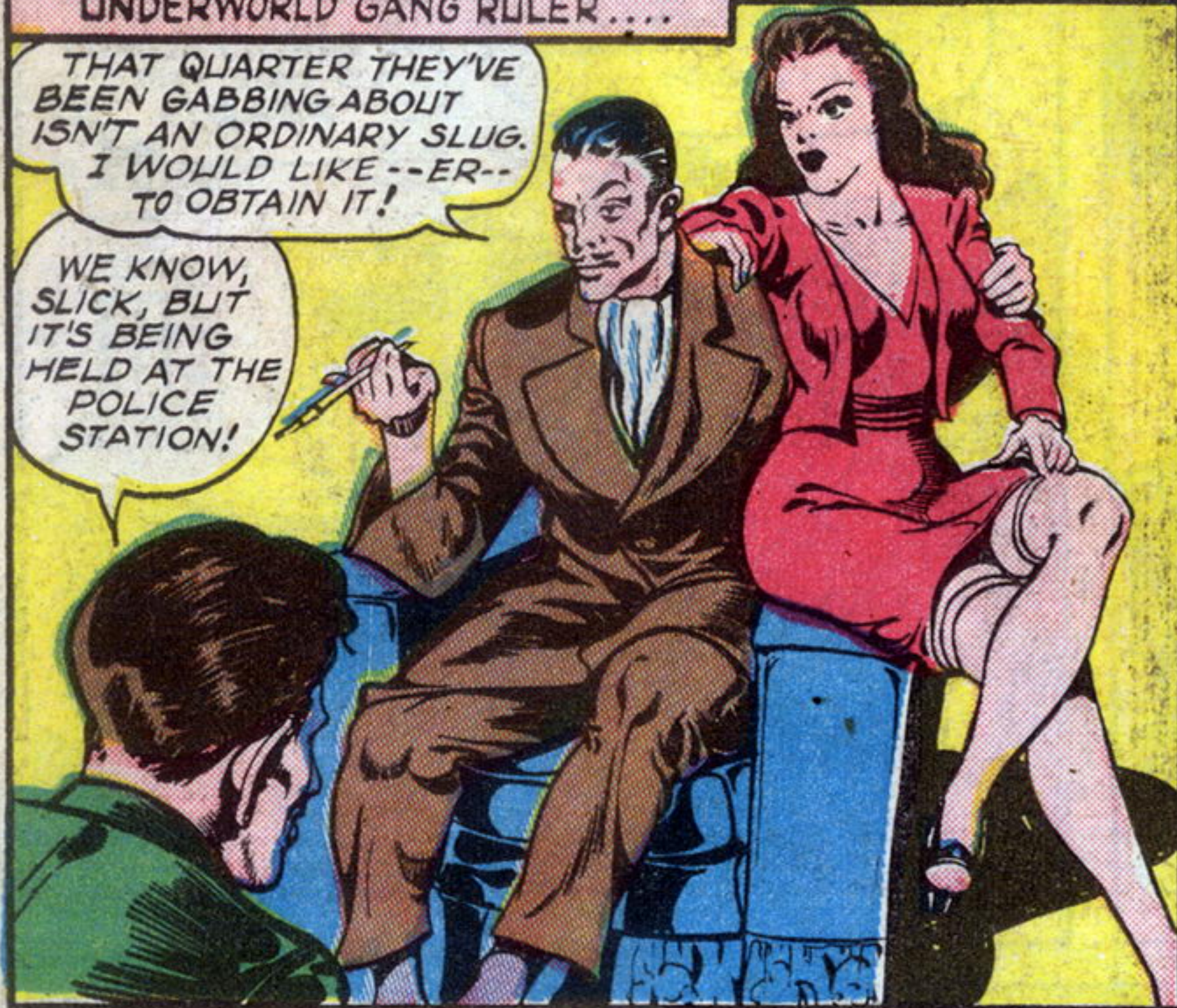
.....  
OVERNIGHT THE EVIL COIN RISES TO NATIONWIDE NOTORIETY. FROM THE MOST COMMON THUG TO THE HIGHEST POLISHED CRIMINAL, ALL EYES ARE UPON IT-- FOR IT IS BELIEVED THAT THE QUARTER HOLDS SOME STRANGE CODE TO WEALTH!  
.....



OUR FIRST INTERESTED CHARACTER IS SLICK SIMMONS, UNDERWORLD GANG RULER....

THAT QUARTER THEY'VE BEEN GABBING ABOUT ISN'T AN ORDINARY SLUG. I WOULD LIKE --ER-- TO OBTAIN IT!

WE KNOW, SLICK, BUT IT'S BEING HELD AT THE POLICE STATION!



I DON'T CARE IF THE ARMY IS HOLDING IT! WE'RE GOING TO GET IT...SEE?

SURE WE ARE, SLICKY HONEY!

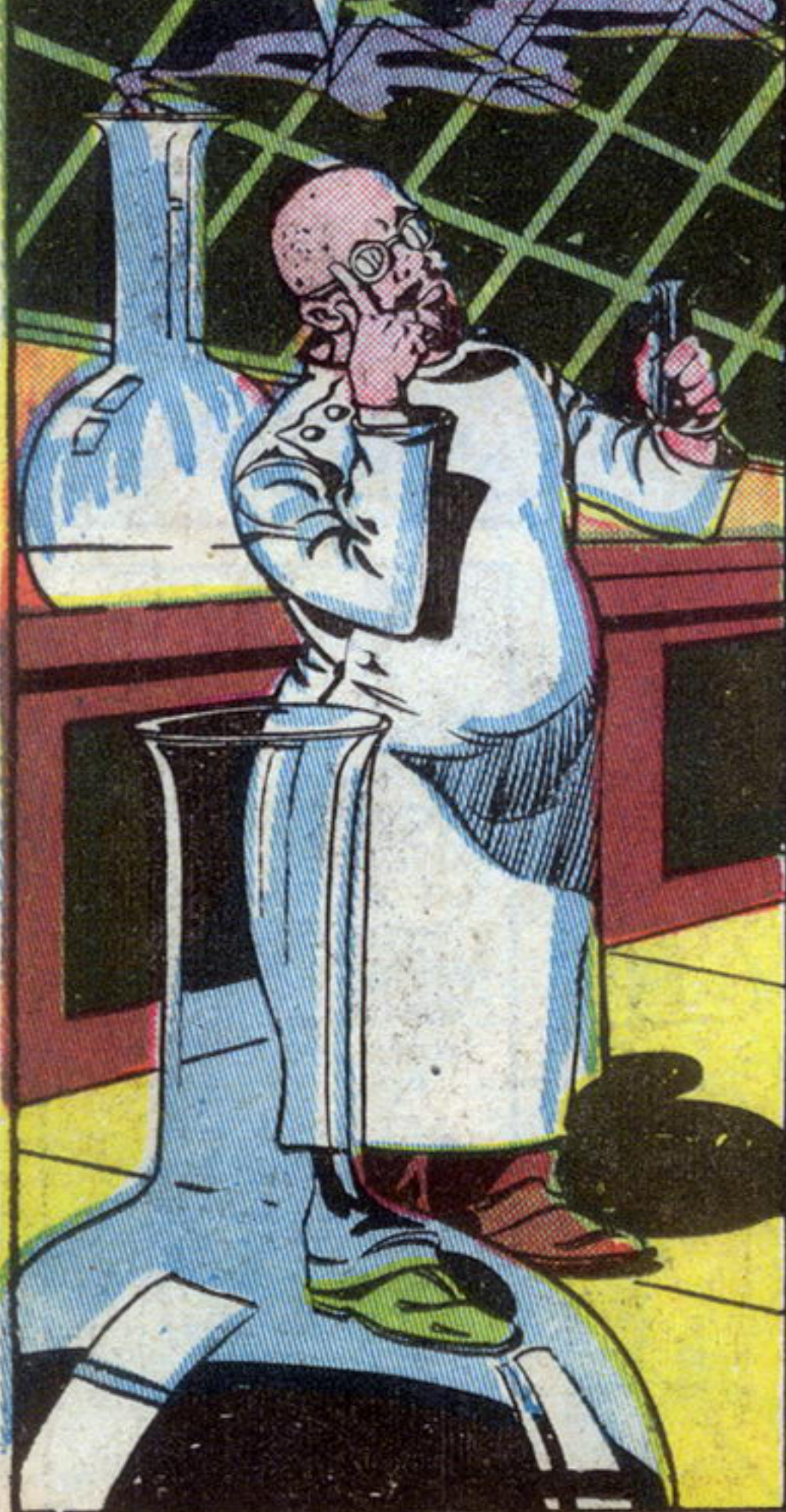


--TONIGHT I'M GOING TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND GET THAT TWENTY-FIVE CENT PIECE!



WHILE IN ANOTHER SECTION OF TOWN...

THE QUARTER SURELY HOLDS SOME SECRET FORMULA. MAYBE THE ANSWER TO SYNTHETIC RUBBER IS ON IT!



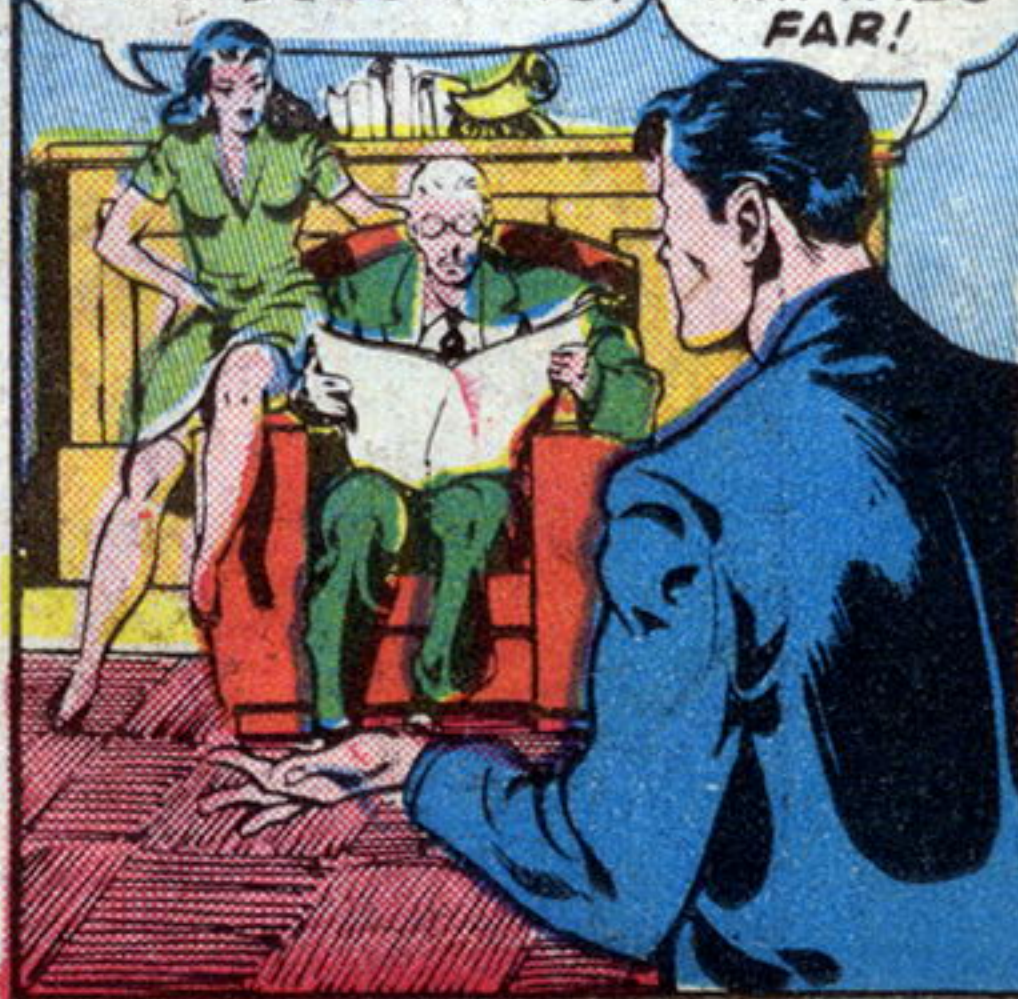
PROFESSOR BELITTLE WILL BE FAMOUS THIS NIGHT, BECAUSE--



LAST, BUT NOT LEAST... THE HOME OF DR. ROBERTS... WHOSE DAUGHTER IS DARREL DANE'S FIANCEE.

BOSH! THERE'S NOTHING TO THAT QUARTER, DARREL-- UNLESS IT'S COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS!

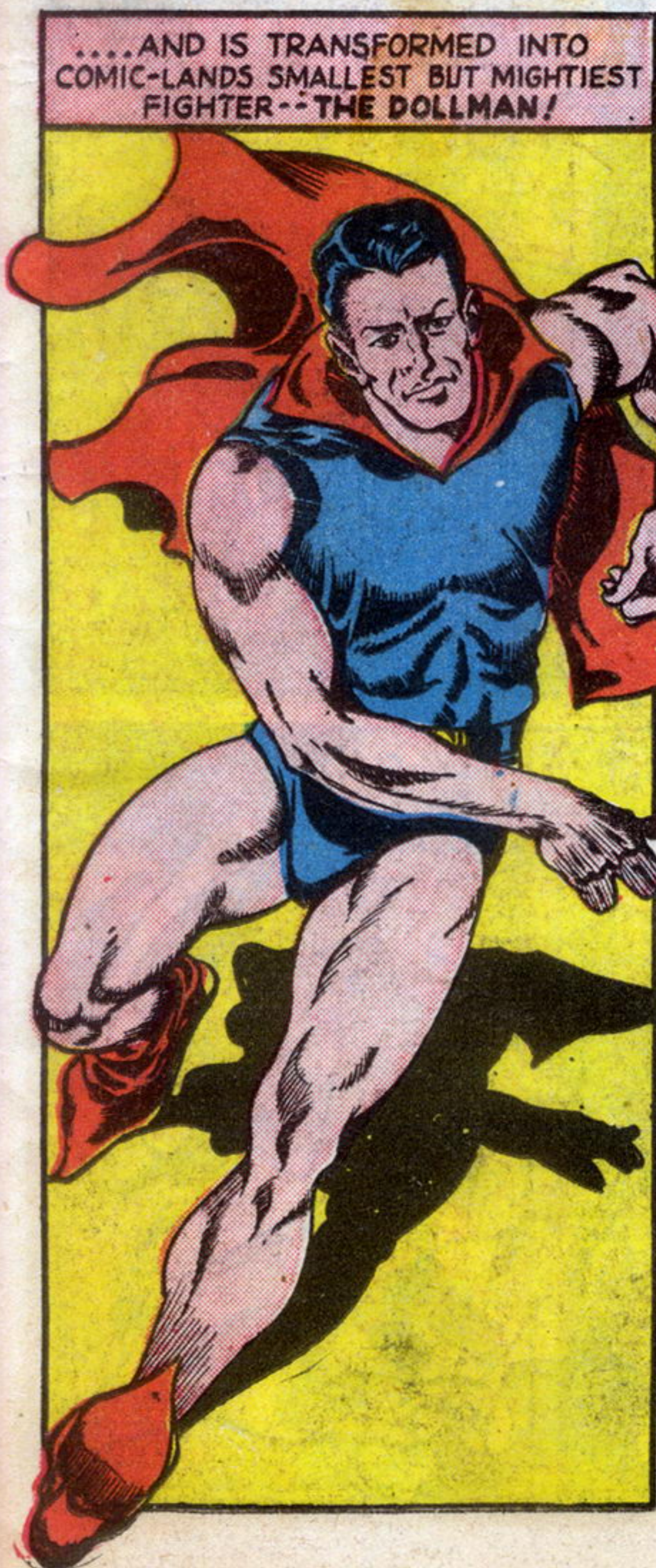
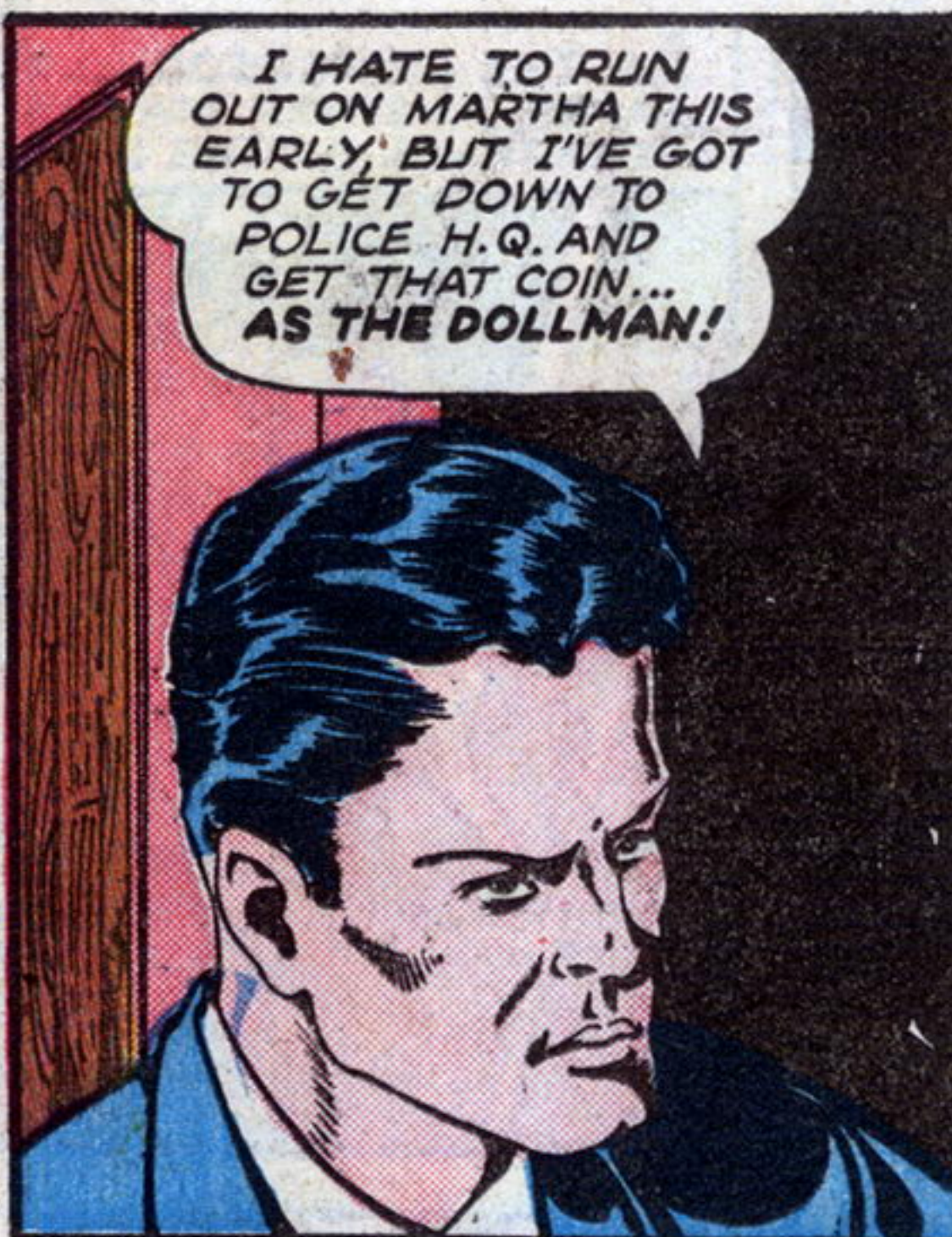
JUST THE SAME. THREE MEN DIED BECAUSE OF IT... **THIS FAR!**



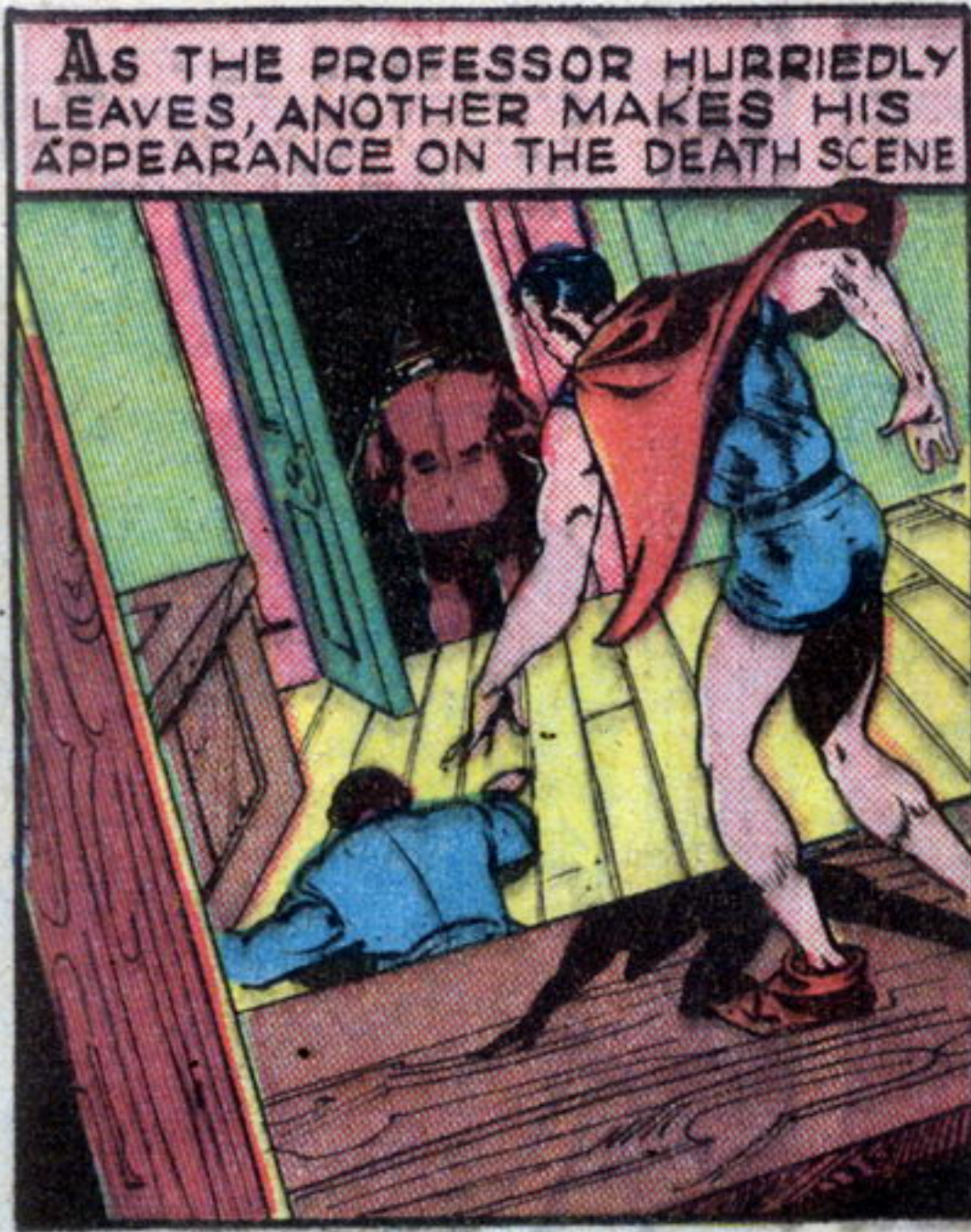
**THIS FAR!--** YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH THERE WILL BE MORE DEATHS!



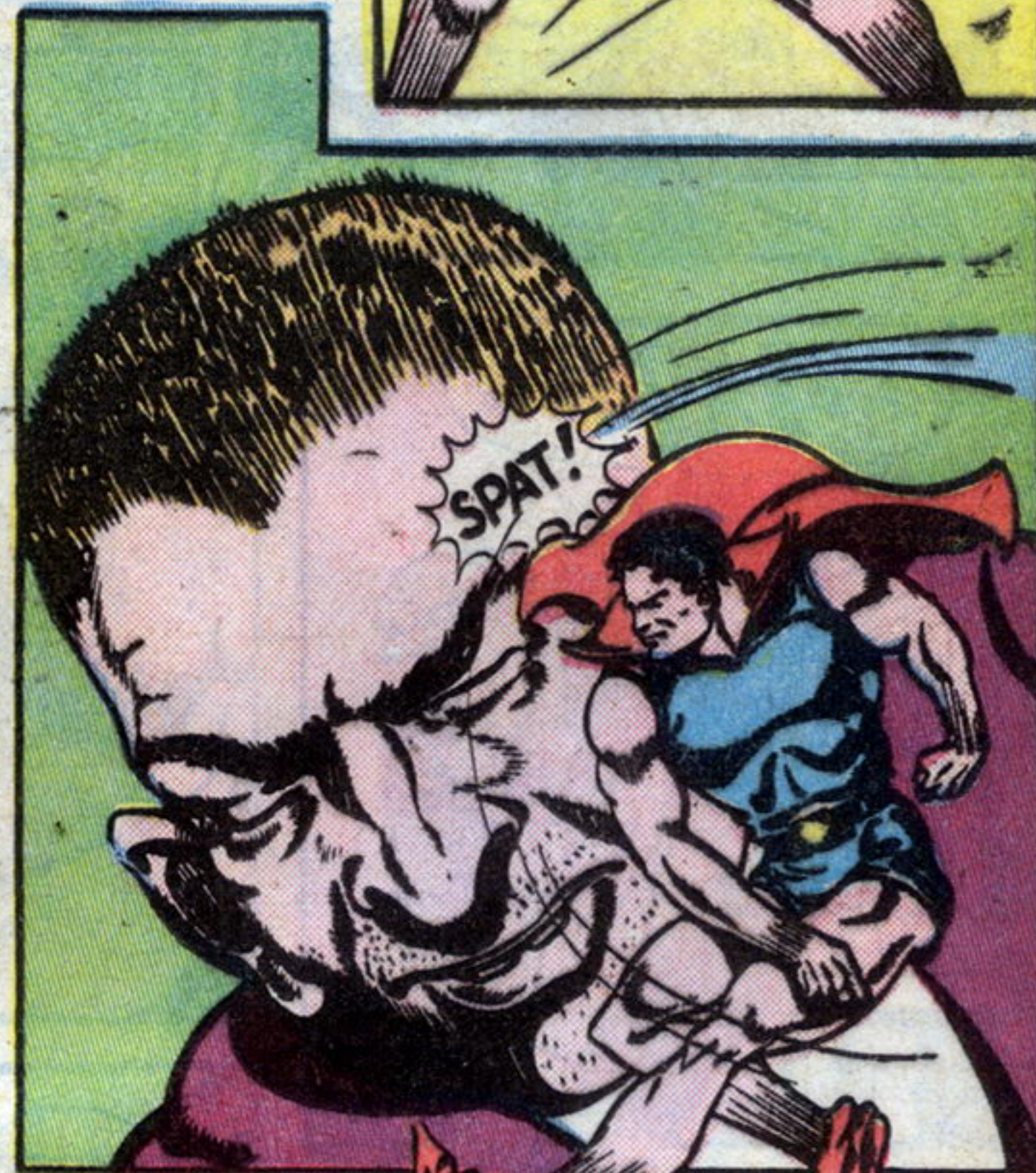
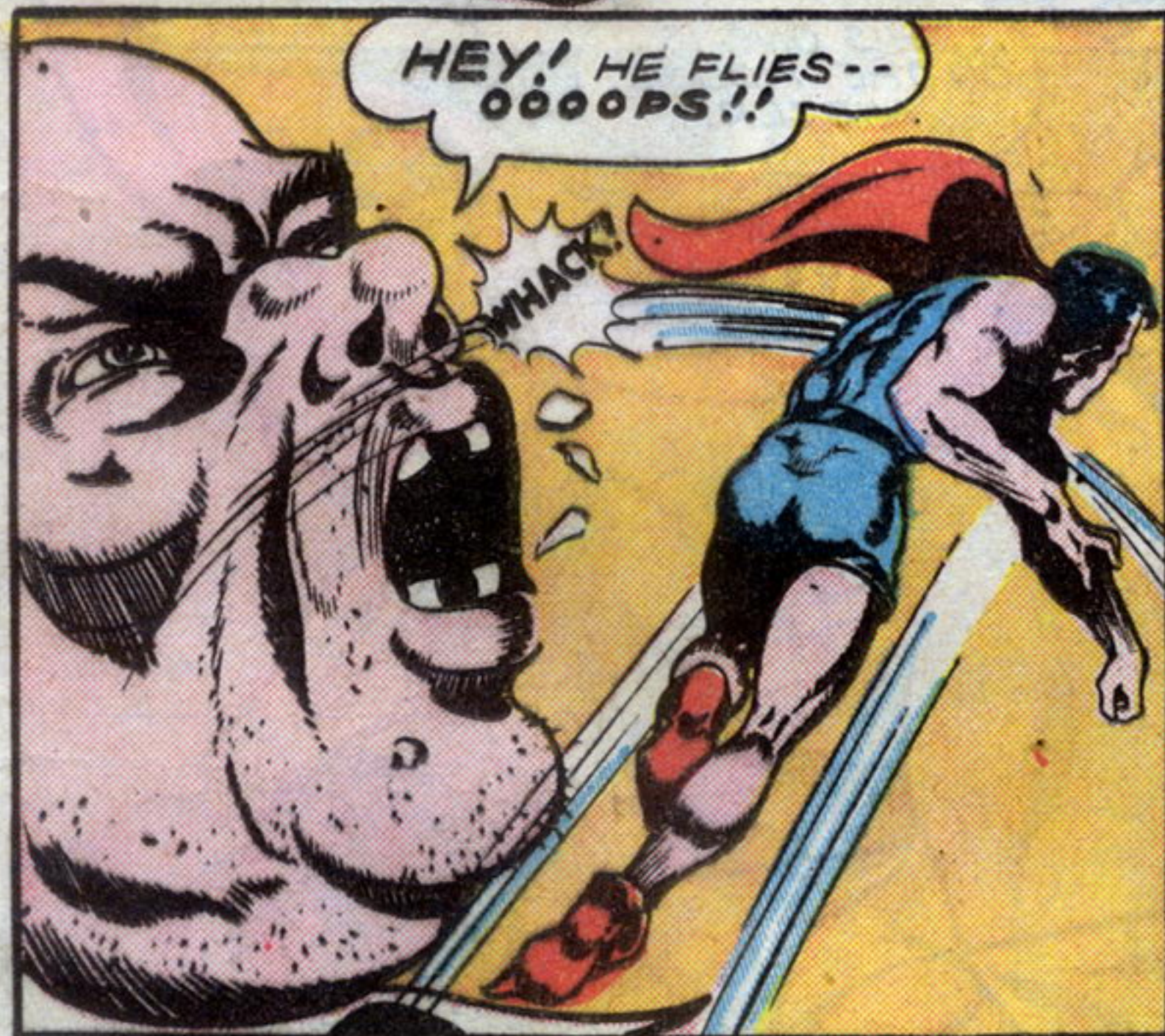
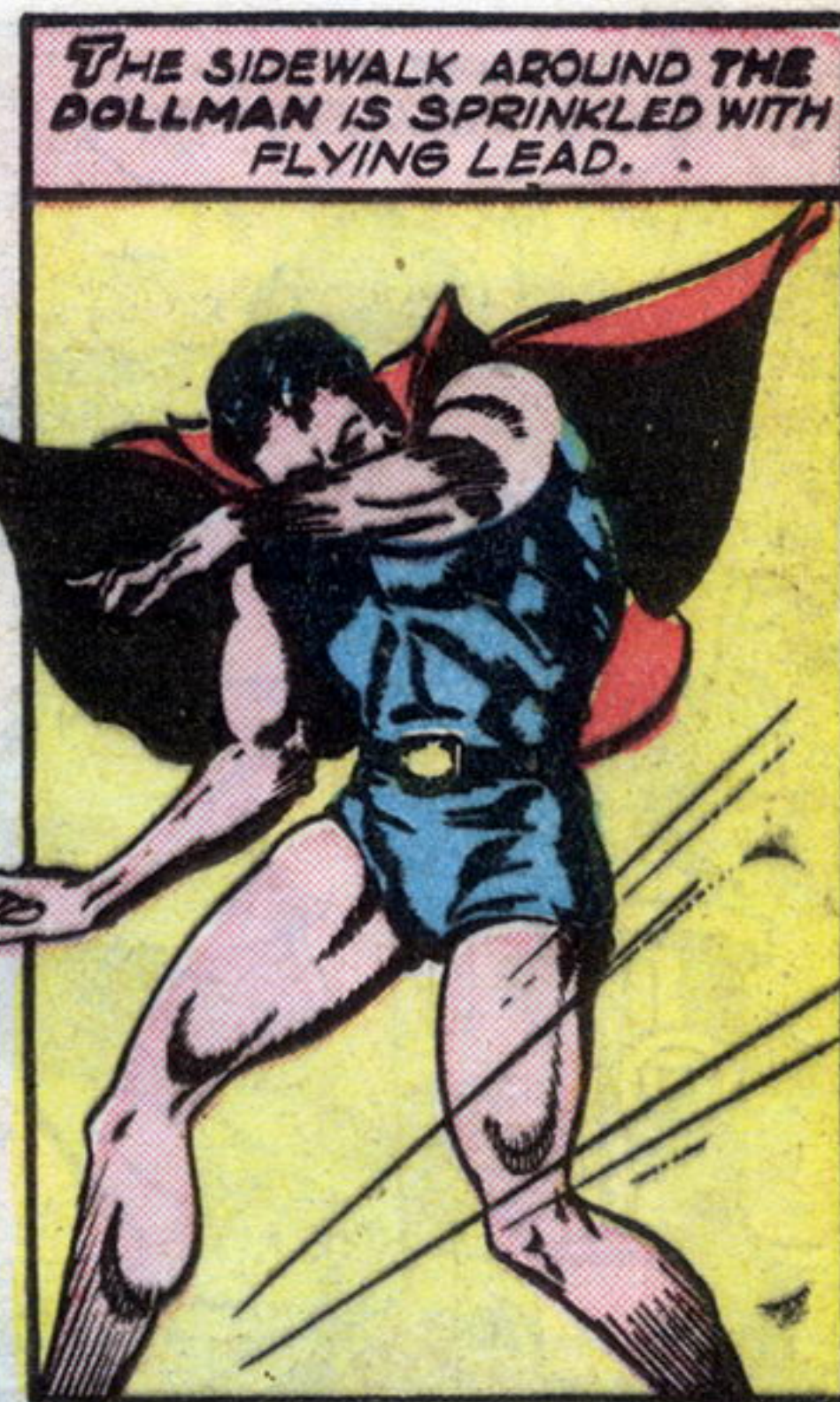
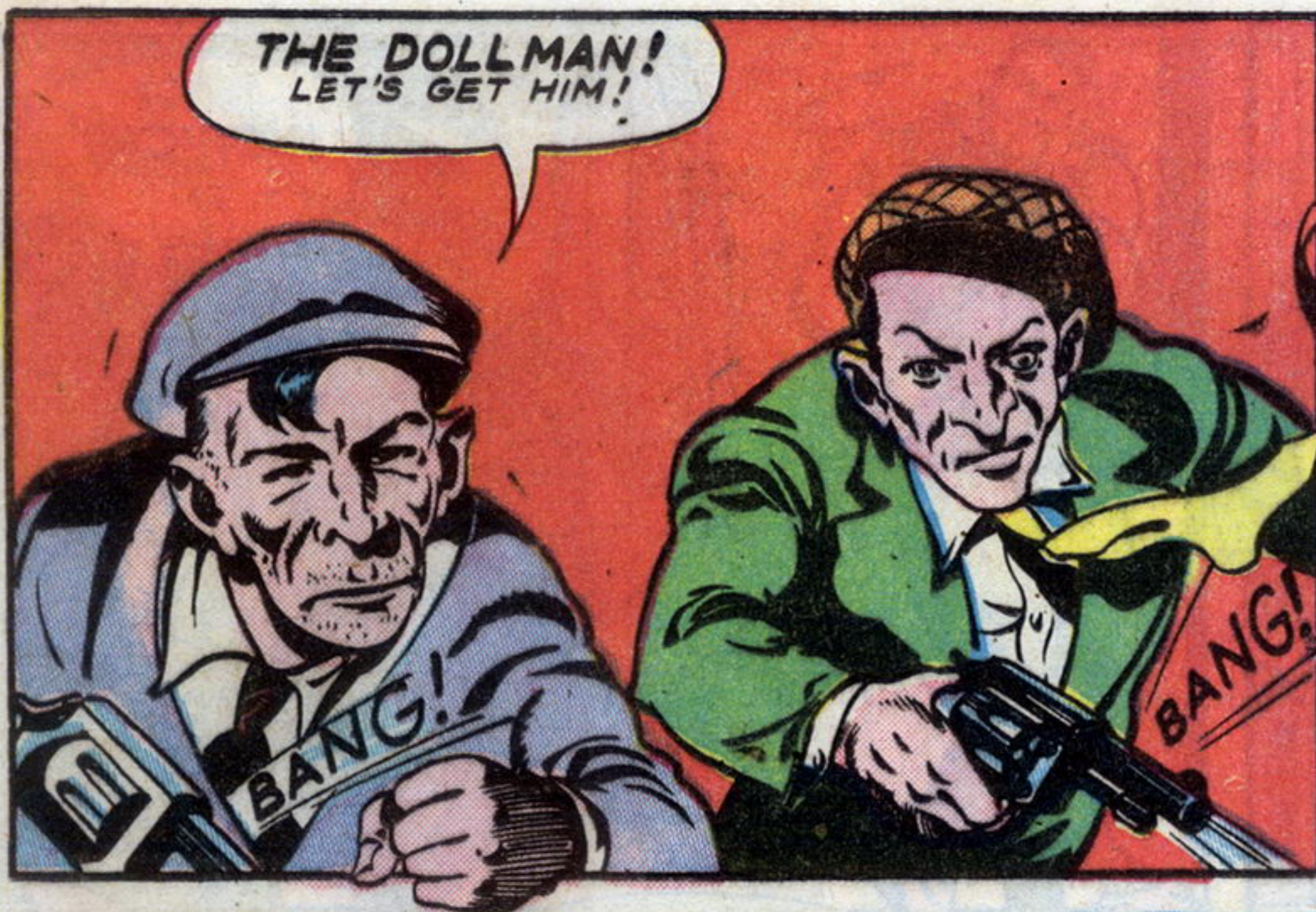




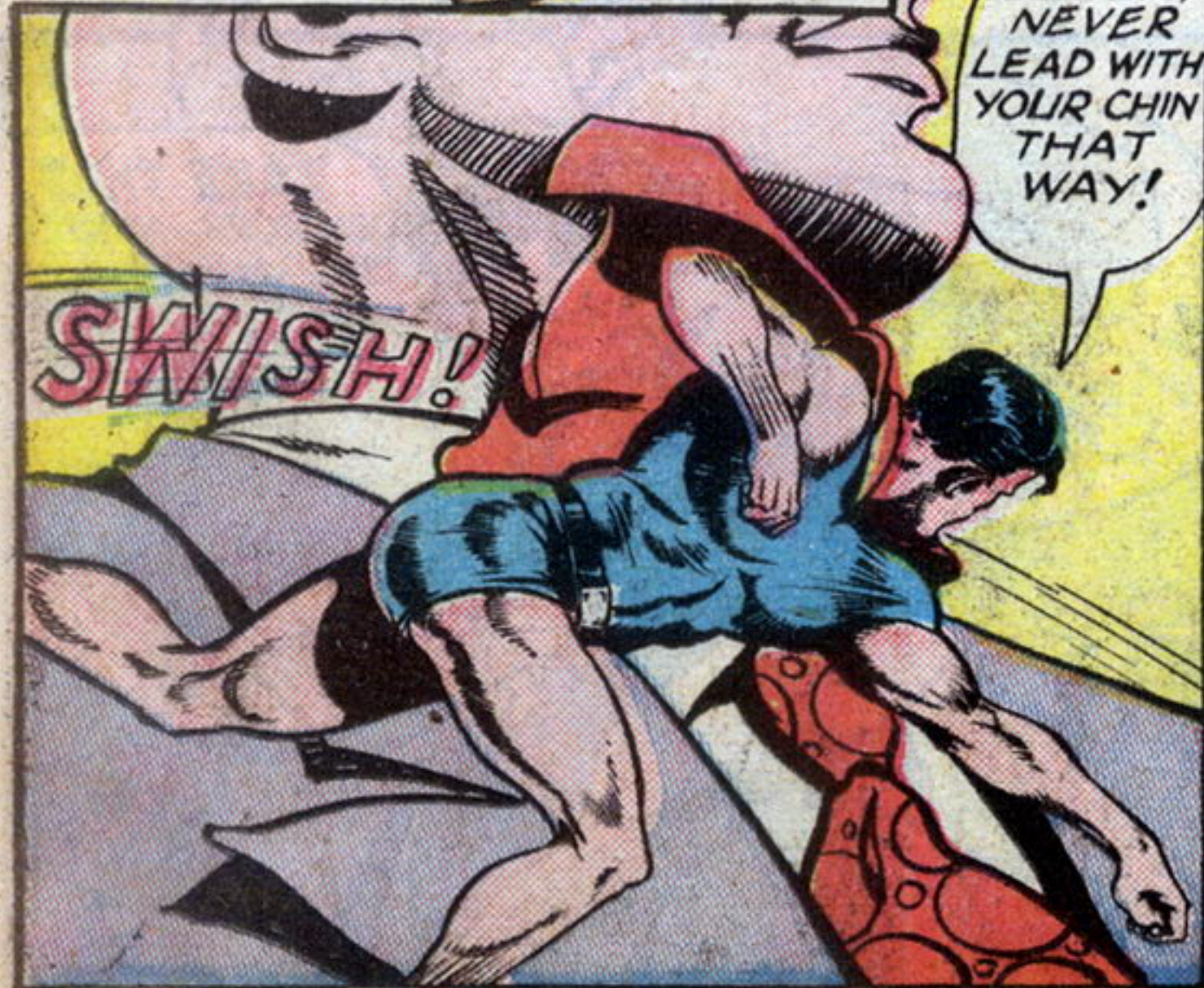
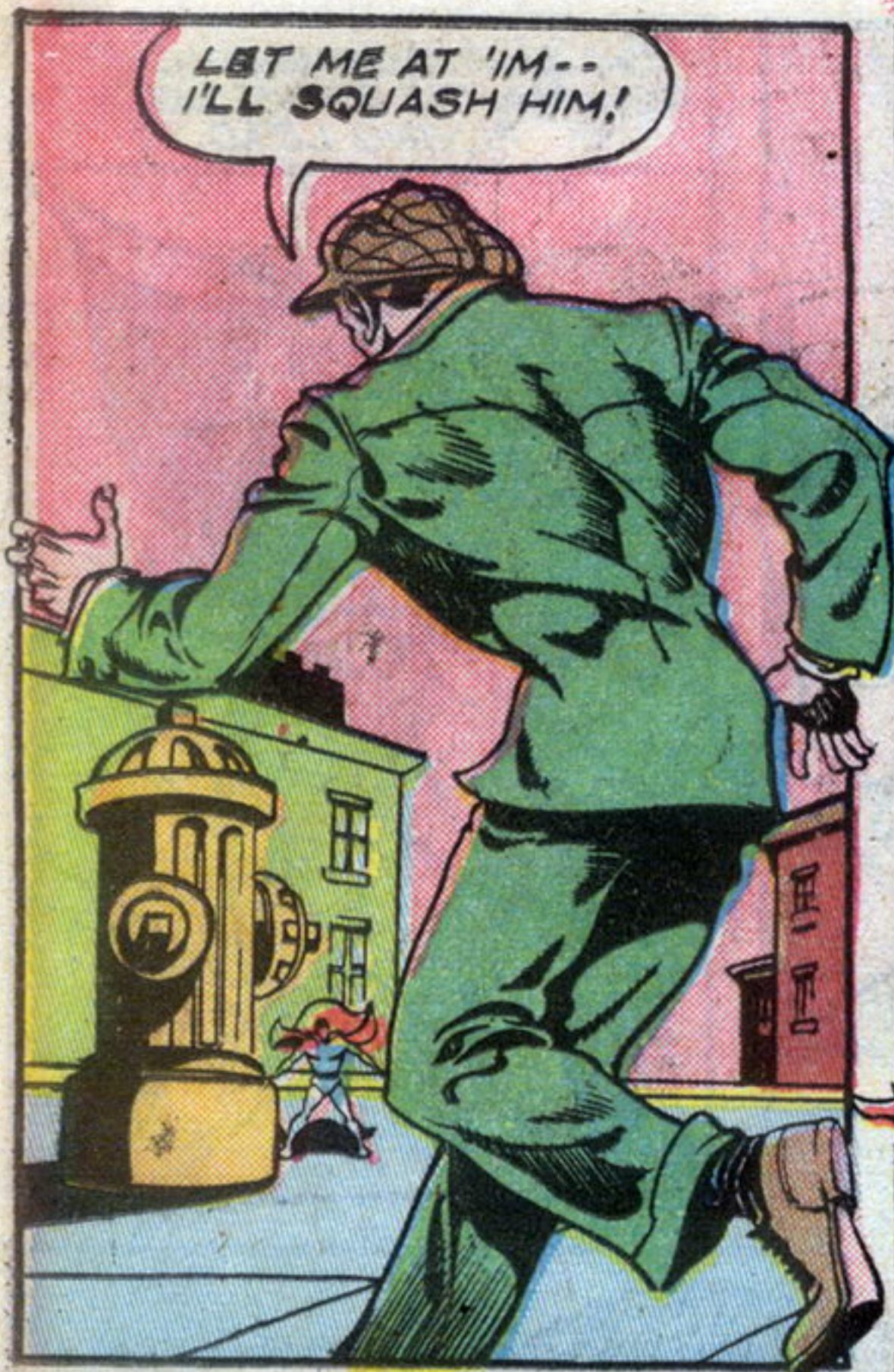




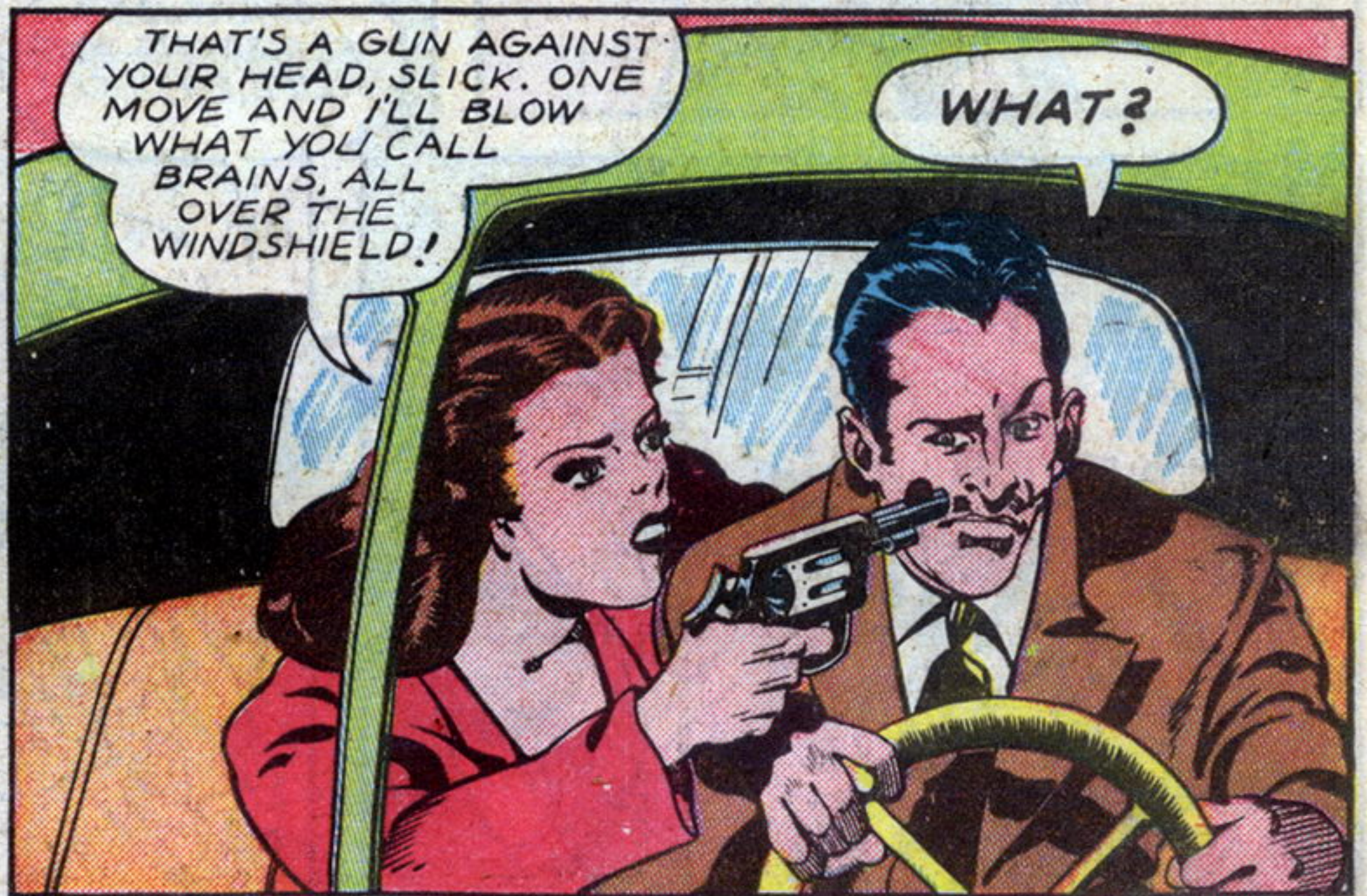
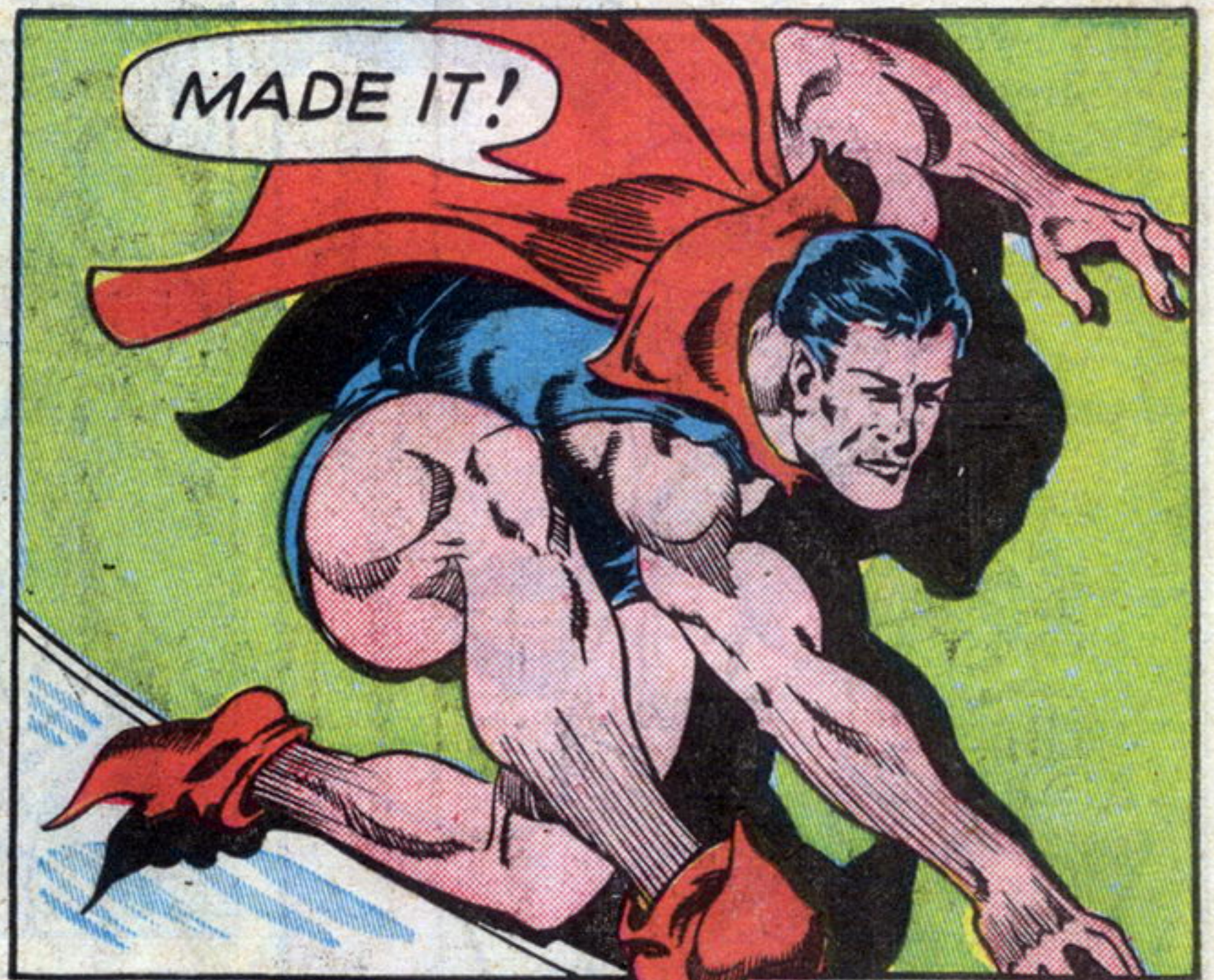
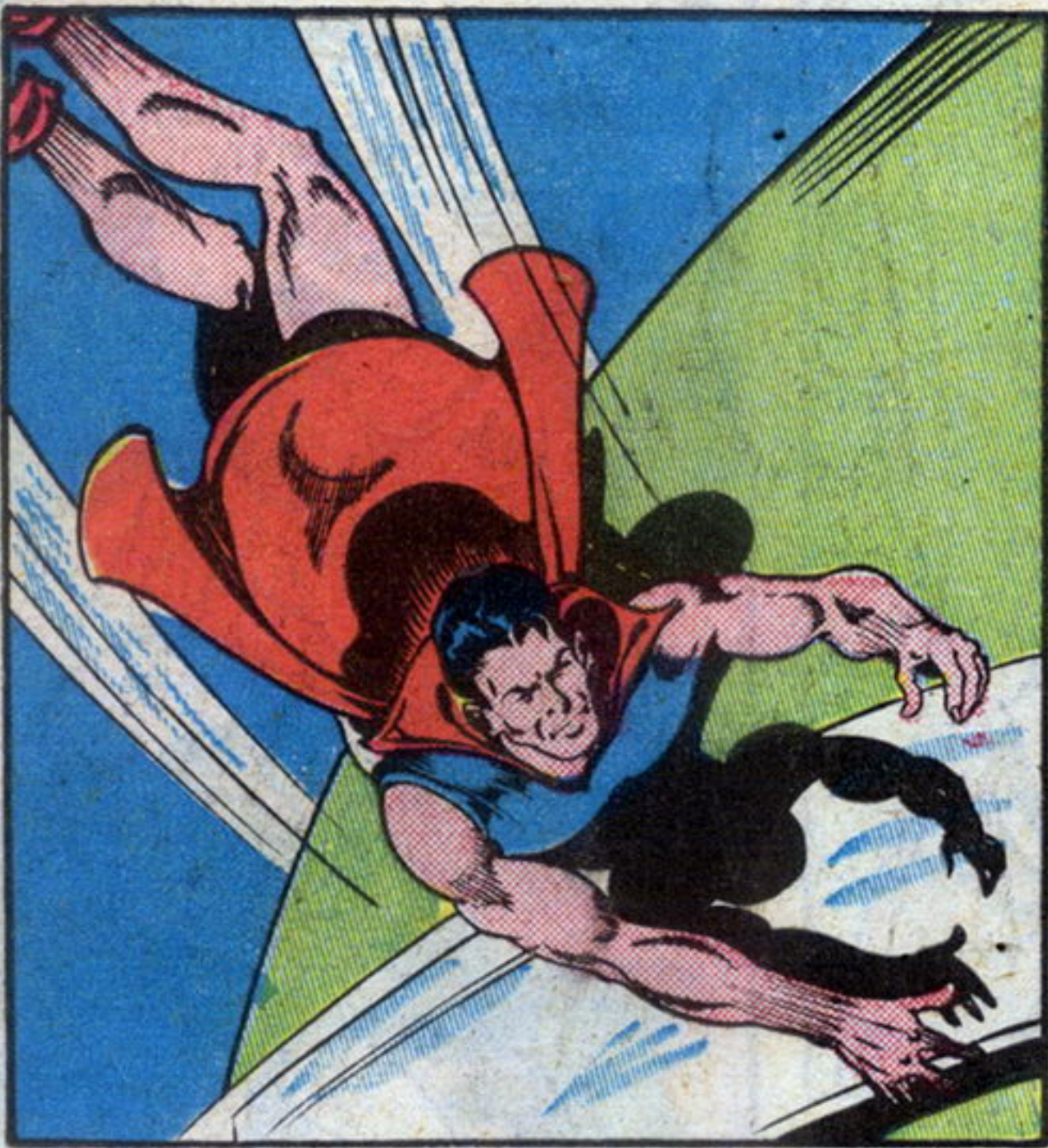




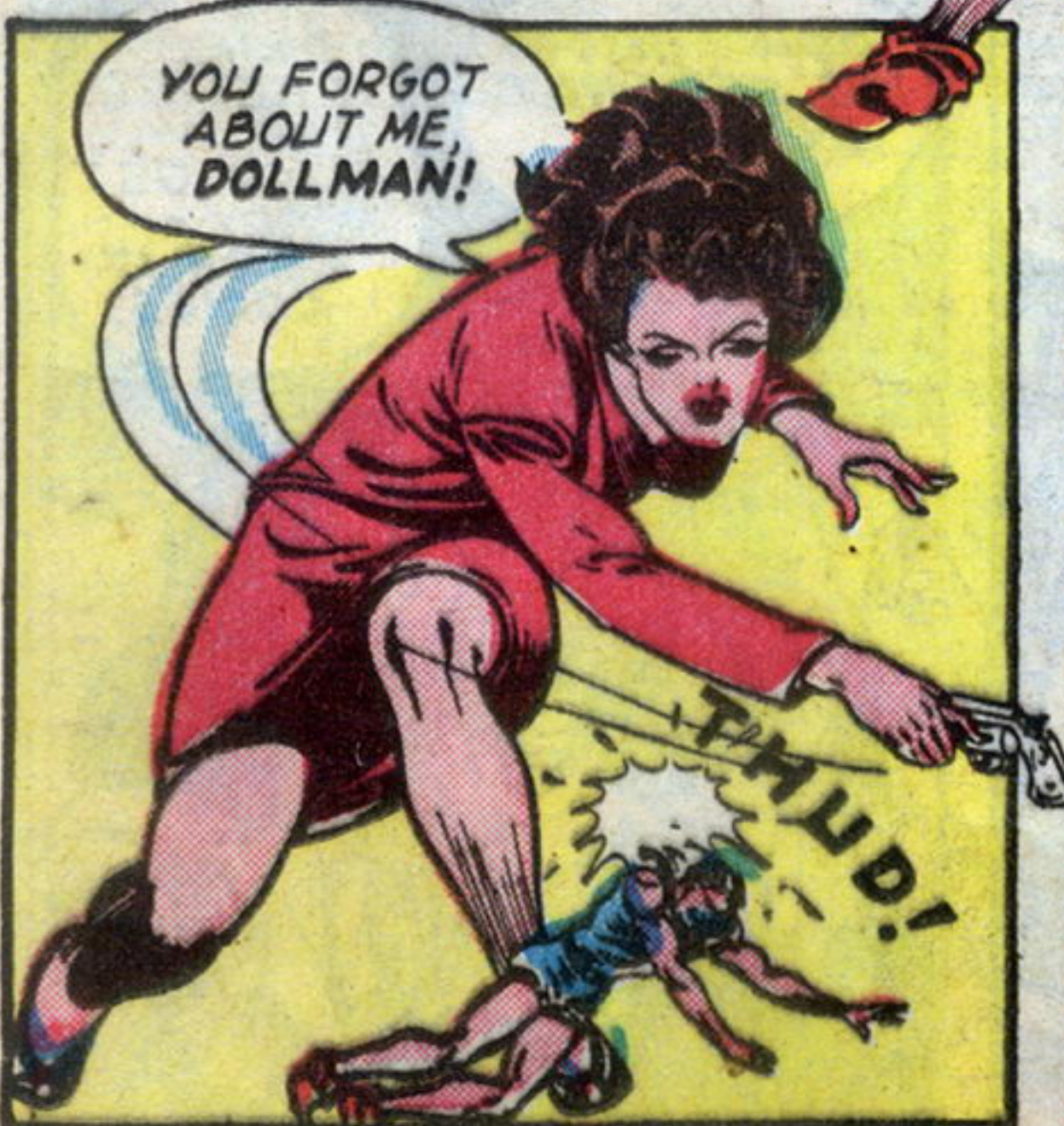
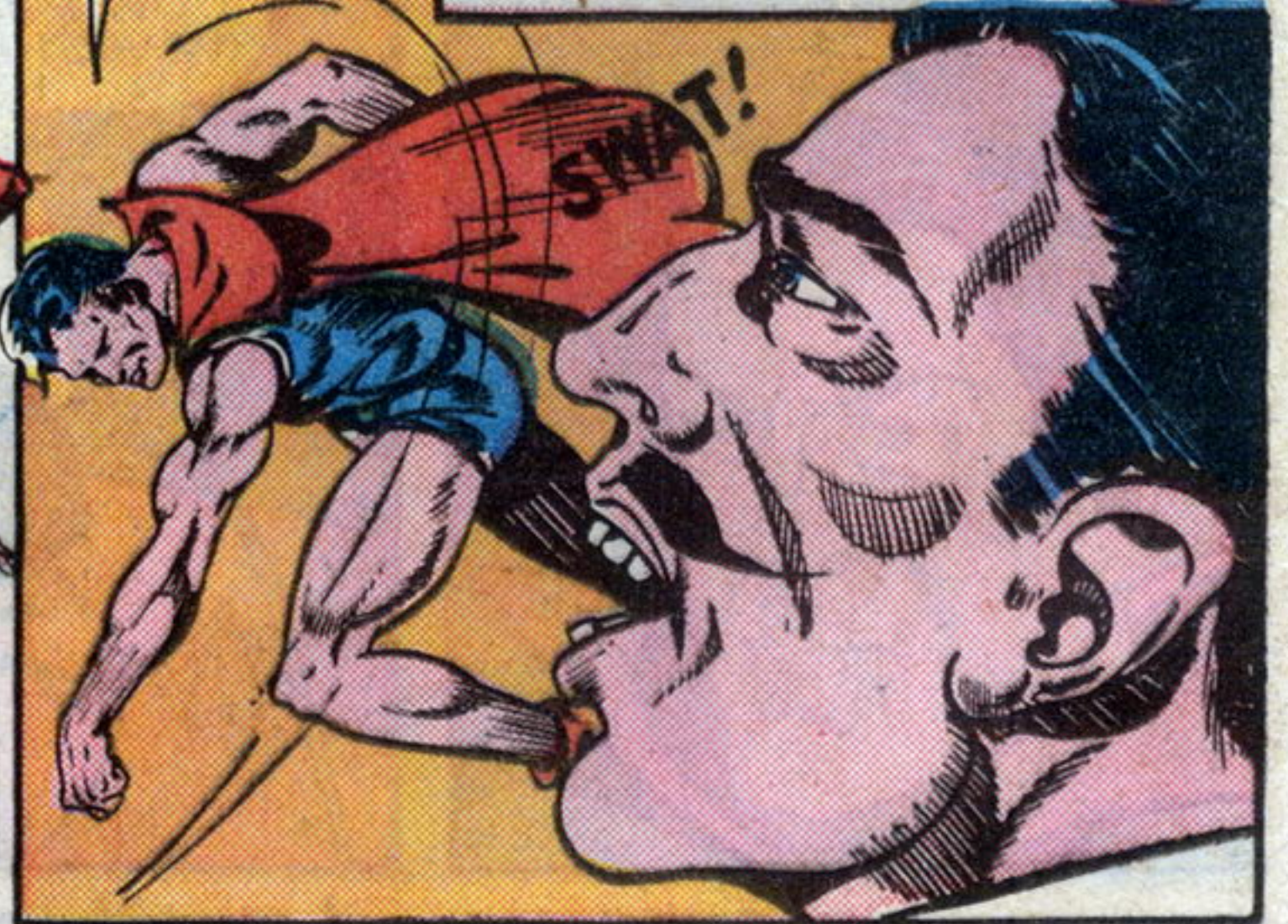
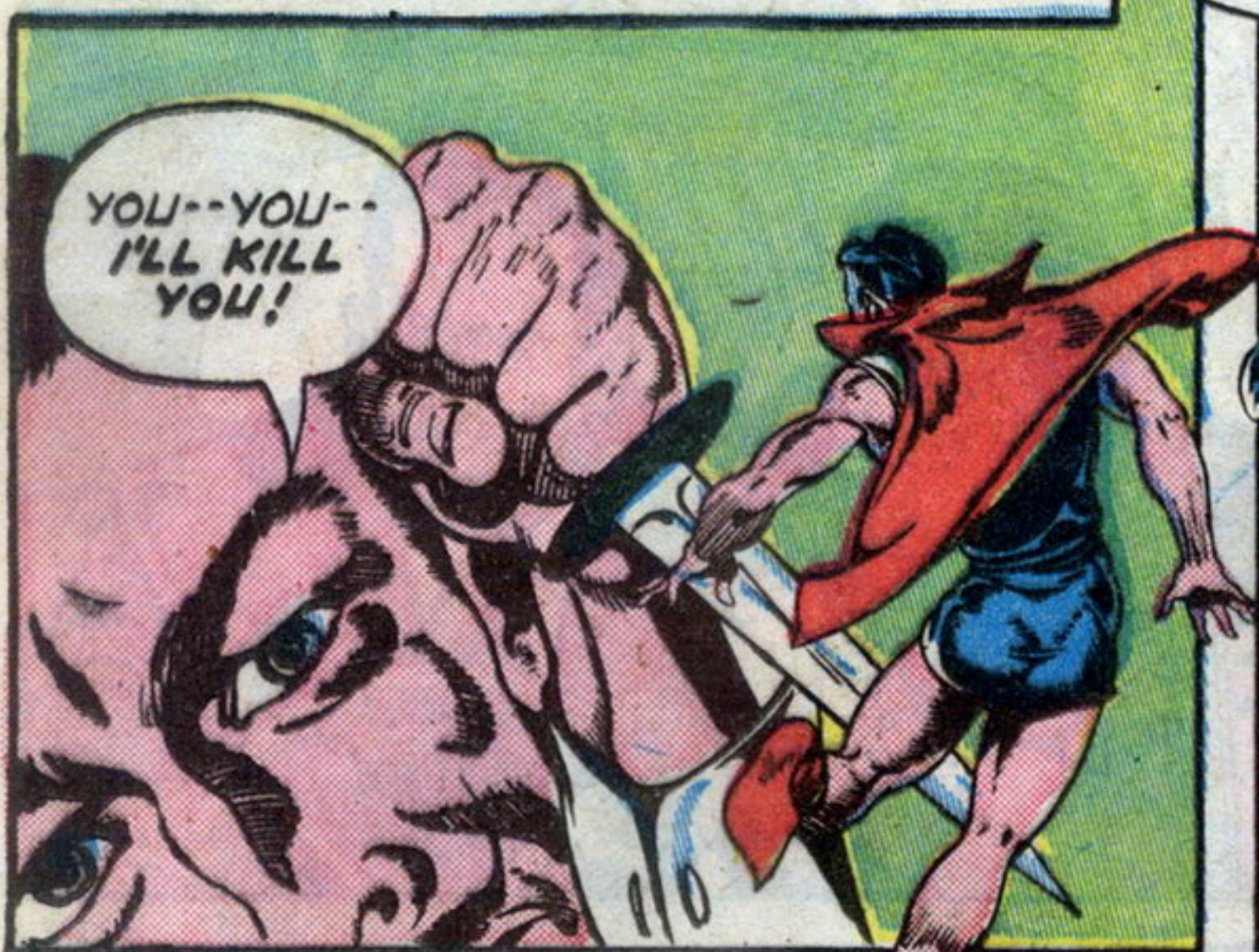
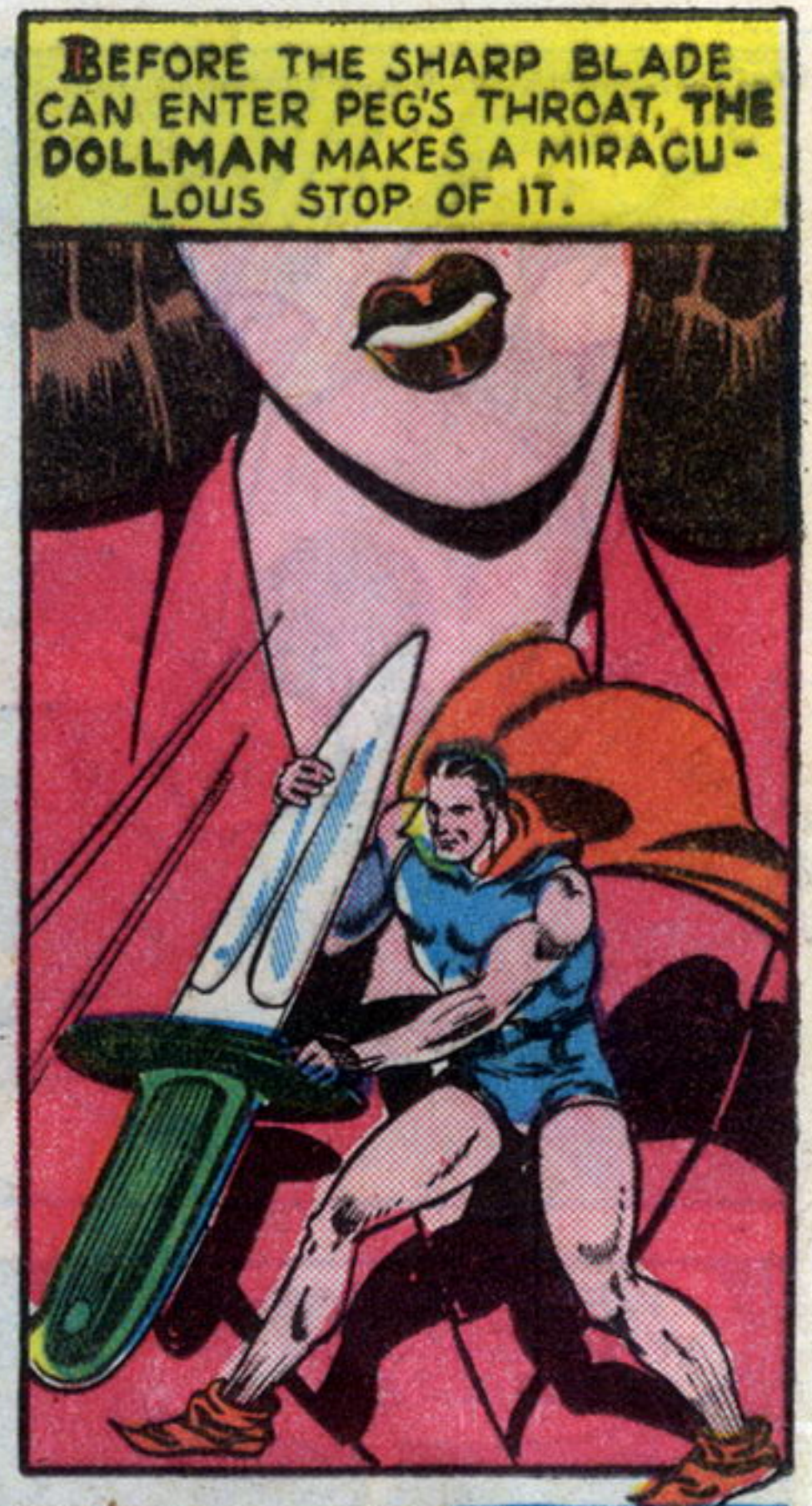












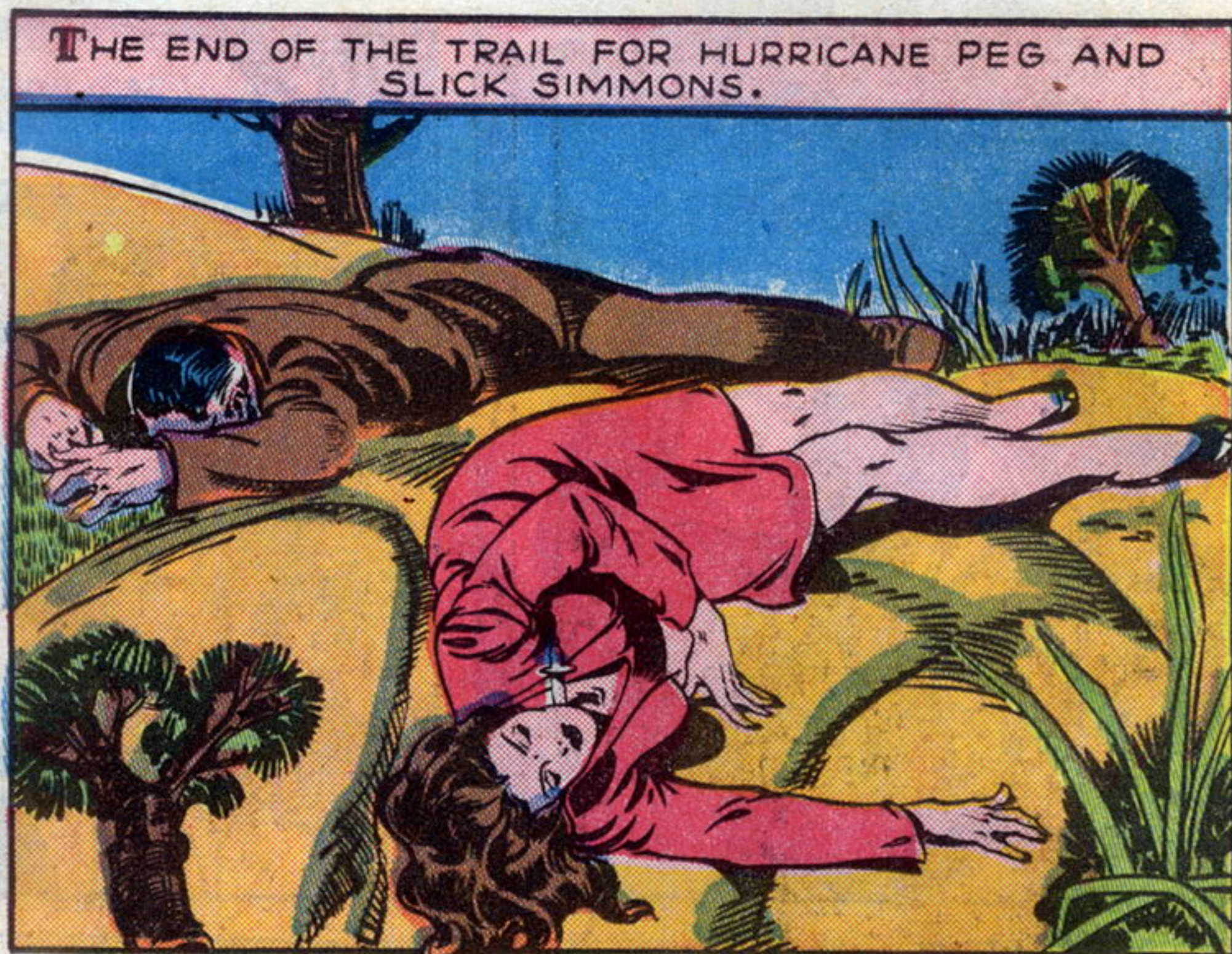








GLU--GLU--SLICK  
GOT ME--GOT ME  
AFTER ALL! UUUUH!

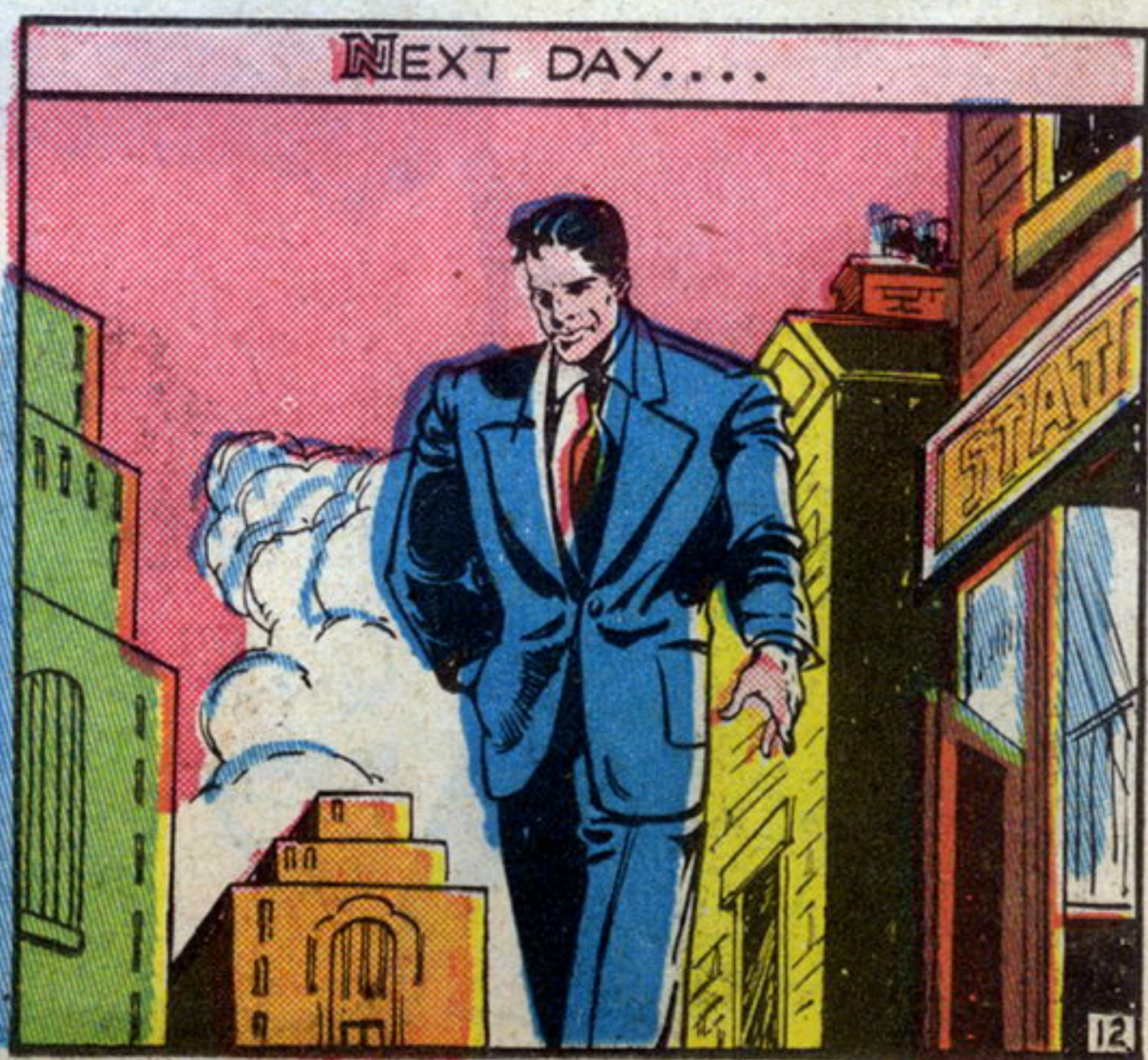
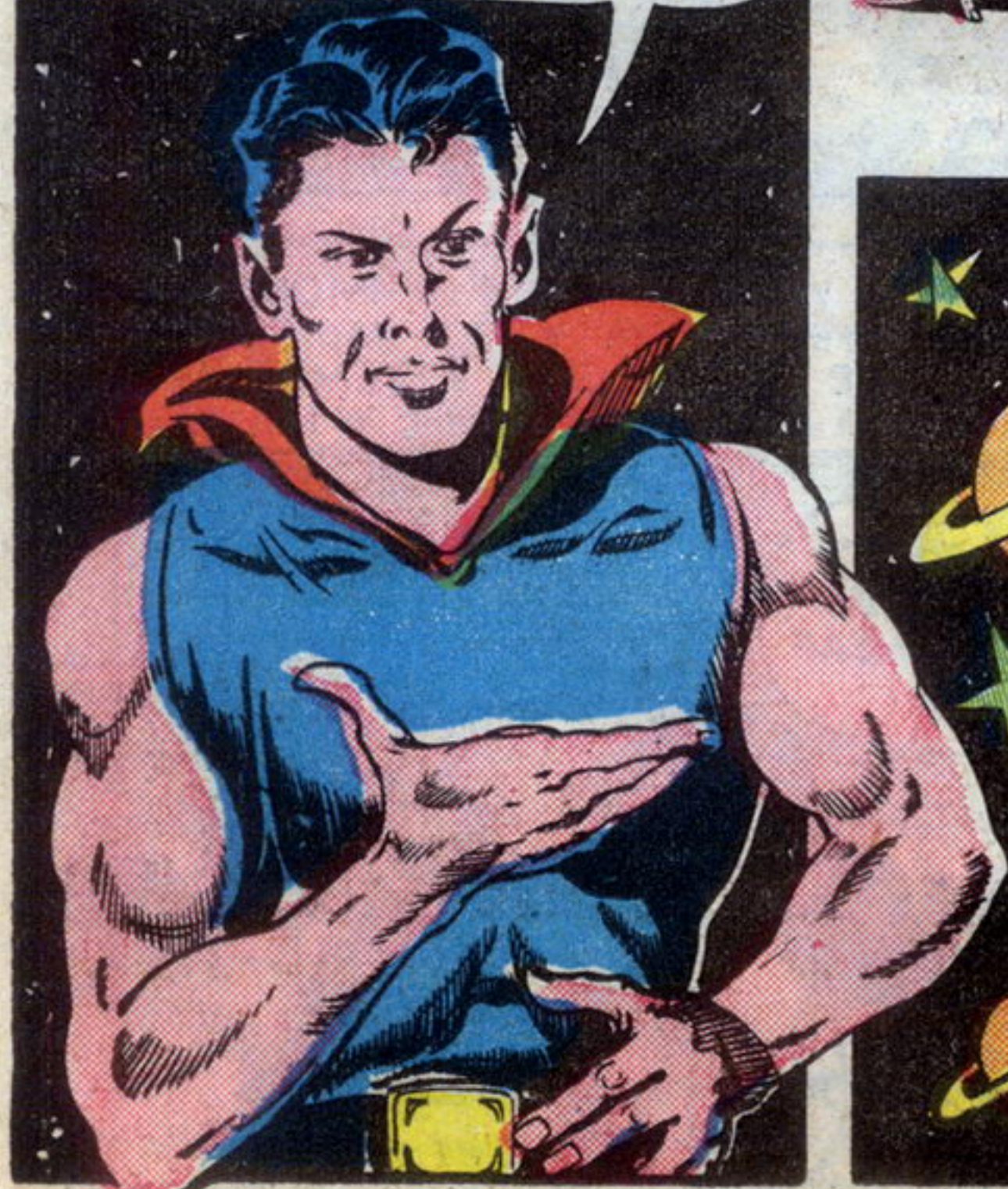


TIME PASSES...AND ONE  
OF THE THREE PRONE  
FIGURES STIFFLY GETS  
TO HIS FEET.



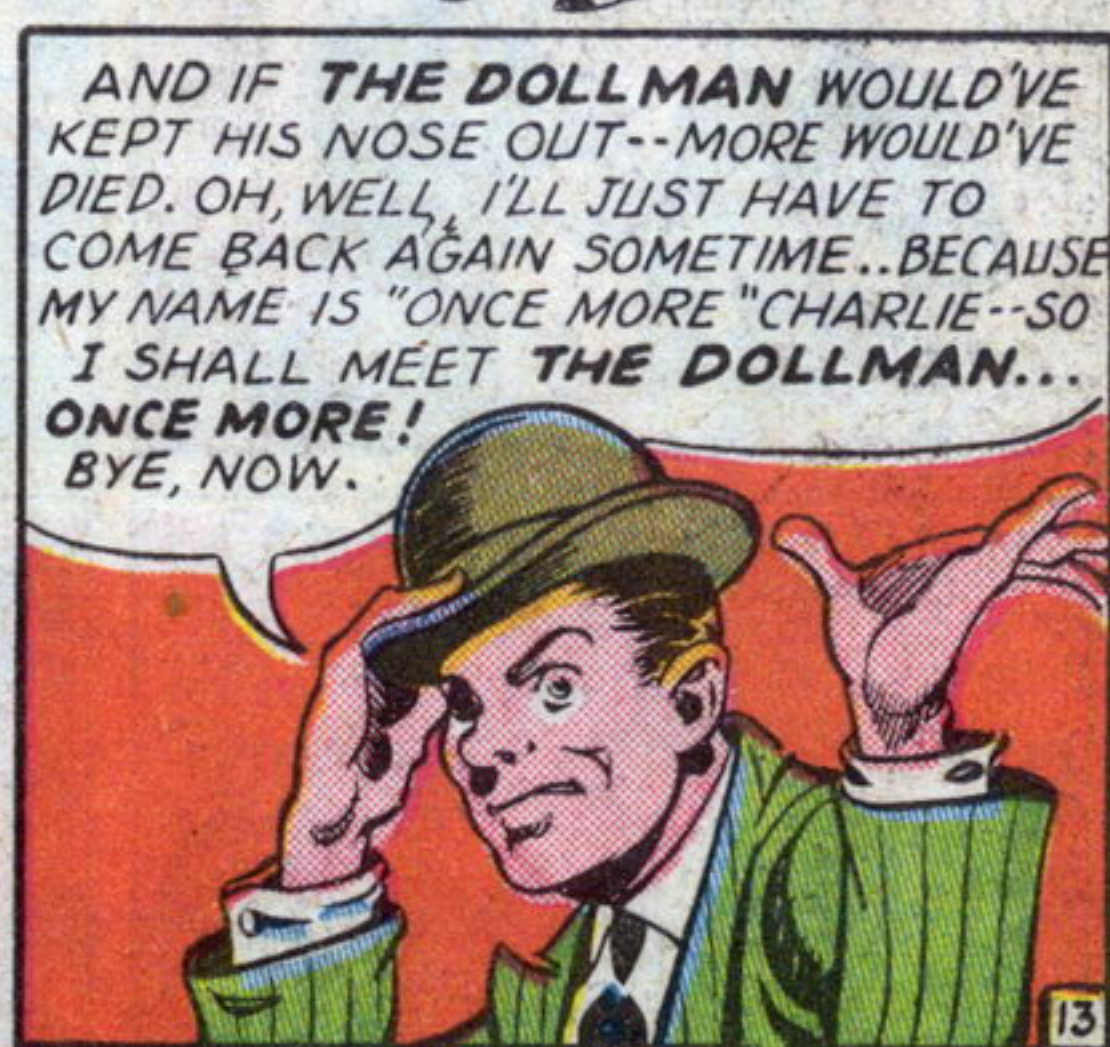
DEAD--THEY  
KILLED EACH  
OTHER!

JUST AN ORDINARY  
QUARTER..AND IT CAUSED  
ALL THIS. JUST AS THOUGH  
FATE CAST IT INTO THE WORLD.  
WELL I'D BETTER CHANGE BACK  
TO DARREL DANE AGAIN.



NEXT DAY....





IF YOU WANT DIFFERENT STORIES.. IF YOU WANT THE BEST STORIES.. IF YOU WANT A QUARTER'S WORTH FOR A DIME, READ **THE DOLLMAN** EACH MONTH IN **FEATURE COMICS...** AND **THE DOLLMAN QUARTERLY...** NOW ON SALE!

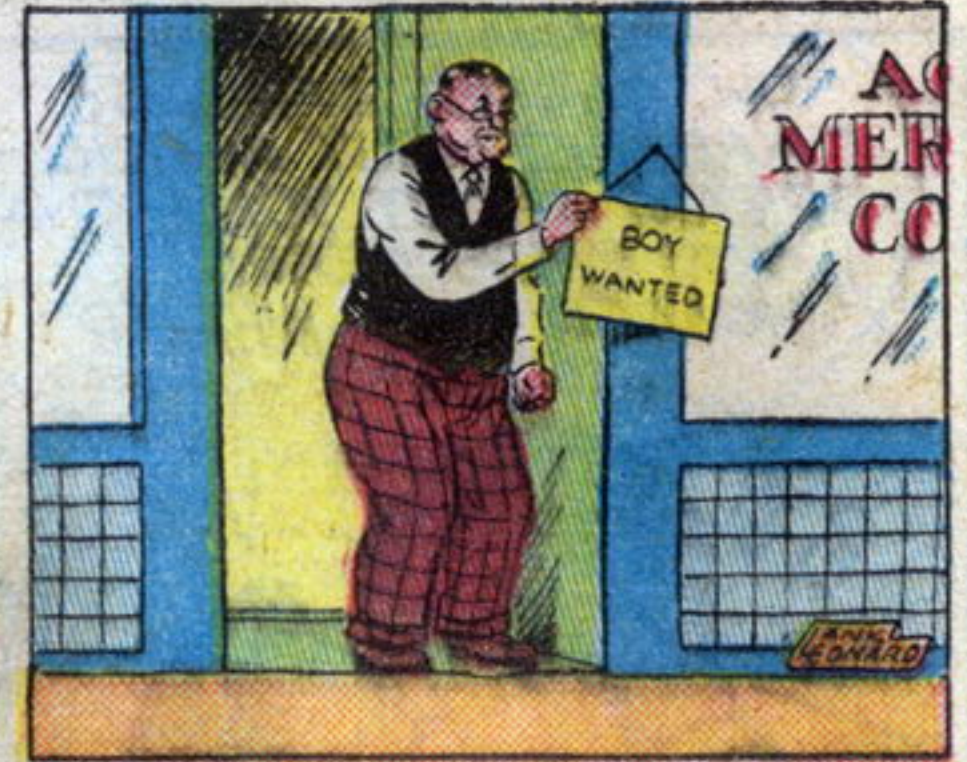


# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

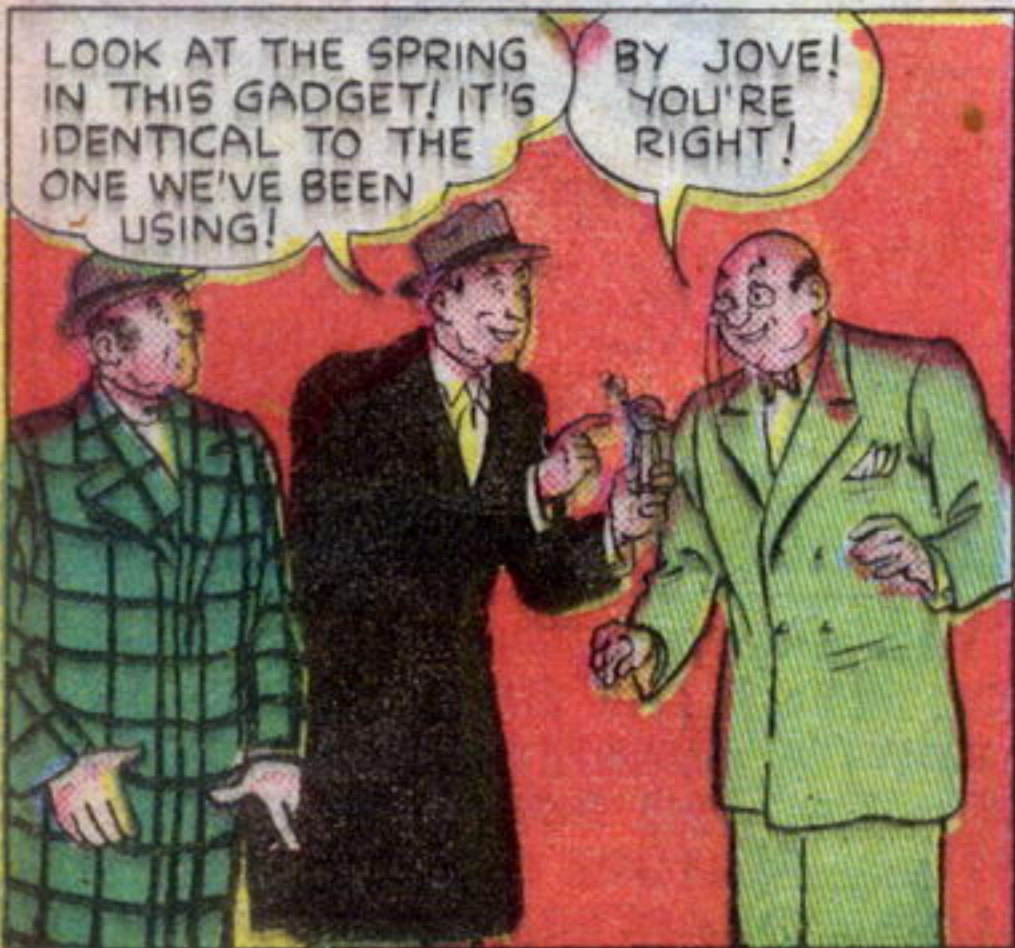
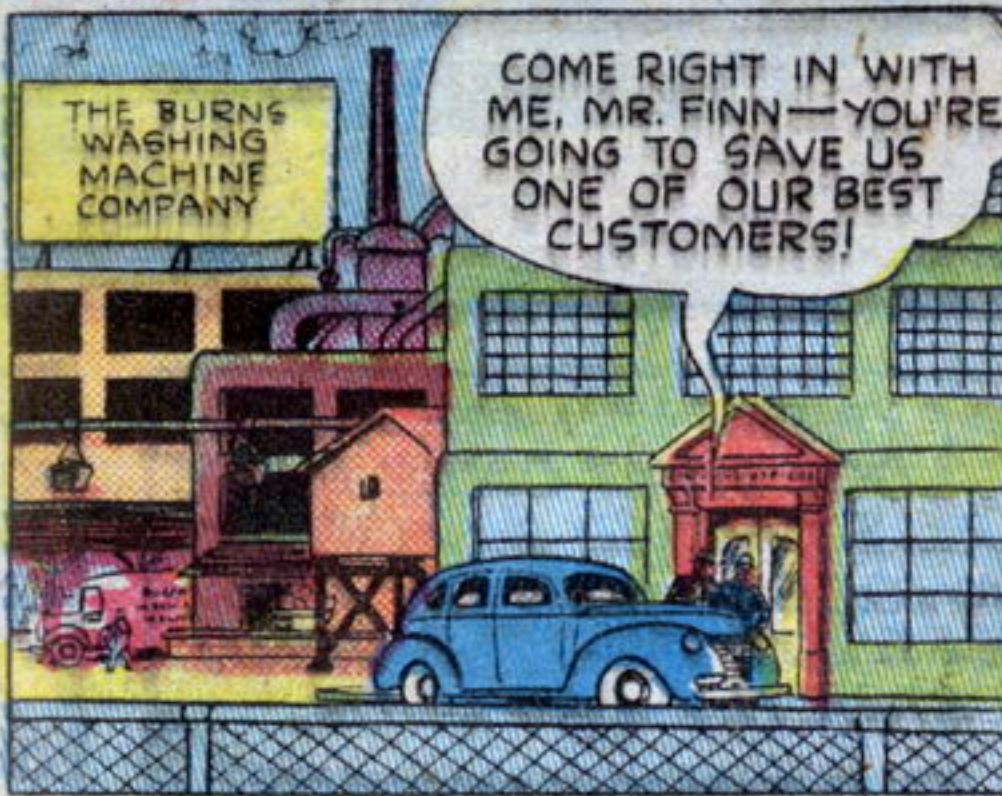
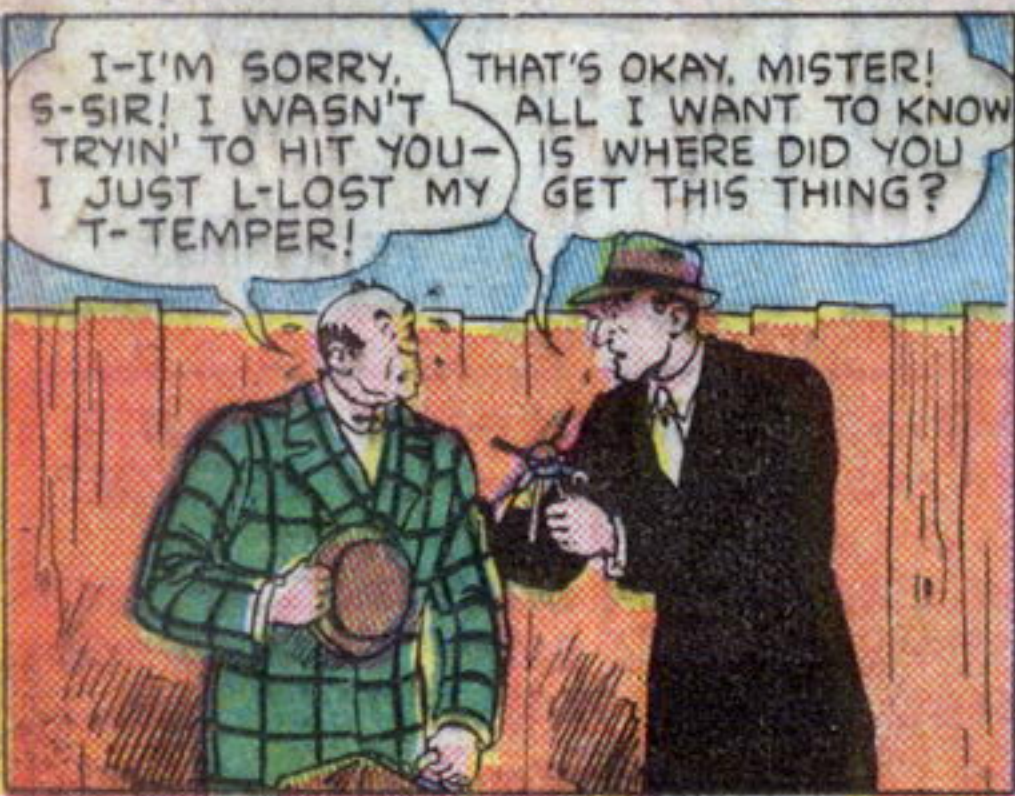
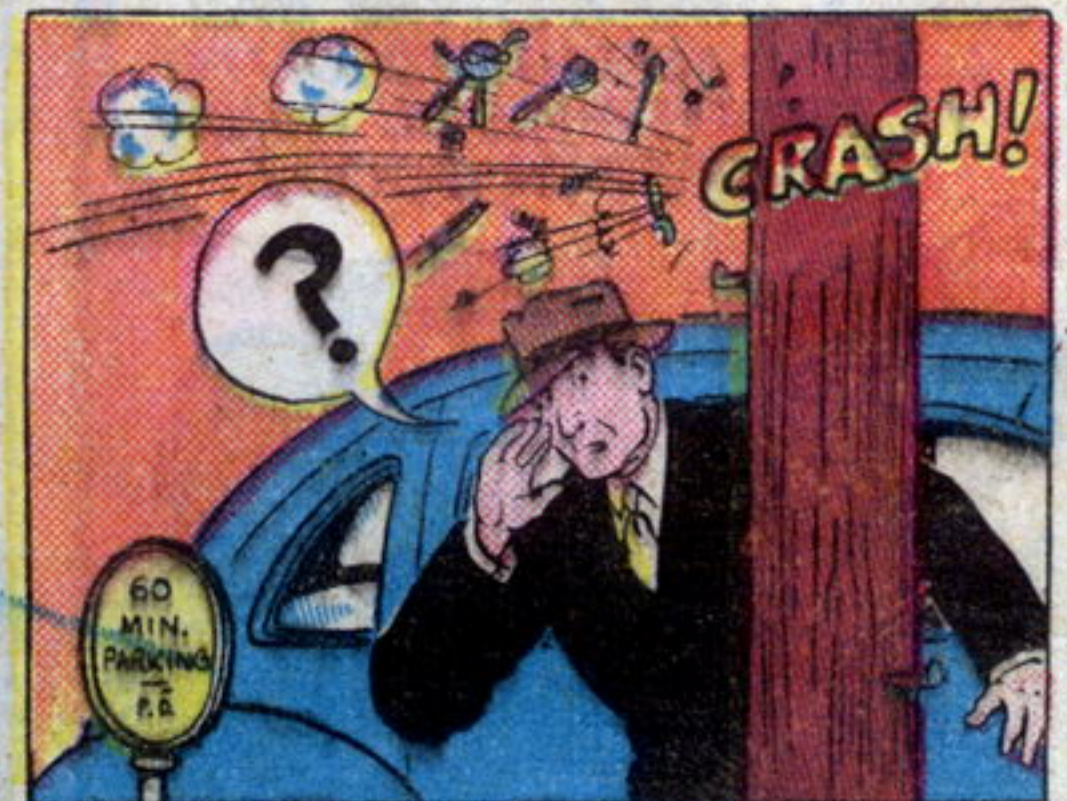
IF YOU WANT TO HOLD  
THIS JOB UNTIL  
CHRISTMAS, NIPPIE,  
YOU'D BETTER  
WORK A LITTLE  
HARDER!

HUH! YOU KNOW  
WHY WE WERE  
HIRED—THE BOSS  
IS A FRIEND OF  
MY FATHER! SO  
DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT ME!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD





# NIPPIE

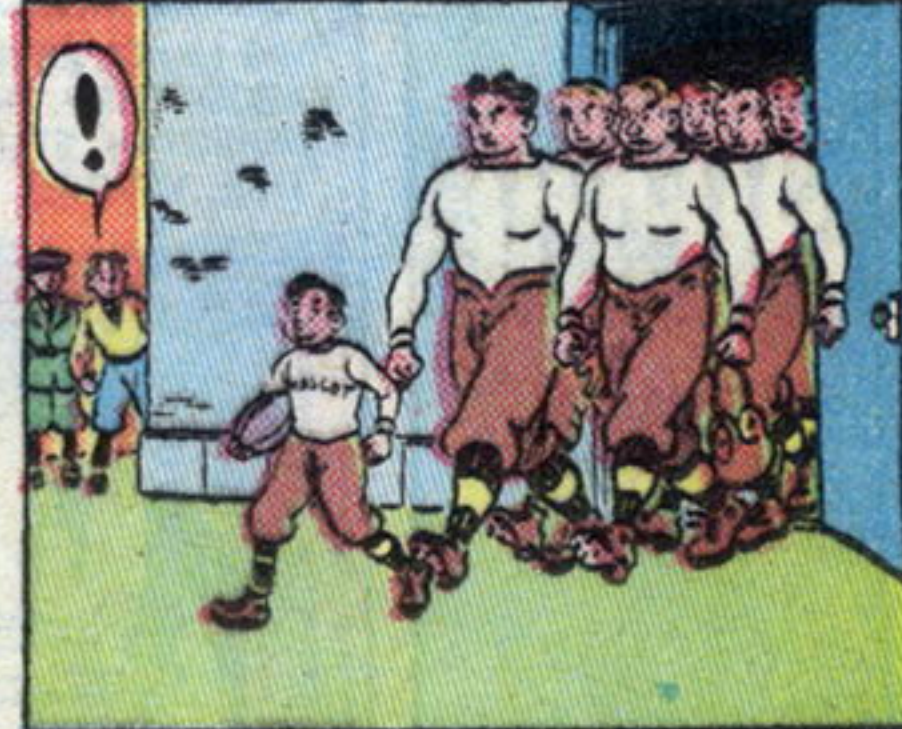
HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

I JUST SAW LITTLE JOHNNY CURTIS OVER BY THE GYMNASIUM, NIPPIE—DO YOU STILL WANT TO CATCH HIM?

I'LL SAY I DO! C'MON OVER THERE AND WATCH ME GIVE HIM HIS LUMPS!

HE MAY HAVE SEEN YOU COMIN' AND BE HIDING INSIDE!

YEAH! WELL, I'LL GRAB HIM WHEN HE COMES OUT—SSSH—THE DOOR IS OPENING NOW!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

SO YOUR UNCLE PHIL IS TAKING SUNNY TO A RADIO BROADCAST, TONIGHT, EH, MICKEY?

YES, TOM—WITH MR. HOULIHAN AND HIS LITTLE BOY! IT'S ONE OF THOSE QUIZ PROGRAMS! MR. HOULIHAN GOT TICKETS FROM MR. CALLAHAN, THE MAN WHO OWNS THE STATION!

I'VE OFTEN THOUGHT OF GOING ON ONE OF THESE PROGRAMS, HOULIHAN! IT WOULD BE LIKE FINDIN' MONEY!

OH, YEAH? WELL—AH—YOU TAKE THE KIDS IN AND GET SEATS—I WANT TO FIND CALLAHAN AND THANK HIM FOR THE TICKETS!

IT WOULD BE A GREAT JOKE, CALLAHAN! AND IT WOULD END HIS BRAGGING ABOUT HOW MUCH HE KNOWS!

JUST LEAVE IT TO ME! WE LIKE TO HAVE A DUMB-BELL ON THE PROGRAM—IT'S ALWAYS GOOD FOR SOME LAUGHS!

I UNDERSTAND THAT ALDERMAN PHILIP FINN IS IN THE AUDIENCE—AND I WOULD LIKE HIM TO COME UP ON THE STAGE AND BE ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS! LET'S GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG HAND!

T-T-HIS IS SOME OF YOUR WORK, HOULIHAN! HA! HA! YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO TRY IT, DIDN'T YOU? GO ON—YOU CAN'T BACK OUT NOW!

WELL, DR. BROWN—THE FINAL QUESTION ON THE LIST WHICH YOU PULLED OUT OF THE GRAB-BAG IS THIS—"THE CONSTITUTION WAS RATIFIED BY WHAT THIRTEEN ORIGINAL STATES?"

WHY-AH-AH-I-I'M AFRAID I CAN'T ANSWER THAT EITHER!

THE NEXT QUESTION ON YOUR GRAB-BAG LIST, PROFESSOR THOMAS, IS THIS—"WHAT IS THE SALARY OF THE VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES?"

HMM—I'M ASHAMED TO ADMIT I DON'T KNOW!

NOW ALDERMAN—IT'S YOUR TURN TO REACH INTO THE GRAB-BAG FOR YOUR LIST OF QUESTIONS!

WELL, WELL—YOUR LIST OF QUESTIONS ALL PERTAIN TO SPORTS—HERE'S THE FIRST ONE—"WAS THE RACE HORSE, MAN-O-WAR, EVER DEFEATED?"

OH, YES! BY A NAG NAMED "UPSET" AT SARATOGA IN 1919.

RIGHT! NOW THE NEXT QUESTION—"WHAT PUGILIST WON THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FROM JAMES J. CORBETT?"

BOB FITZSIMMONS! IN 14 ROUNDS AT CARSON CITY, NEVADA, ON MARCH 17, 1897!

WELL, MR. FINN—YOU'VE ANSWERED NINE OF YOUR TEN QUESTIONS PERFECTLY—NOW WE COME TO THE TENTH AND FINAL ONE—"IN WHAT YEAR DID BABE RUTH HIT HIS GREATEST TOTAL OF HOME RUNS—AND WHAT WAS THAT TOTAL?"

OH, THAT'S EASY! IT WAS IN 1927 AND THE TOTAL WAS 60!

ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MR. FINN—AND FOR A PERFECT PERFORMANCE YOU WIN OUR FIRST PRIZE—\$50.

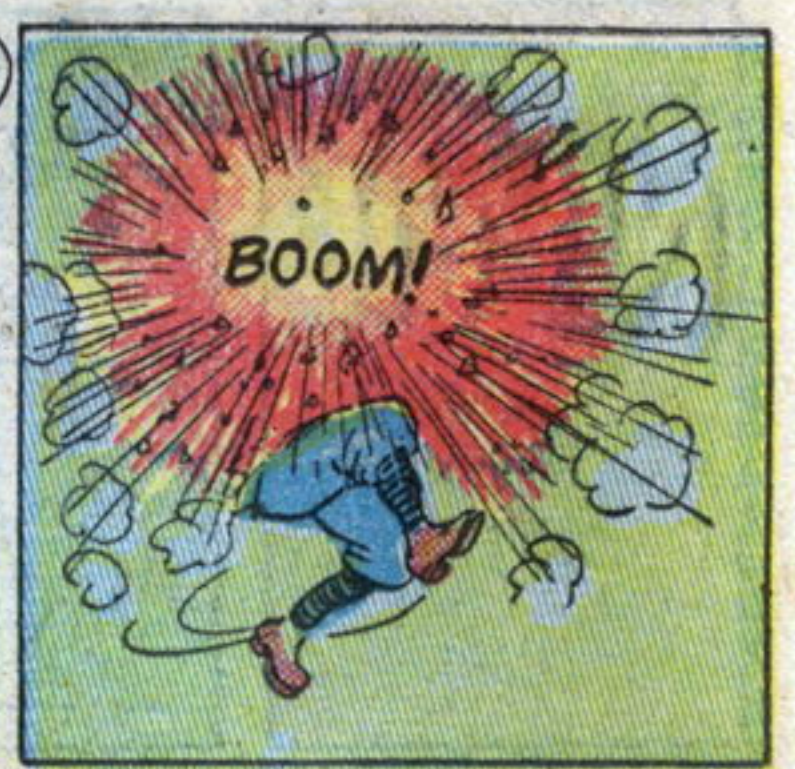
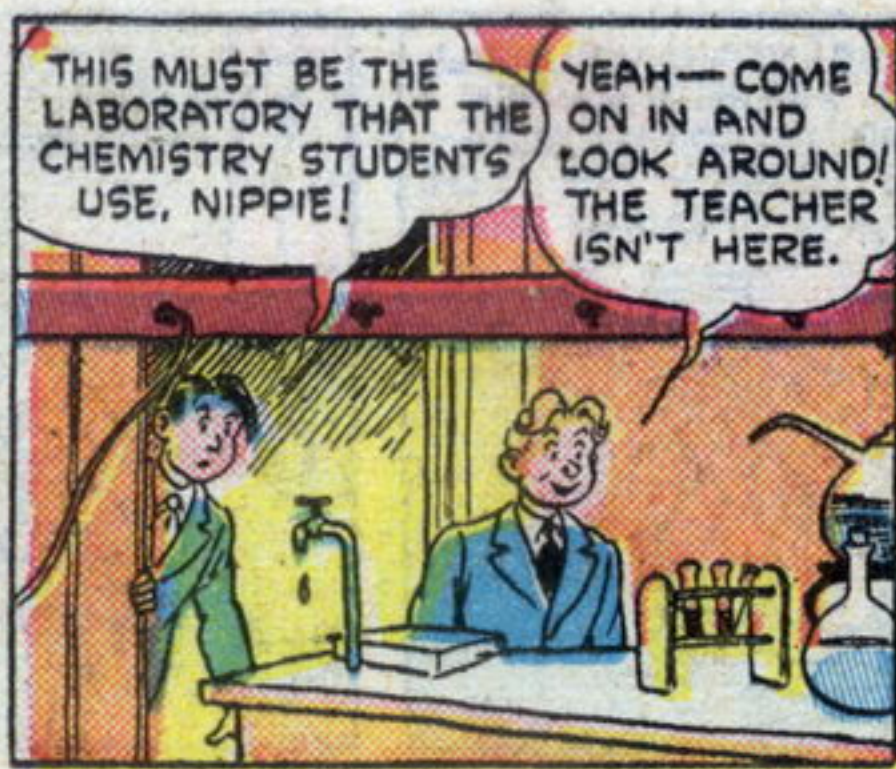
HERE YOU ARE, SIR!

I WISH THEY'D ASKED ME A FEW REALLY DIFFICULT QUESTIONS!

YES YOU DO! BAH!

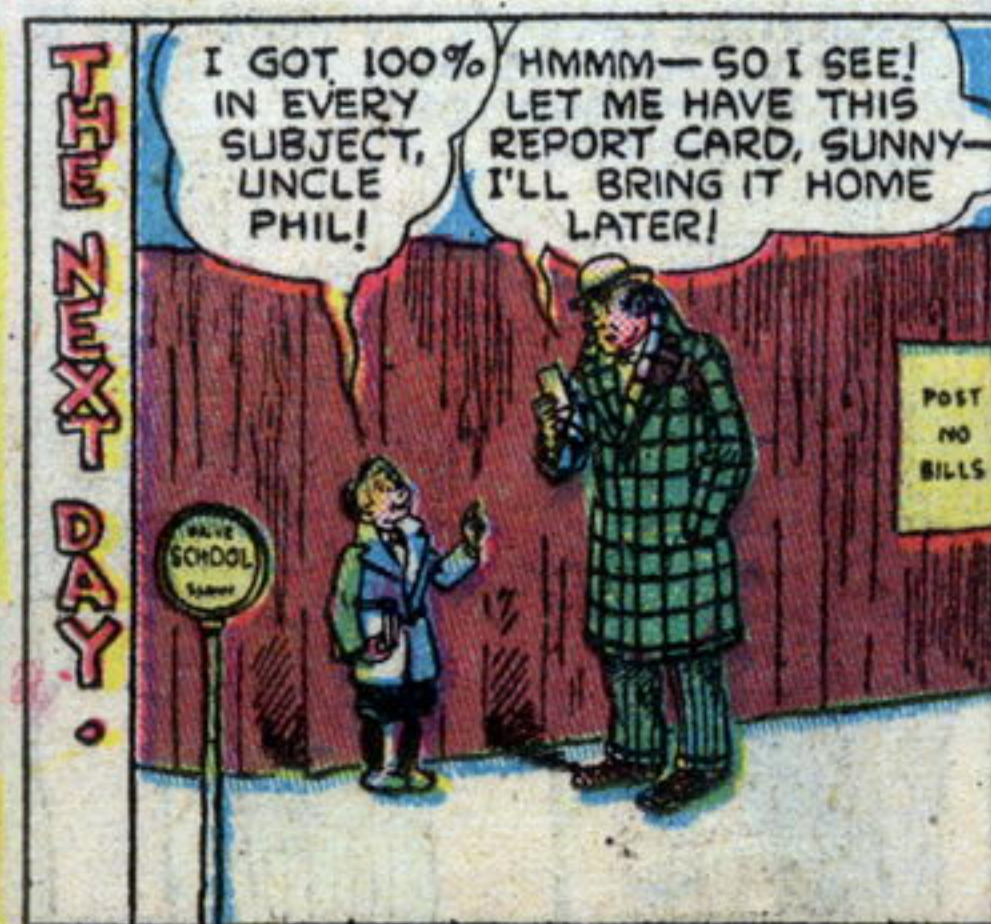
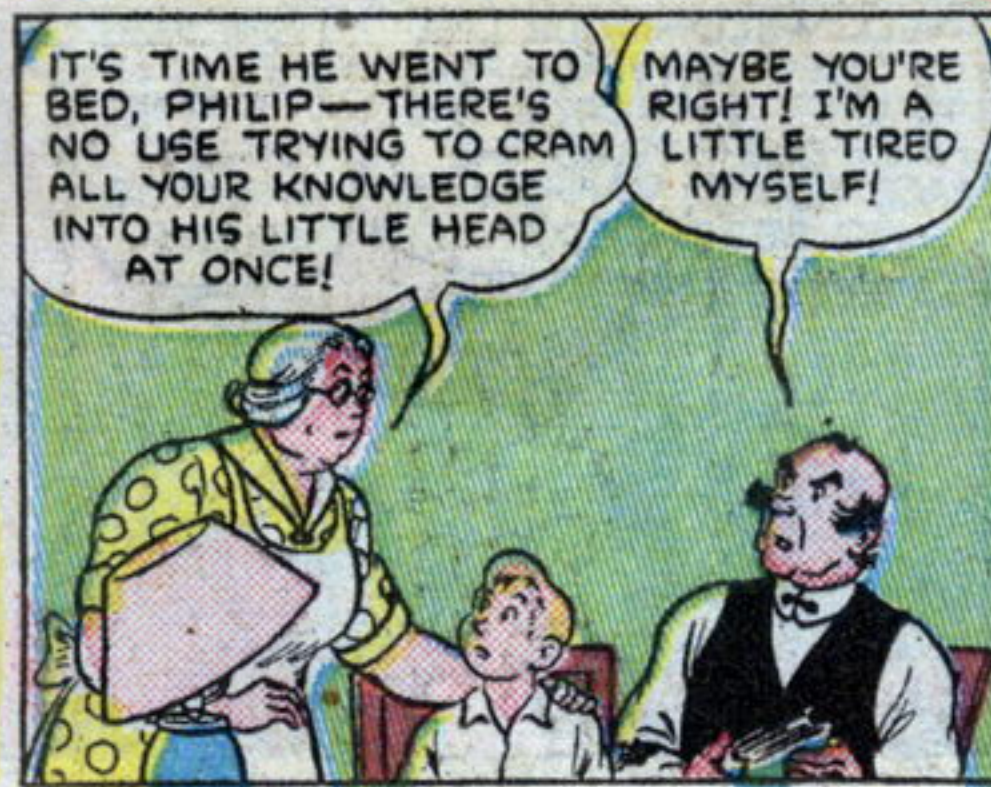
AND YOU SAID MY UNCLE PHIL WAS A DOPE! TEE HEE!





# MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



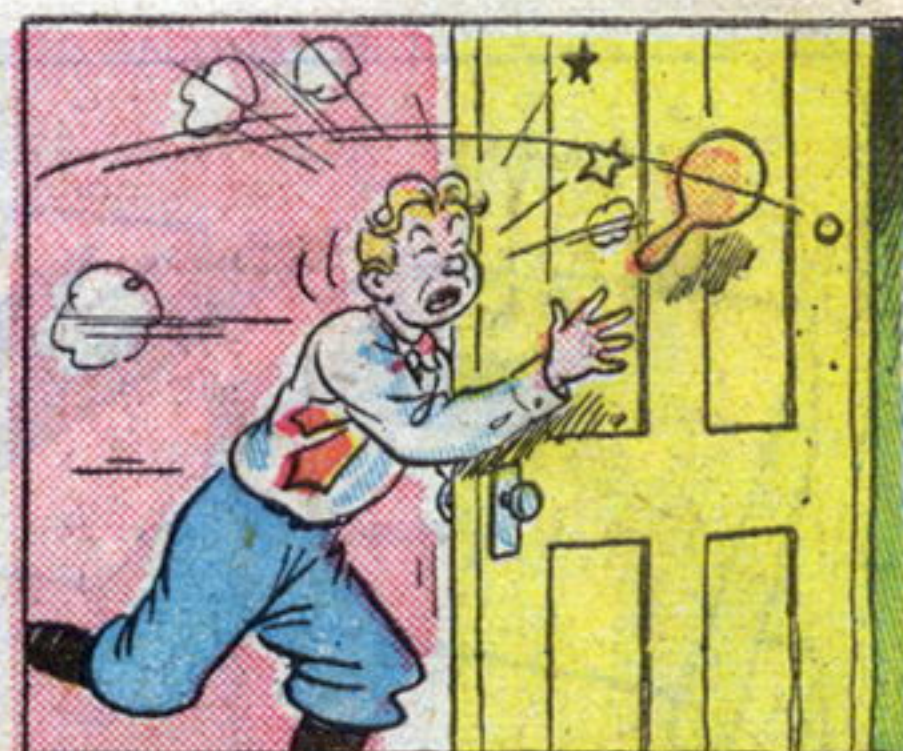


# NIPPIE

HE'S  
OFTEN  
WRONG

HADN'T YOU BETTER  
CLOSE THAT DOOR  
BEHIND YOU, NIPPIE?  
THERE ISN'T MUCH  
ROOM IN HERE!

THERE'S ENOUGH!  
YOU WON'T BE  
HITTING ANY  
PAST ME,  
DON'T WORRY!



## MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD

YOU SHOULDN'T BE  
MAD AT MR. CLANCY,  
UNCLE PHIL! HE'S  
BEEN MIGHTY NICE  
TO YOU!

NO MAN CAN MAKE A  
MONKEY OUT OF ME  
LIKE HE DID LAST  
WEEK, MICHAEL! I'LL  
NEVER PUT A FOOT  
INSIDE HIS JOINT AGAIN!



YOU'RE BEING VERY  
FOOLISH, UNCLE PHIL!  
WHERE ARE YOU GOING  
TO SPEND YOUR SPARE  
TIME? YOU'LL MISS ALL  
YOUR OLD FRIENDS!

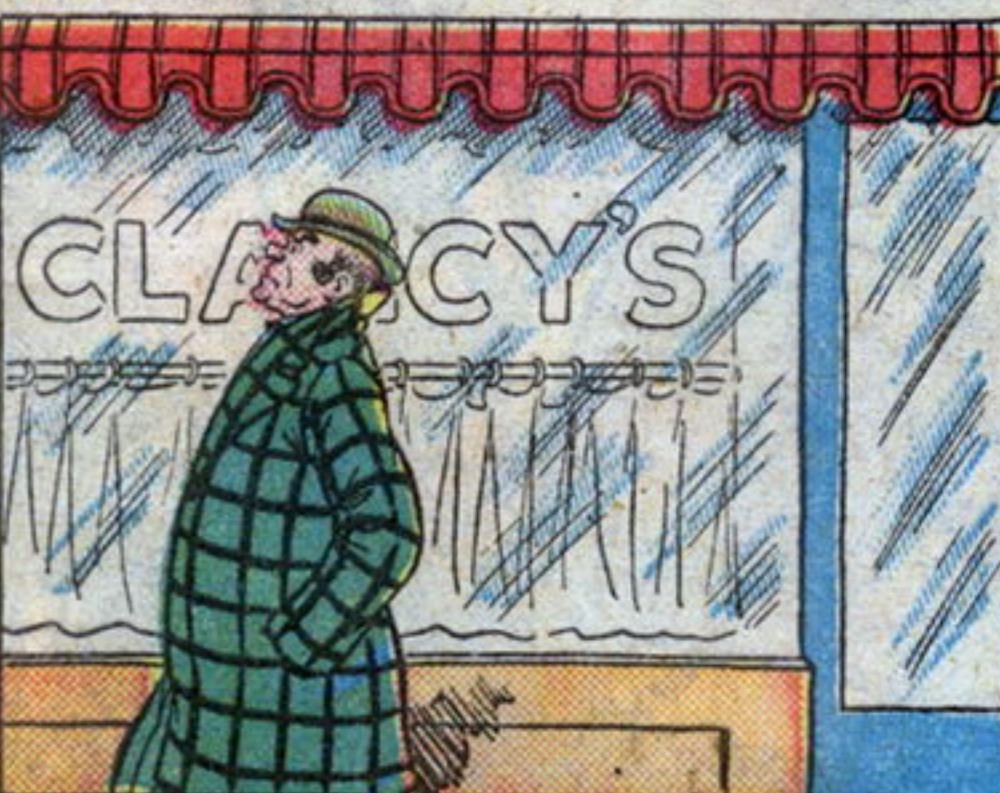
THERE'S PLENTY OF  
OTHER PLACES  
BESIDES CLANCY'S!  
AND I'VE GOT  
PLENTY OF OTHER  
FRIENDS!



SO PHIL FOUND  
OUT THAT IT WASN'T  
THE DEVIL HE SAW  
LAST WEEK, BUT  
ONLY MURPHY  
DRESSED UP FOR  
THE HALLOWEEN  
BALL, EH, CLANCY?

YES—WE  
COULDN'T  
KEEP QUIET  
ABOUT IT—  
IT WAS TOO  
GOOD A  
JOKE!

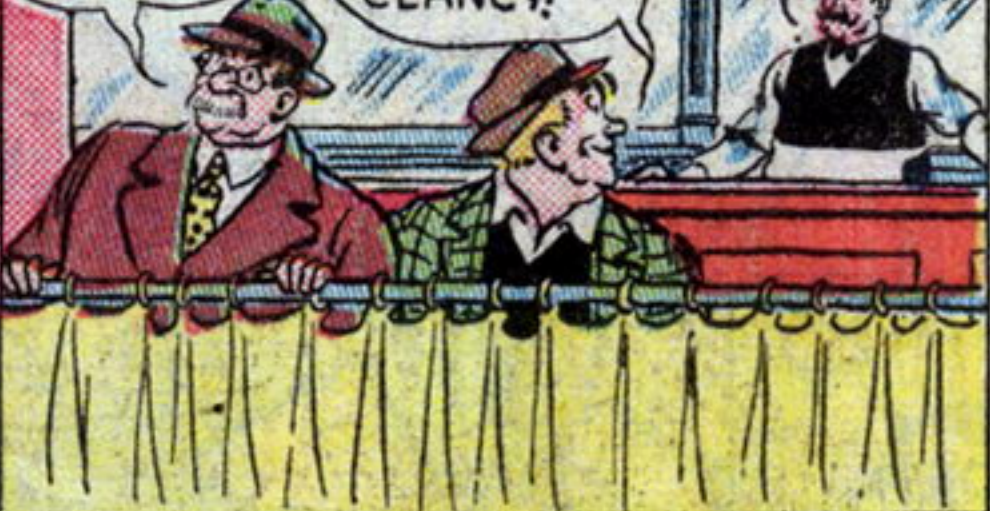
HERE HE  
COMES  
DOWN  
THE  
STREET  
NOW!



BY GOLLY—  
HE WENT RIGHT  
BY, CLANCY—  
HE MUST  
BE SORE!

SURE HE'S SORE!  
I HEARD THAT  
HE SAID HE  
WAS OFF YOU  
FOR LIFE,  
CLANCY!

HUH!  
THAT  
WORRIES  
ME!



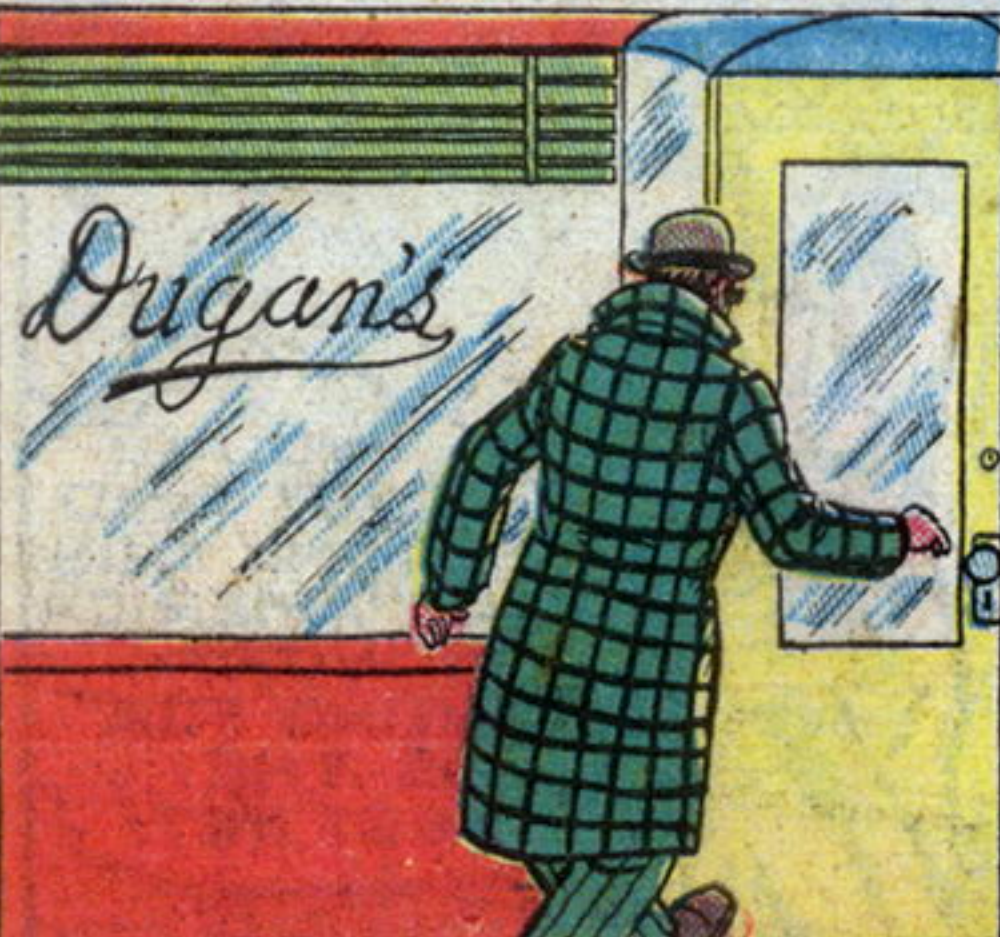
DO YOU MEAN  
YOU WOULDN'T  
TRUST ME FOR  
TEN CENTS,  
SWEENEY?

I WOULDN'T  
TRUST YOU  
FOR ONE CENT!



WELL, CASEY—I  
THINK I'LL HAVE A  
HALF AND HALF!  
I'LL PAY YOU  
NEXT WEEK!

YOU MIGHT BE  
DEAD AND BURIED  
BY NEXT WEEK!



YOU SEE  
THAT SIGN,  
DON'TCHA?

IN GOD WE  
TRUST  
—BUT NOBODY  
ELSE!

DID I EVER TELL  
YOU ABOUT THE TIME  
I PUT ON THE GLOVES  
WITH PHILADELPHIA  
JACK O'BRIEN?

YES—BUT TELL ME  
AGAIN! I WANTA  
SEE IF YOU TELL  
IT THE SAME  
WAY!

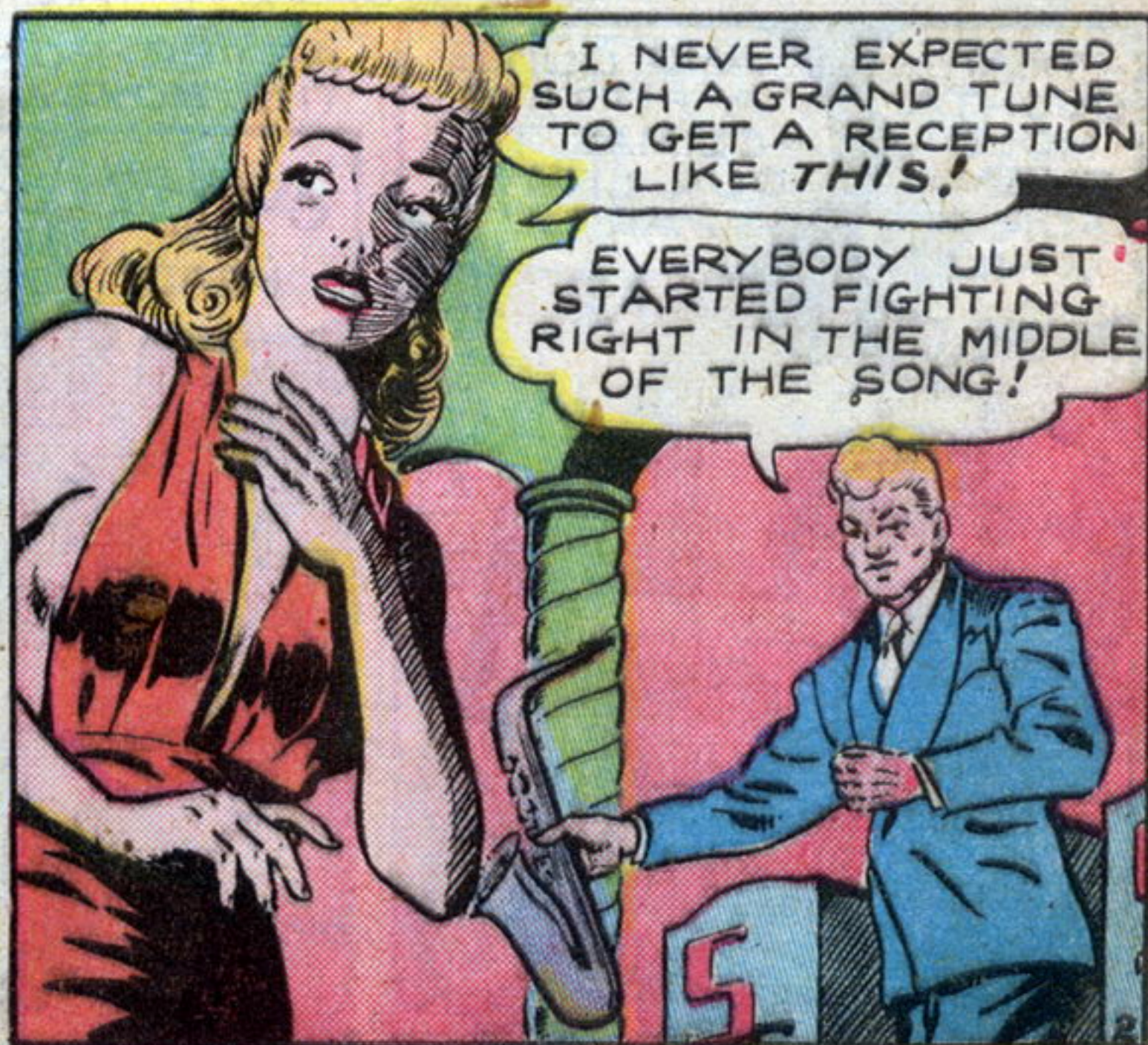
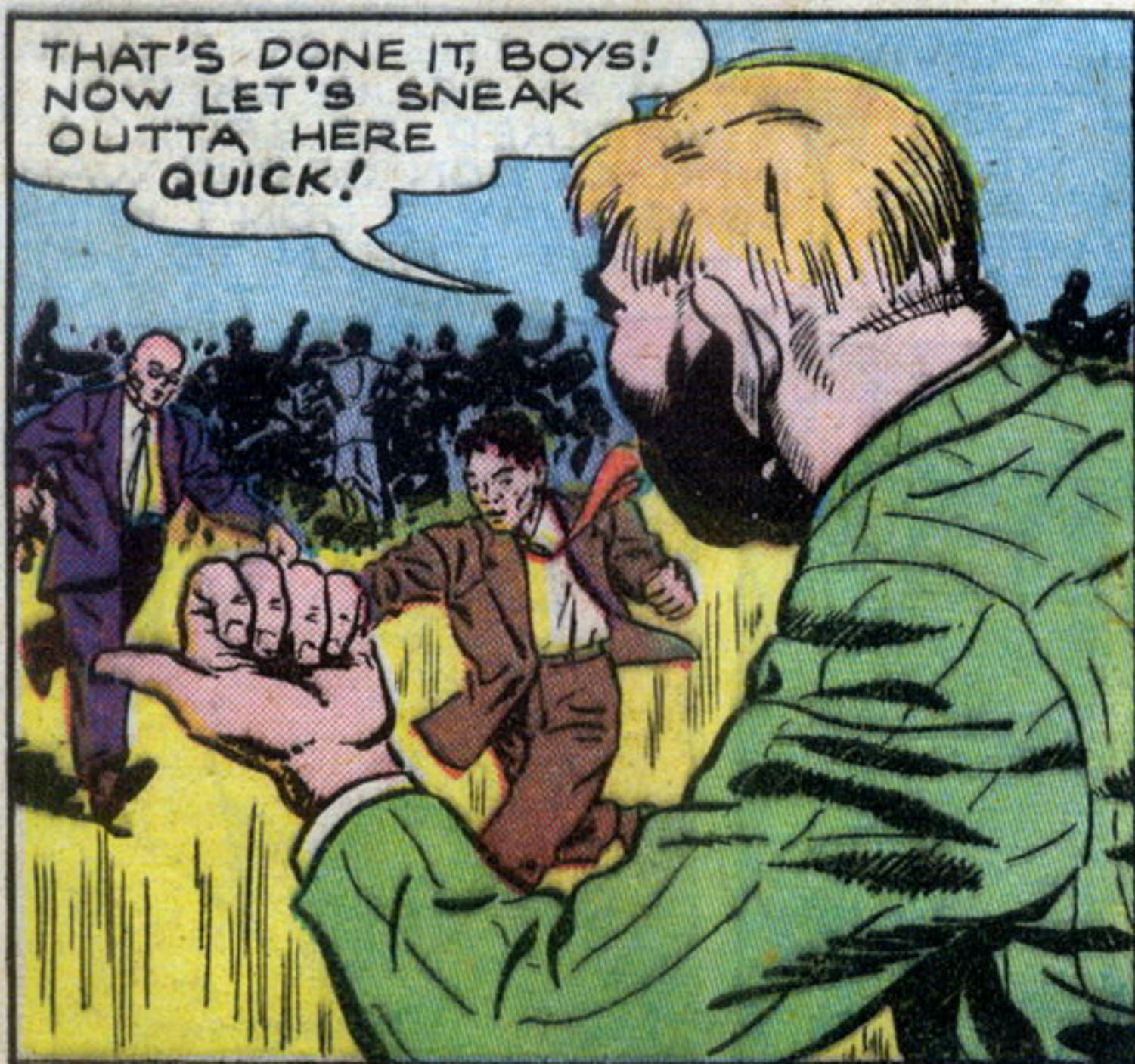


Enjoy Mickey Finn each month in FEATURE COMICS.

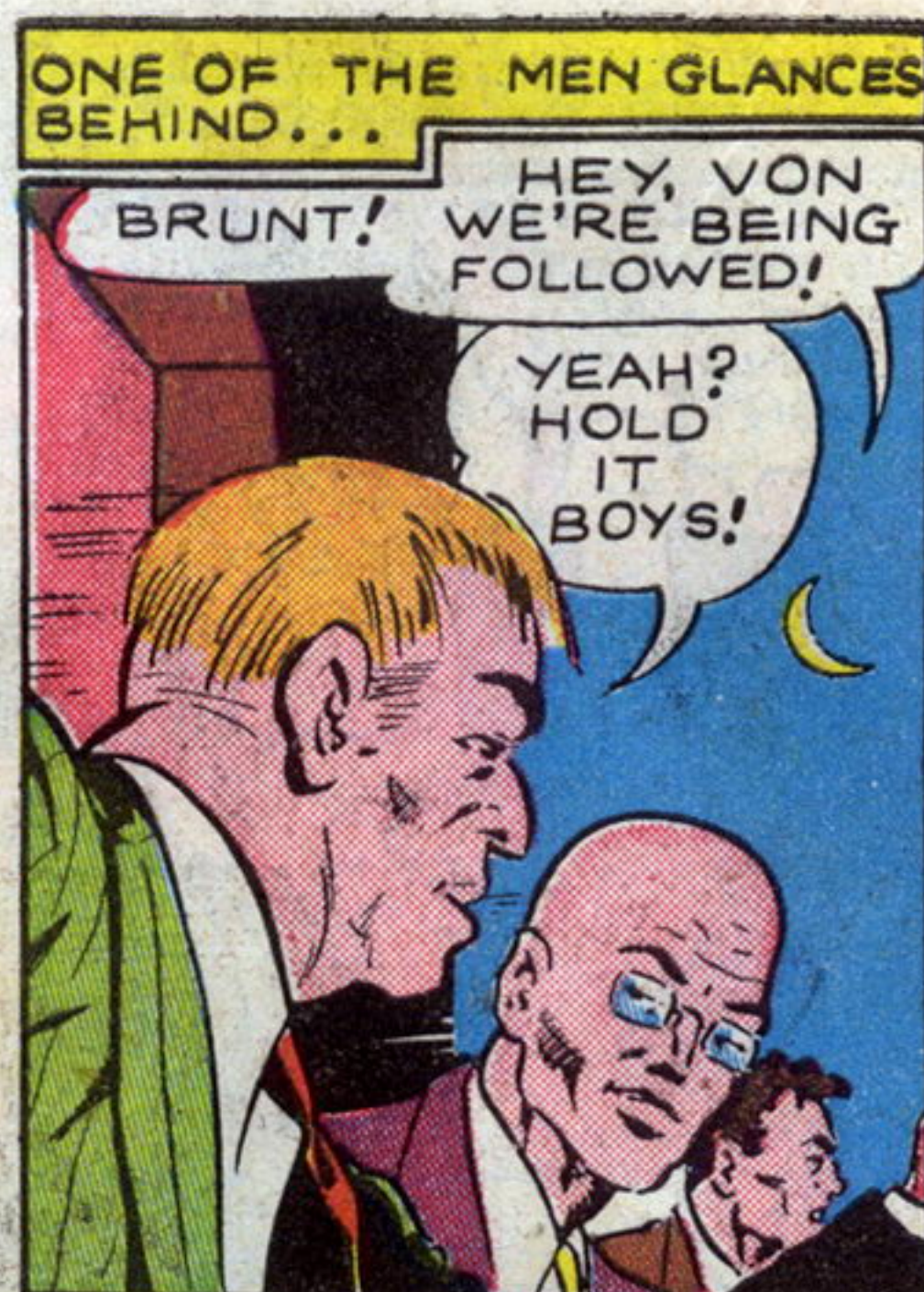
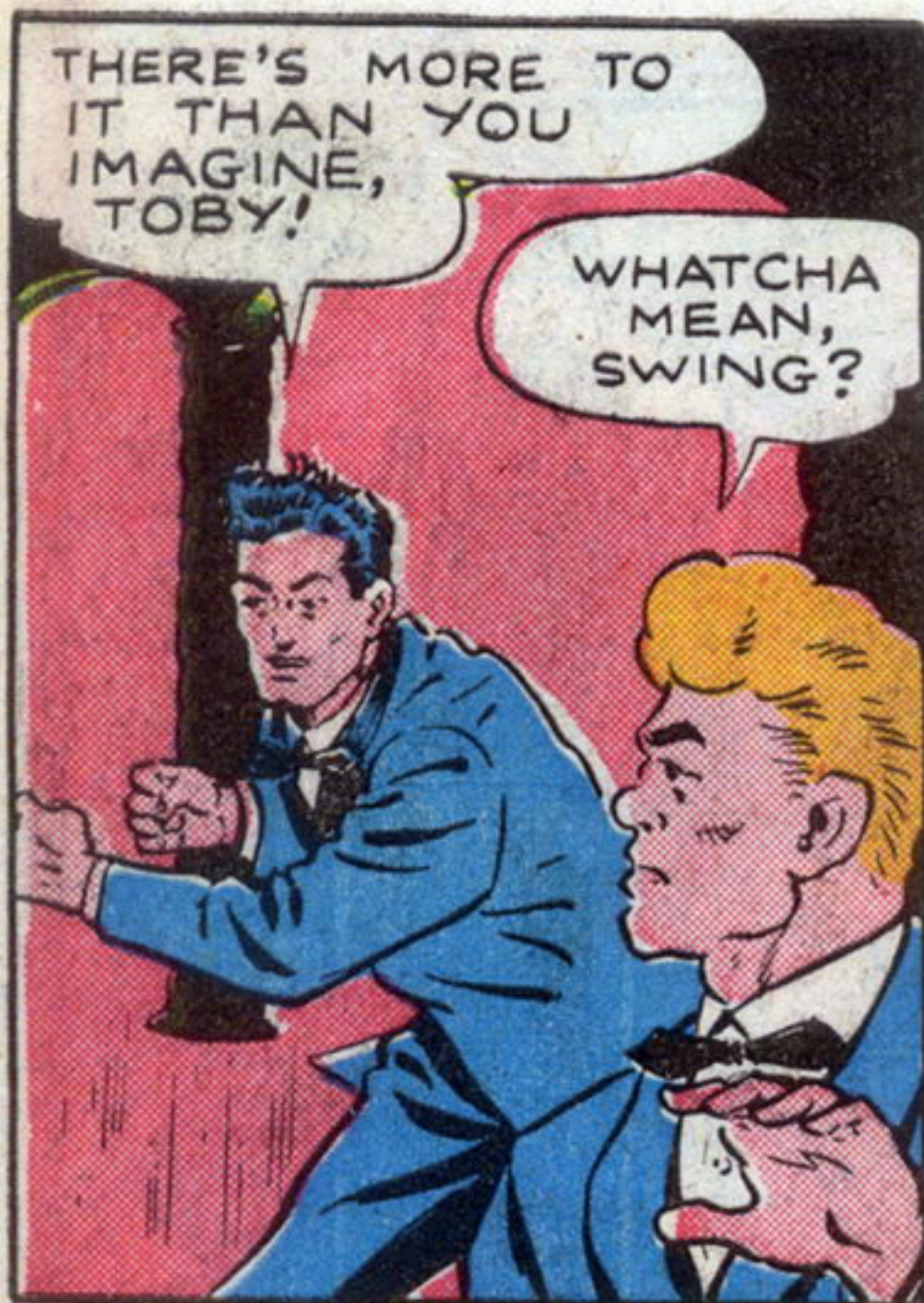














LATER...  
IN A HOTEL  
ROOM....

WE SURE  
SPOILED  
THAT  
LITTLE  
DANCE!

BUT THAT  
ISN'T  
ENOUGH!

AS NAZI FIFTH COLUMNISTS,  
OUR BUSINESS IS TO  
UNDERMINE AMERICAN  
MORALE. THESE PATRIOTIC  
SONGS FILL THE AMERICANS  
WITH FIGHTING SPIRIT  
---AND MAKE  
OUR EFFORTS  
FUTILE!!

TODAY WE MAKE OUR  
FIRST BIG MOVE...WHICH  
WILL BE **MURDERING**  
IRVING GERSHWIN, THE  
GREATEST OF ALL WAR  
SONG WRITERS, AND  
LATER WE'LL GET  
SWING SISSON!



WHILE GERSHWIN IS  
WITH SWING AT THE  
CLOVER CLUB PLANNING  
ANOTHER INTRODUCTION  
OF HIS SONG....



...THE THUGS VISIT THE  
PALATIAL MANSION OF  
THE SONG WRITER...

6819 YORKSHIRE...  
THIS IS IT!



...AND FORCE AN ENTRANCE  
BY JIMMYING A WINDOW...

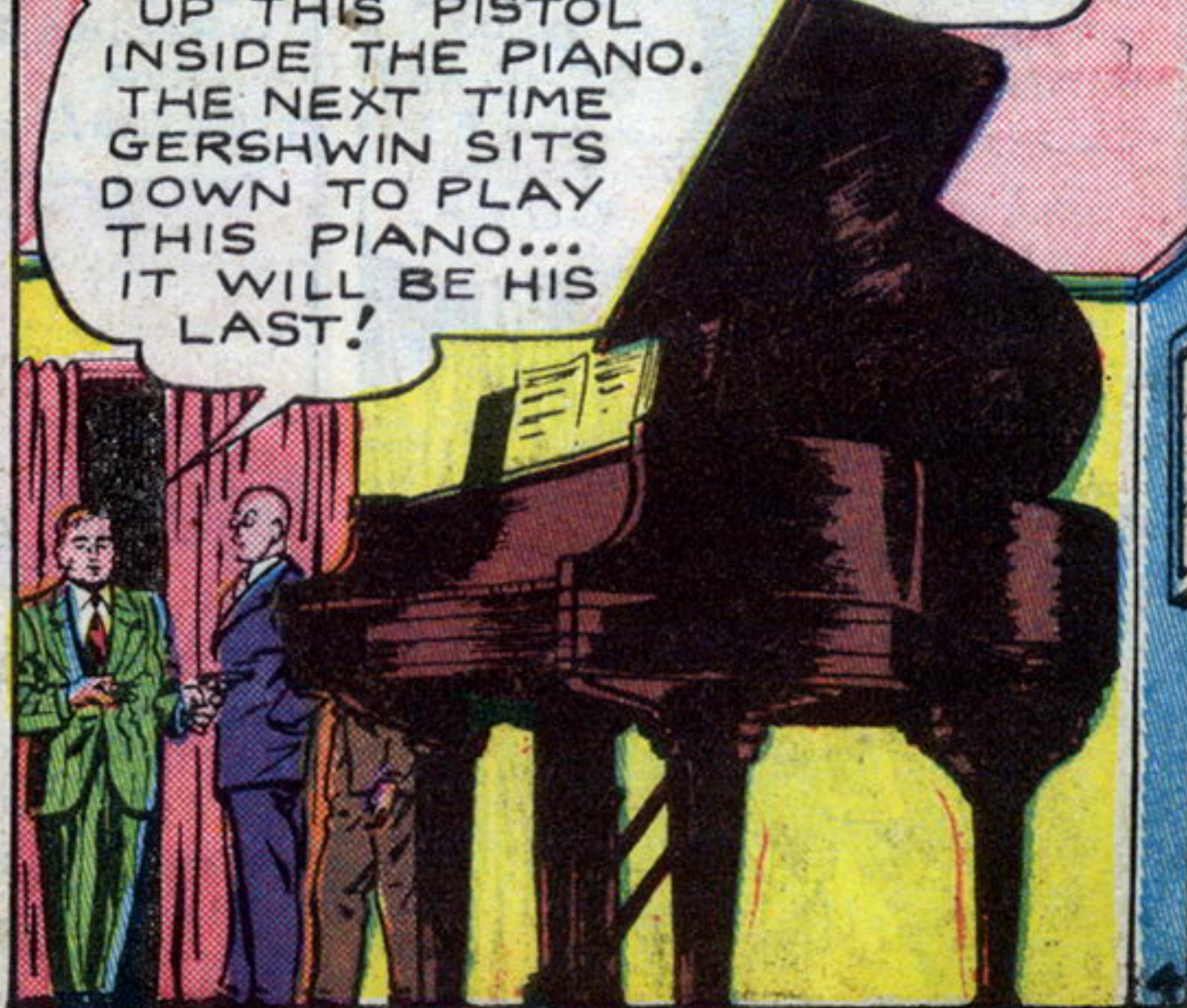
BUT VON BRUNT...  
HOW ARE WE GOING  
TO KILL GERSHWIN  
WHEN WE KNOW HE  
ISN'T HERE?



THAT IS  
PART OF MY  
PLAN. COME  
OVER TO  
THIS  
PIANO!



WITH THESE WIRES I'VE  
WORKED OUT A WAY TO RIG  
UP THIS PISTOL  
INSIDE THE PIANO.  
THE NEXT TIME  
GERSHWIN SITS  
DOWN TO PLAY  
THIS PIANO...  
IT WILL BE HIS  
LAST!





WHEN HE HITS A CERTAIN KEY, IT FIRES THE PISTOL---AND SENDS A SLUG RIGHT THROUGH HIS HEART! CLEVER, EH!



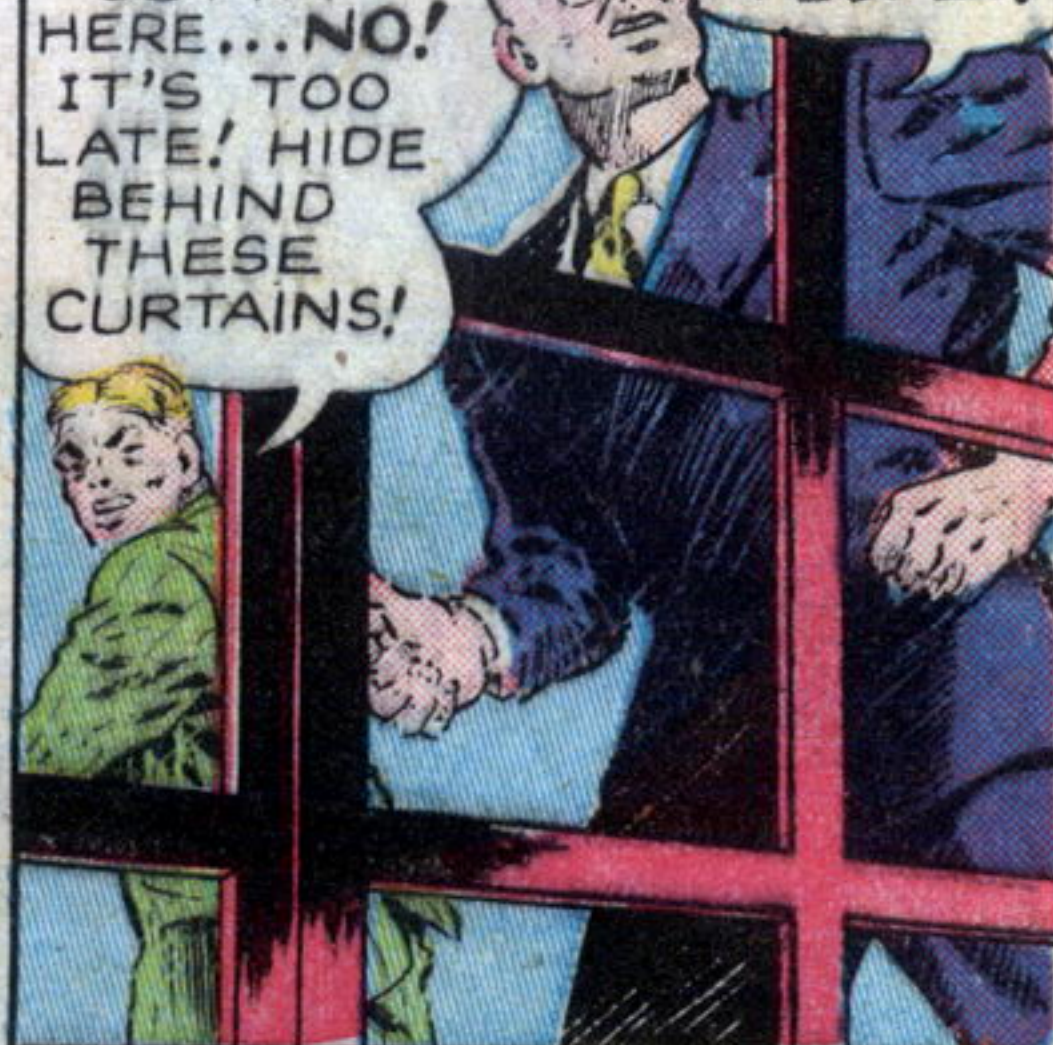
BACK AT THE CLOVER CLUB:

I' GUESS THAT TAKES CARE OF ALL THE DETAILS, SWING. NOW LET'S GO OUT TO MY HOUSE. I WANT YOU TO HEAR ANOTHER TUNE I'M WORKING ON!



VON BRUNT, LOOK!! HERE COMES GERSHWIN---WITH SOME OF THOSE ORCHESTRA PEOPLE!

WHAT! LET'S GET OUTTA HERE...NO! IT'S TOO LATE! HIDE BEHIND THESE CURTAINS!



GERSHWIN SHOWS SWING, TOBY, AND BONNIE THROUGH HIS HOME....



...AND THIS IS MY MUSIC ROOM!

SOME LAYOUT!!

WHAT A NICE PIANO! MAY I PLAY IT?



CERTAINLY!

BONNIE SEATS HERSELF AT THE PIANO AND BEGINS TO PLAY. EVERY KEY SHE STRIKES MAY BE HER LAST ONE!!

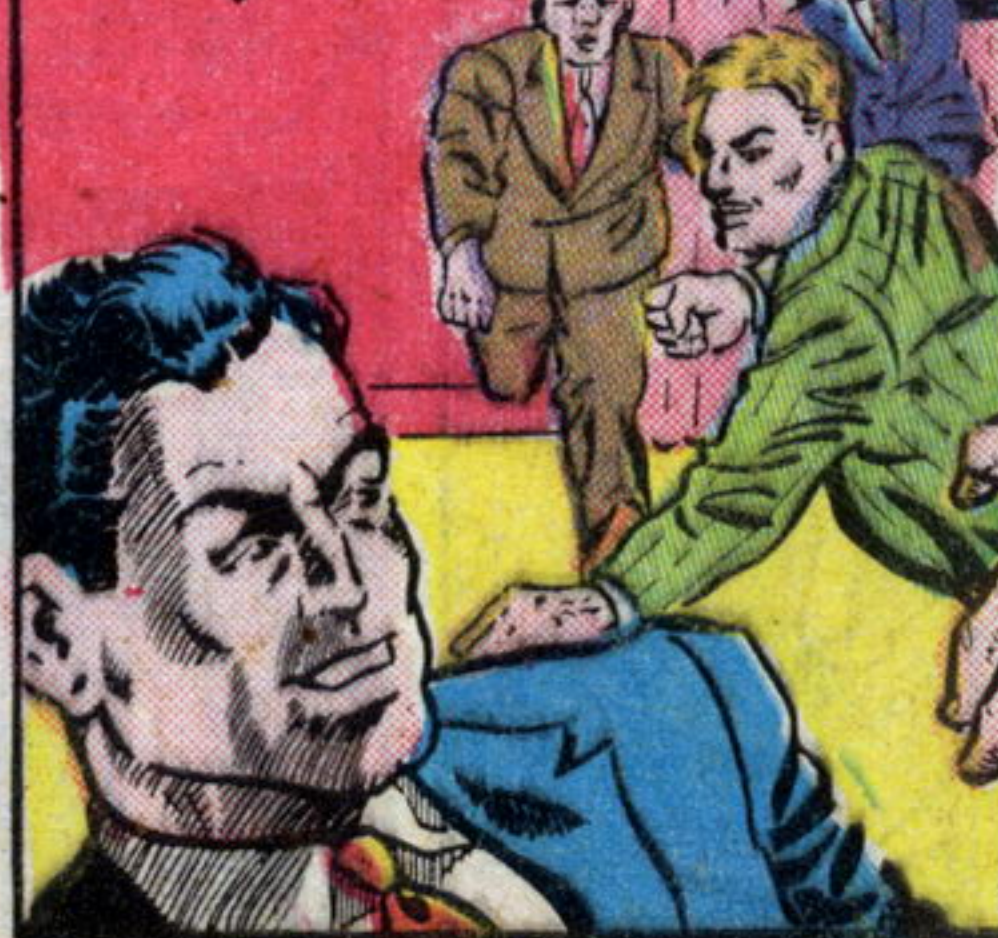


HEY! THE GIRL'S PLAYIN' THE PIANO!

ACH! THIS SPOILS OUR SCHEME! GET THEM QUICK!

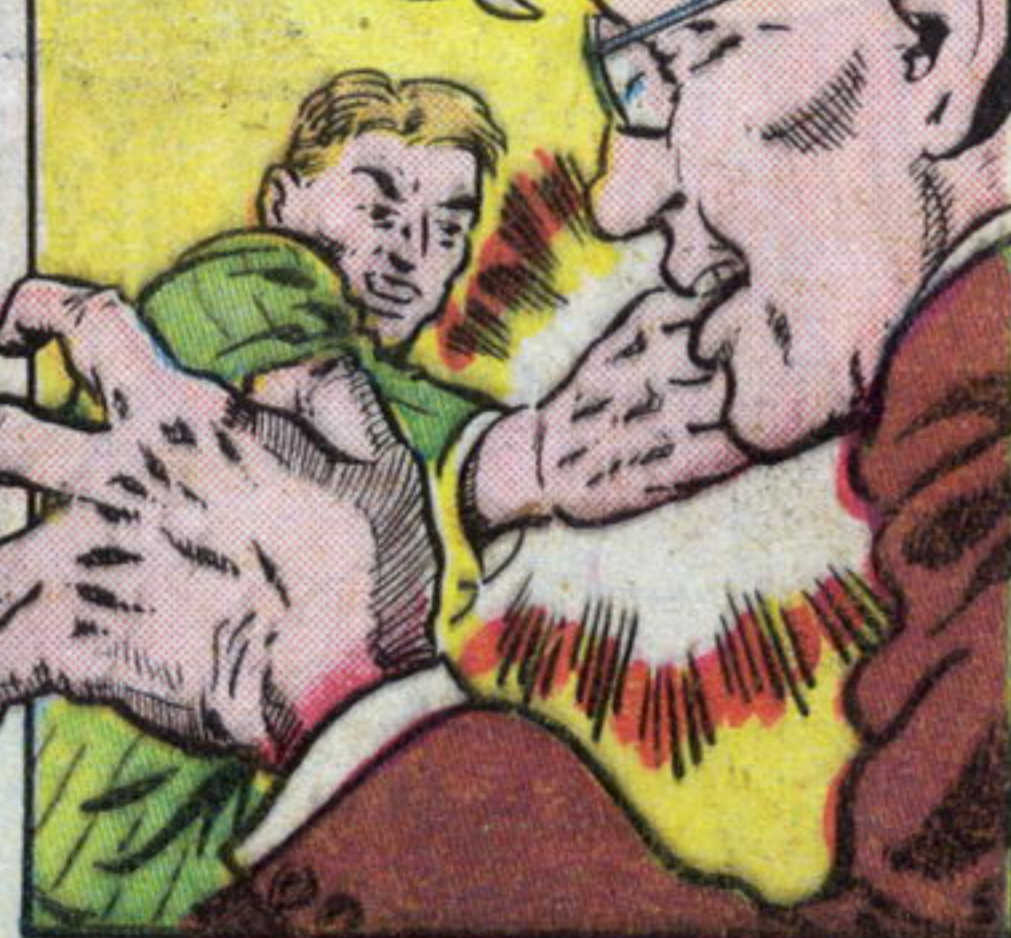


WHAT TH--! IT'S THE GUYS WHO WRECKED OUR CLUB!!

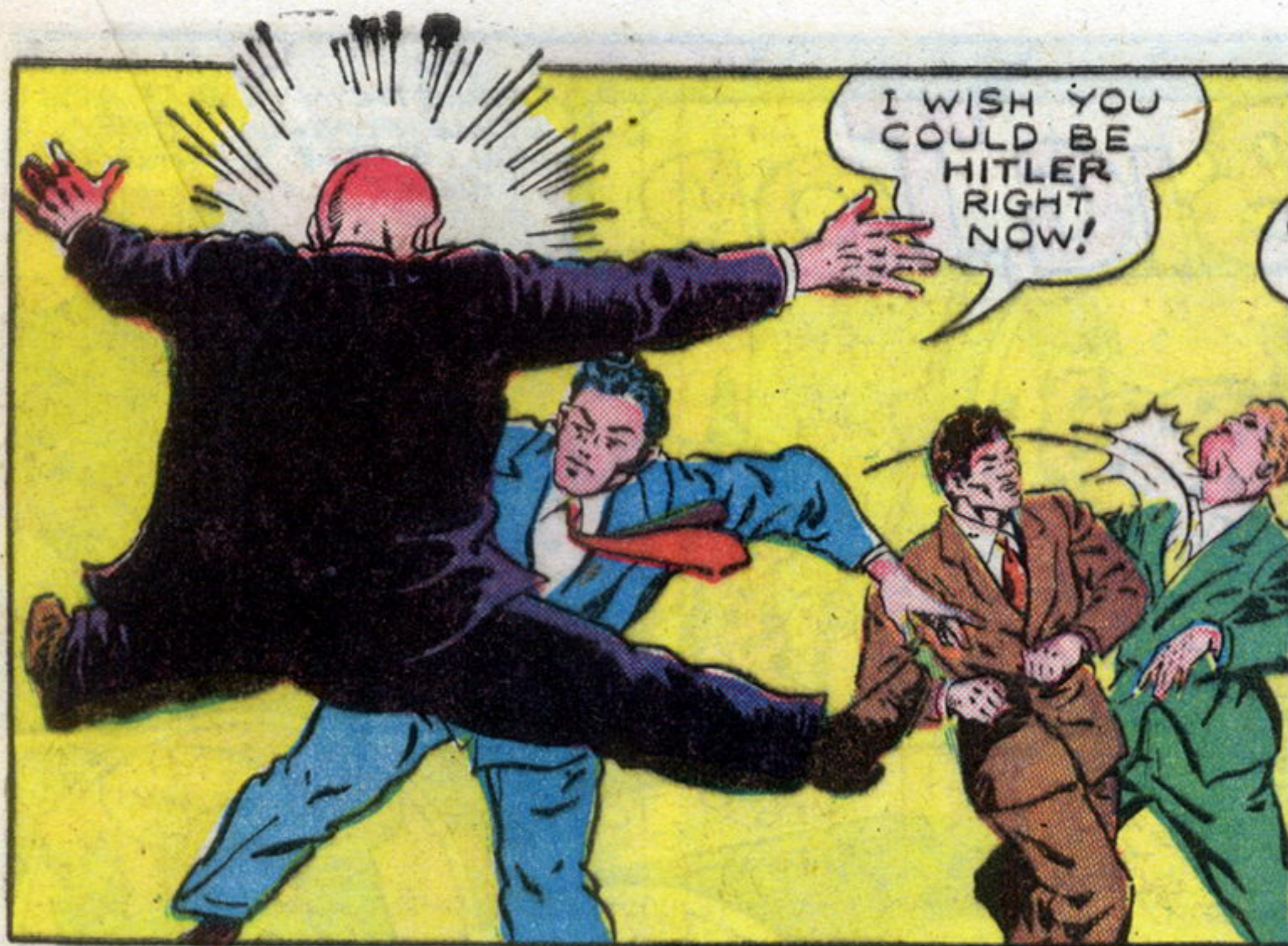


AND NOW WE'LL WRECK GERSHWIN!

OOF!





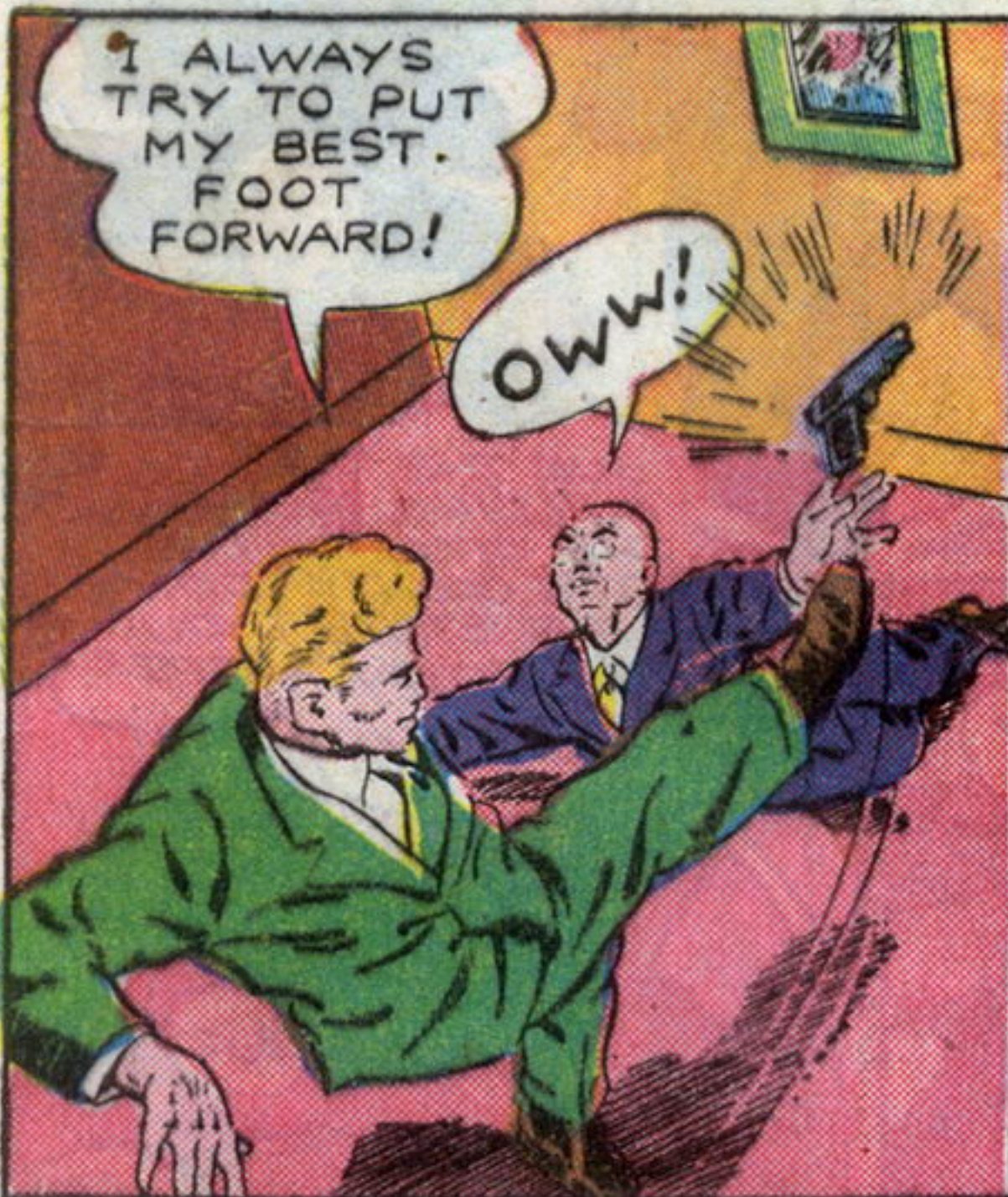


I WISH YOU  
COULD BE  
HITLER  
RIGHT  
NOW!

THE FLOORED CROOK  
DRAWS AN AUTOMATIC...

LOOKOUT!  
HE'S GOT  
A GUN!

HERE  
COME TWO  
SLUGS WITH  
YOUR NAMES  
ON THEM!



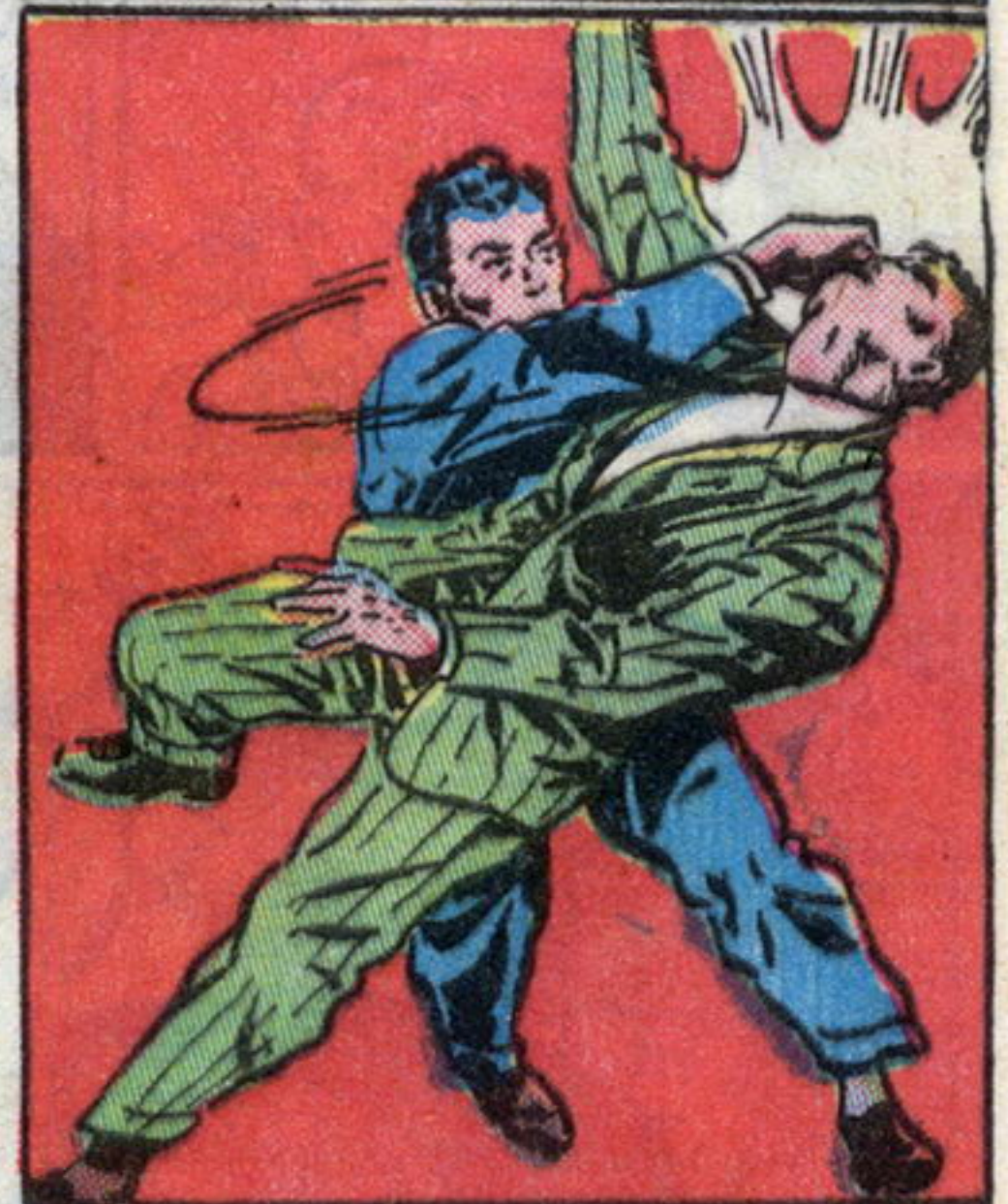
I ALWAYS  
TRY TO PUT  
MY BEST  
FOOT  
FORWARD!

OWW!



NOW YOU'LL  
PAY FOR  
THAT!

BUT SWING ACTS BEFORE  
VON BRUNT CAN STRIKE...



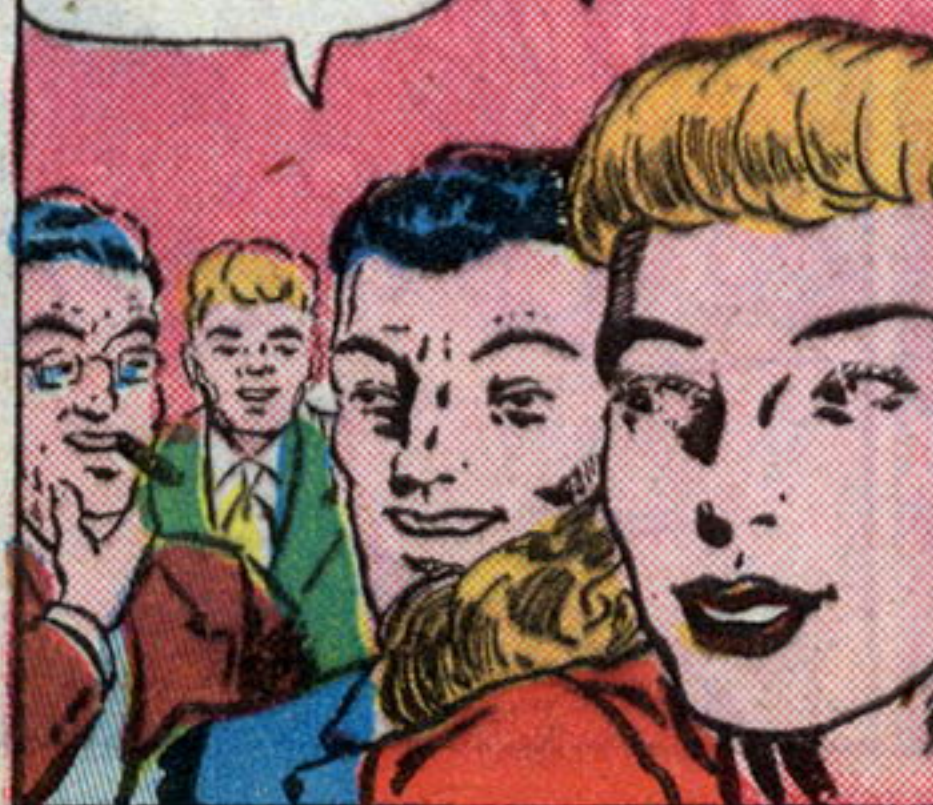
THE FORCE OF SWING'S  
BLOW KNOCKS VON BRUNT  
AGAINST THE PIANO,  
DISCHARGING THE  
PLANTED PISTOL....



LATER:

WELL,  
THAT'S  
ONE  
MORE  
FIFTH  
COLUMN  
RING  
SMASHED!

NOW WE  
CAN PUT THAT  
PATRIOTIC  
SONG OVER  
WITHOUT  
INTERFERENCE!



THAT NIGHT AT THE CLOVER  
CLUB:

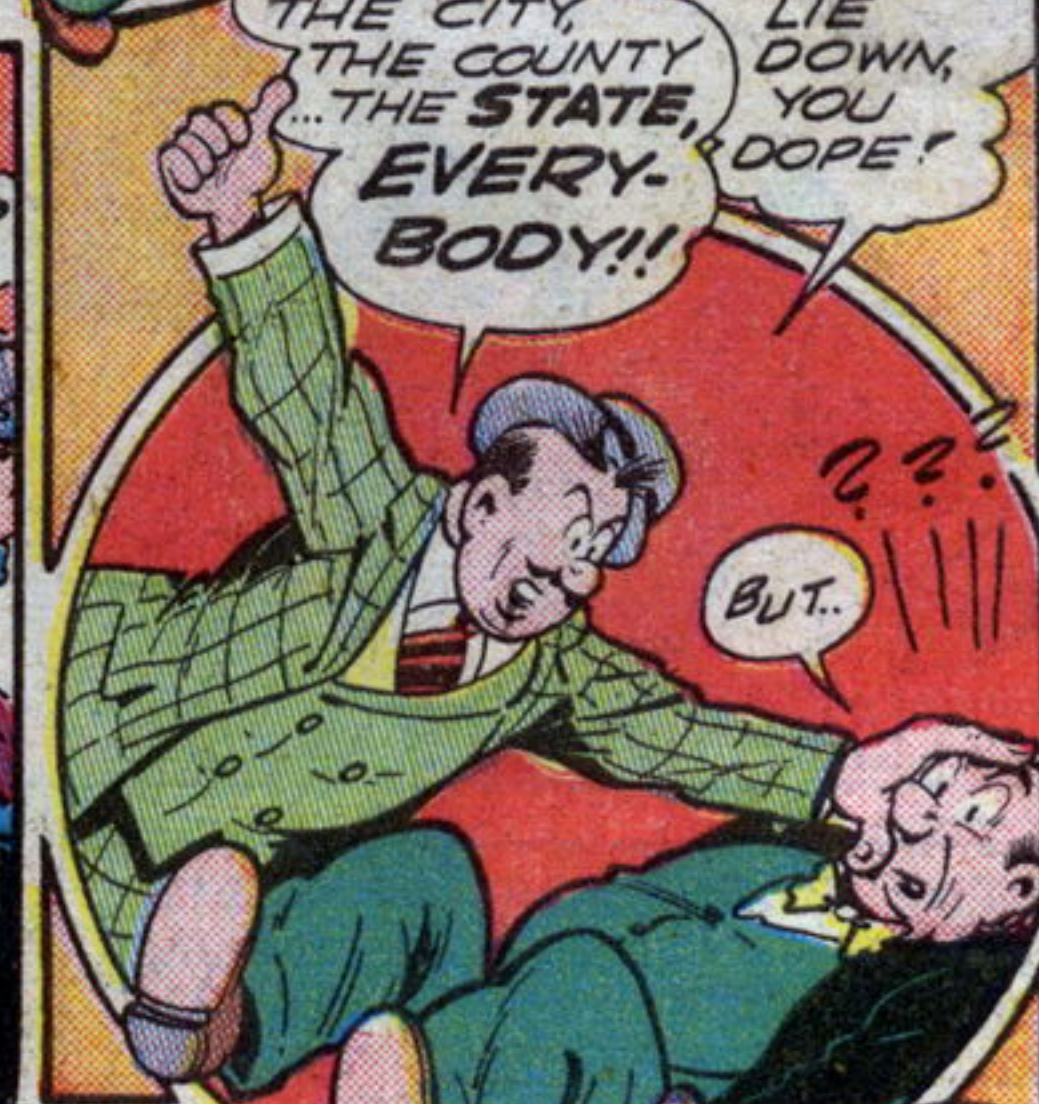
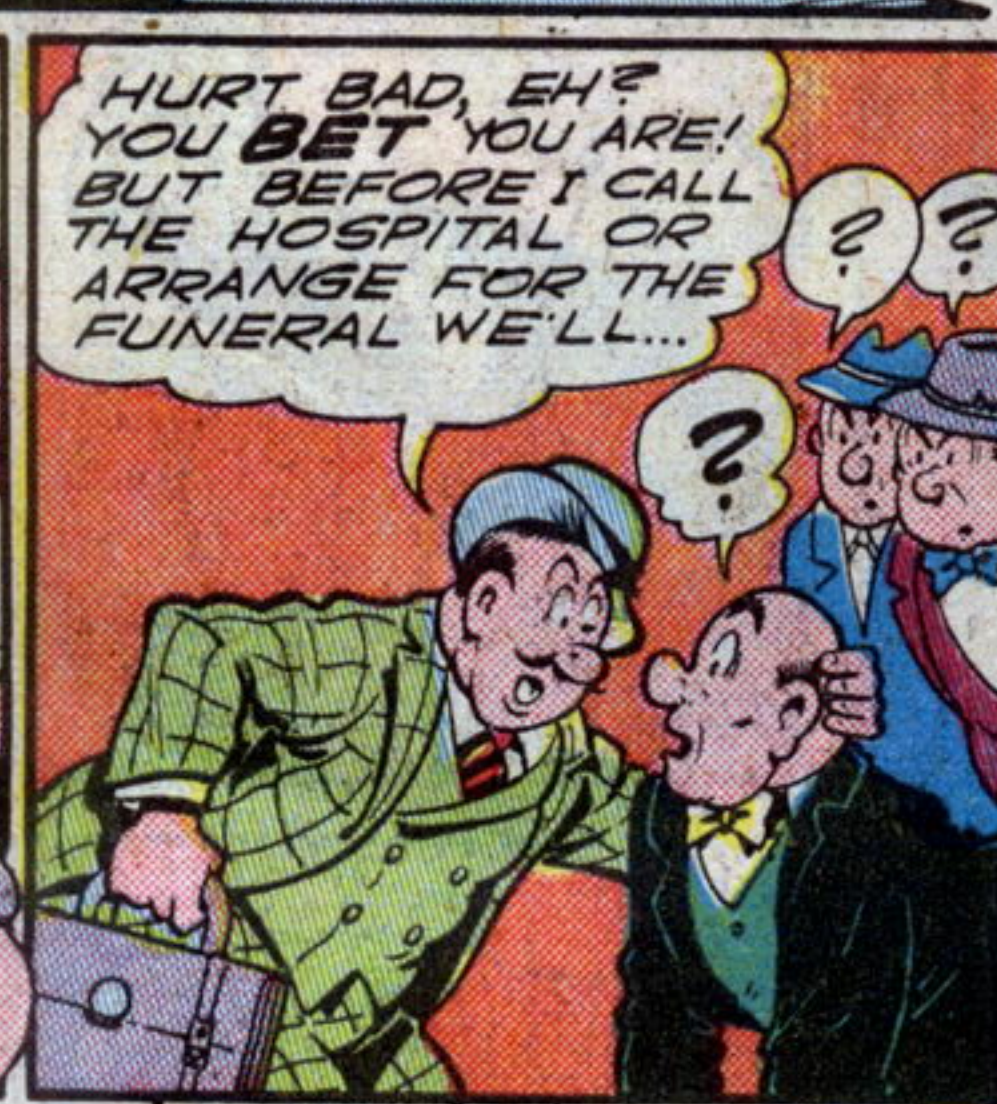
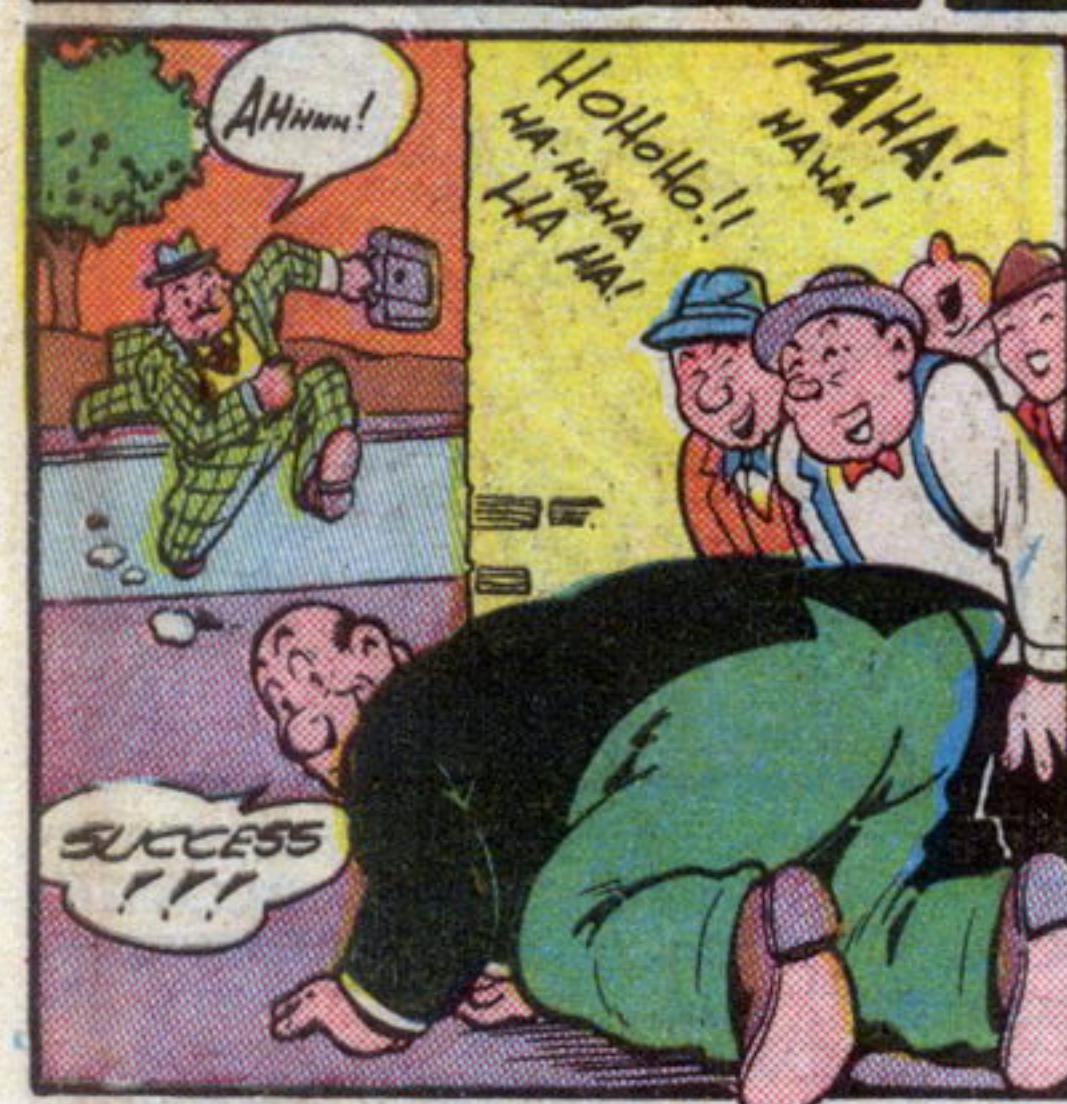
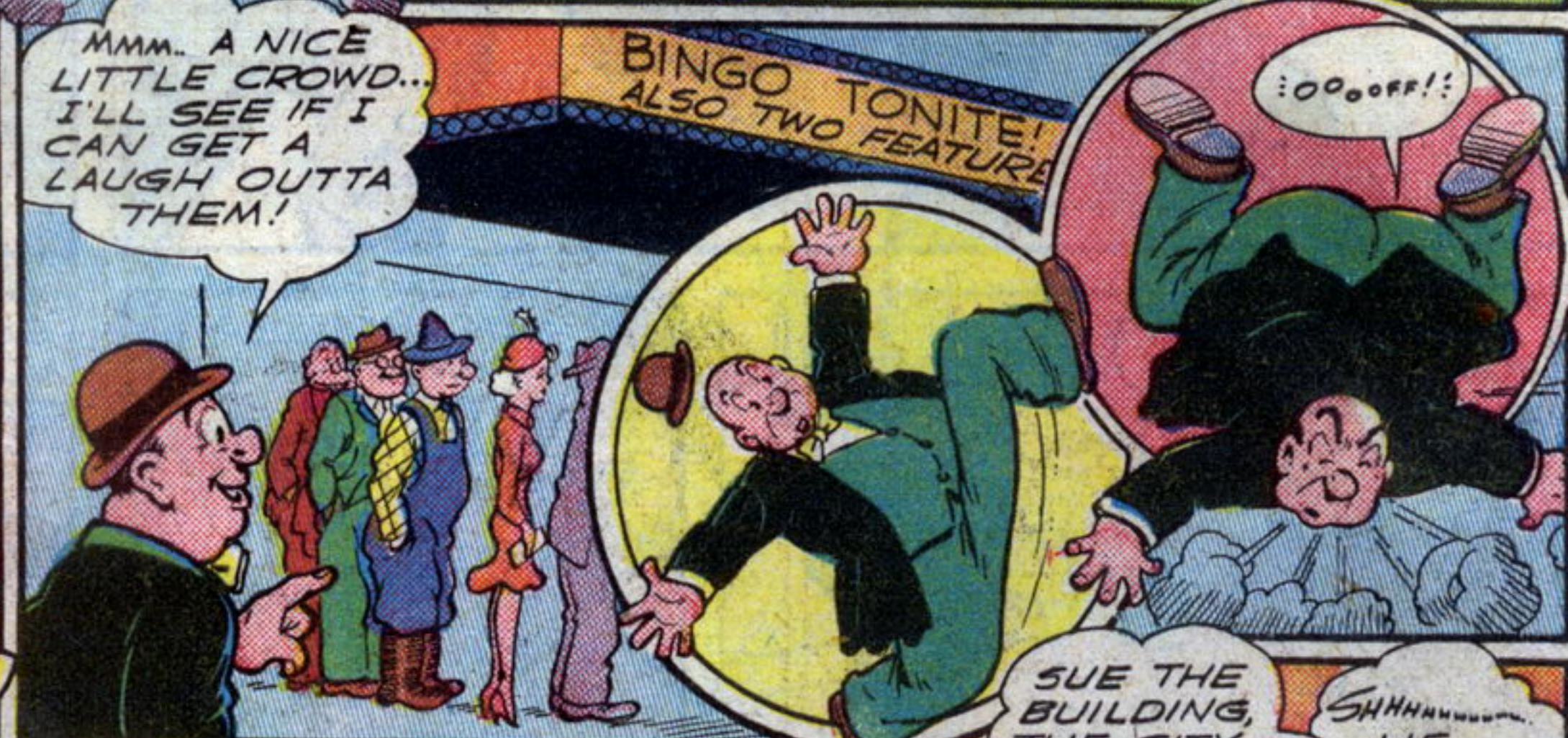
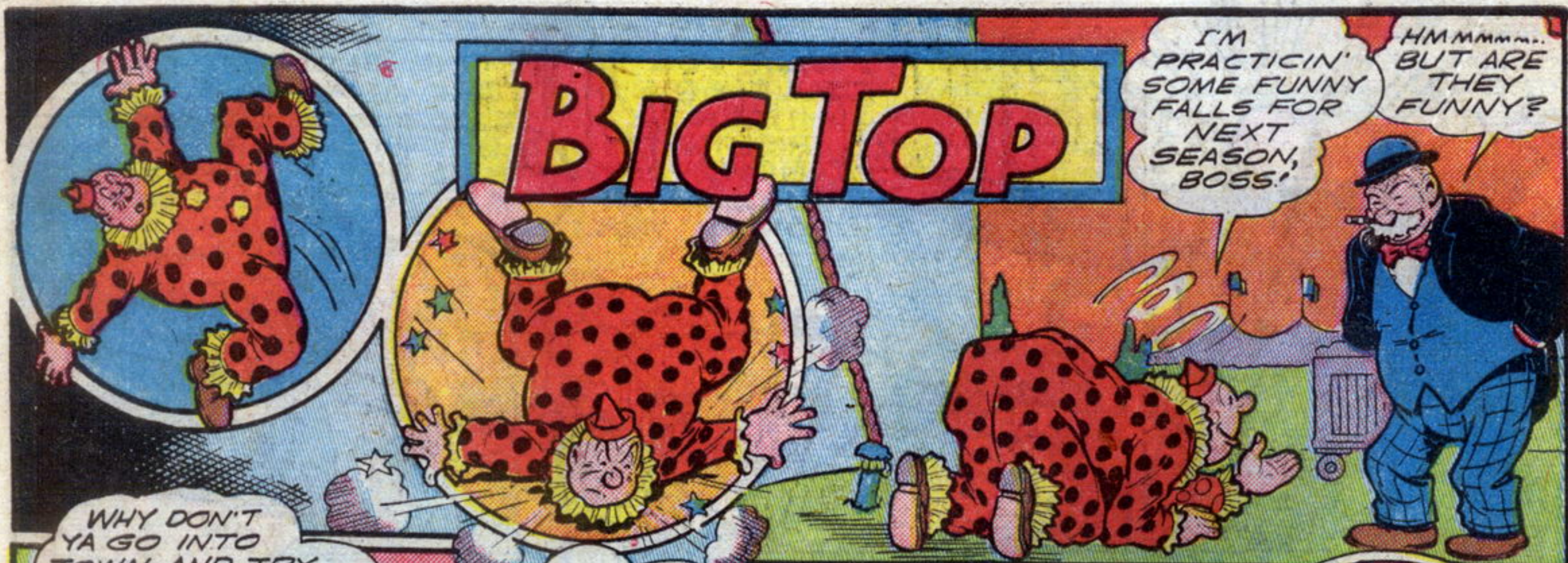
DID  
YOU EVER  
HEAR SUCH AN  
INSPIRING  
SONG  
BEFORE!

IT'S  
WONDER-  
FUL, SONGS  
LIKE THAT  
SURELY WILL  
CARRY US ON  
TO VICTORY!



Tune in again on Swing Sisson in the February issue of **FEATURE COMICS**









I GOTTA DITCH DESE DUDS, QUICK IF I'M GONNA MAKE DIS JAIL-BREAK GOOD!

# BIG TOP

HURRY UP, BUTCH! WE WANNA TRY OUT THE NEW CLOWN ACT!

YES SIR, BOSS SIR!



WID DIS OUTFIT AN' MAKEUP, DA COPS'LL NEVER KNOW ME!



WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR MAKEUP, BUTCH? COME HERE!

DIS OLD BUZZARD IS CATCHIN' WISE!

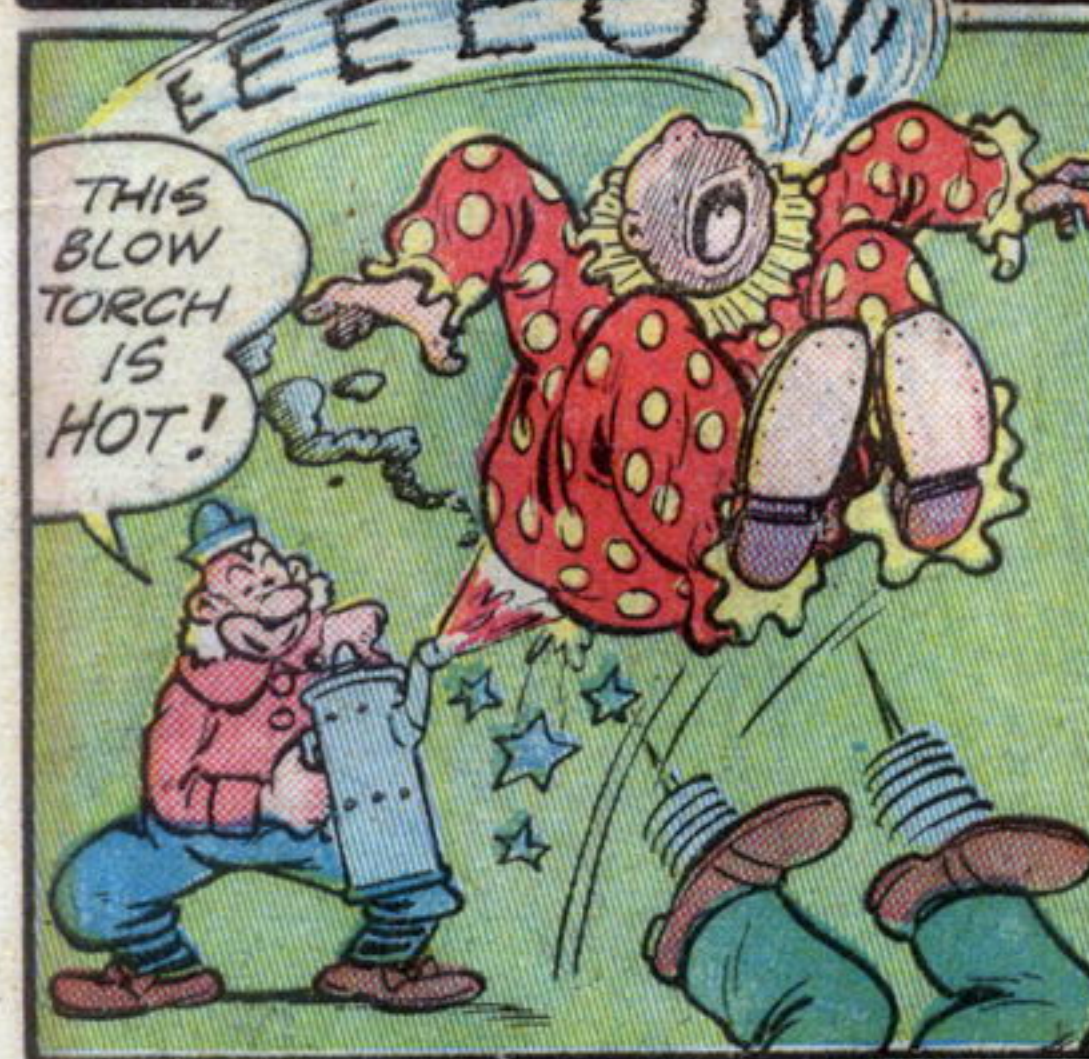


SO I'D BETTER COOL HIM OFF 'TIL I CAN TAKE A POWDER!



AH! HERE'S BUTCH READY TO REHEARSE THE ACT!

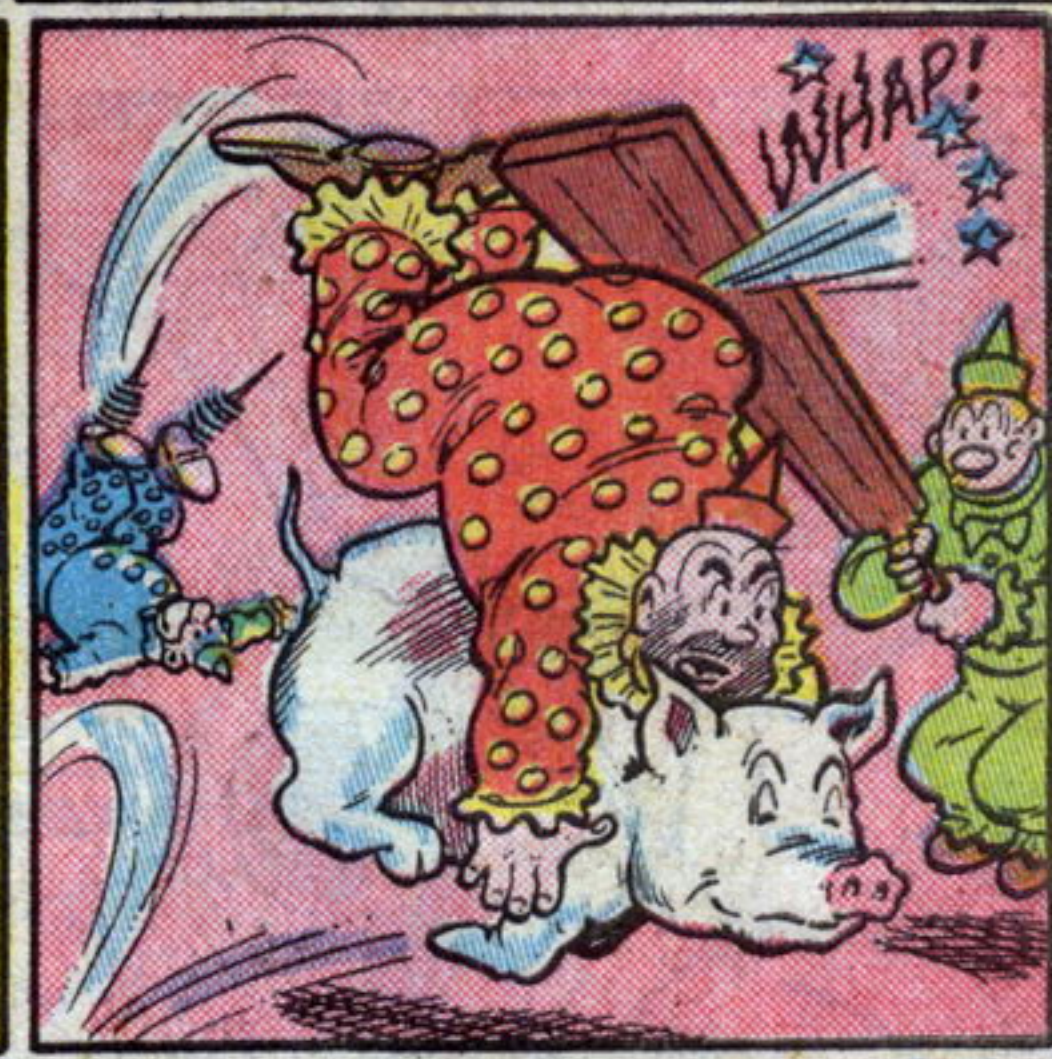
HOPE HE DIDN'T FORGET HIS CORK AND ASBESTOS UNDERPANTS! BECAUSE ---



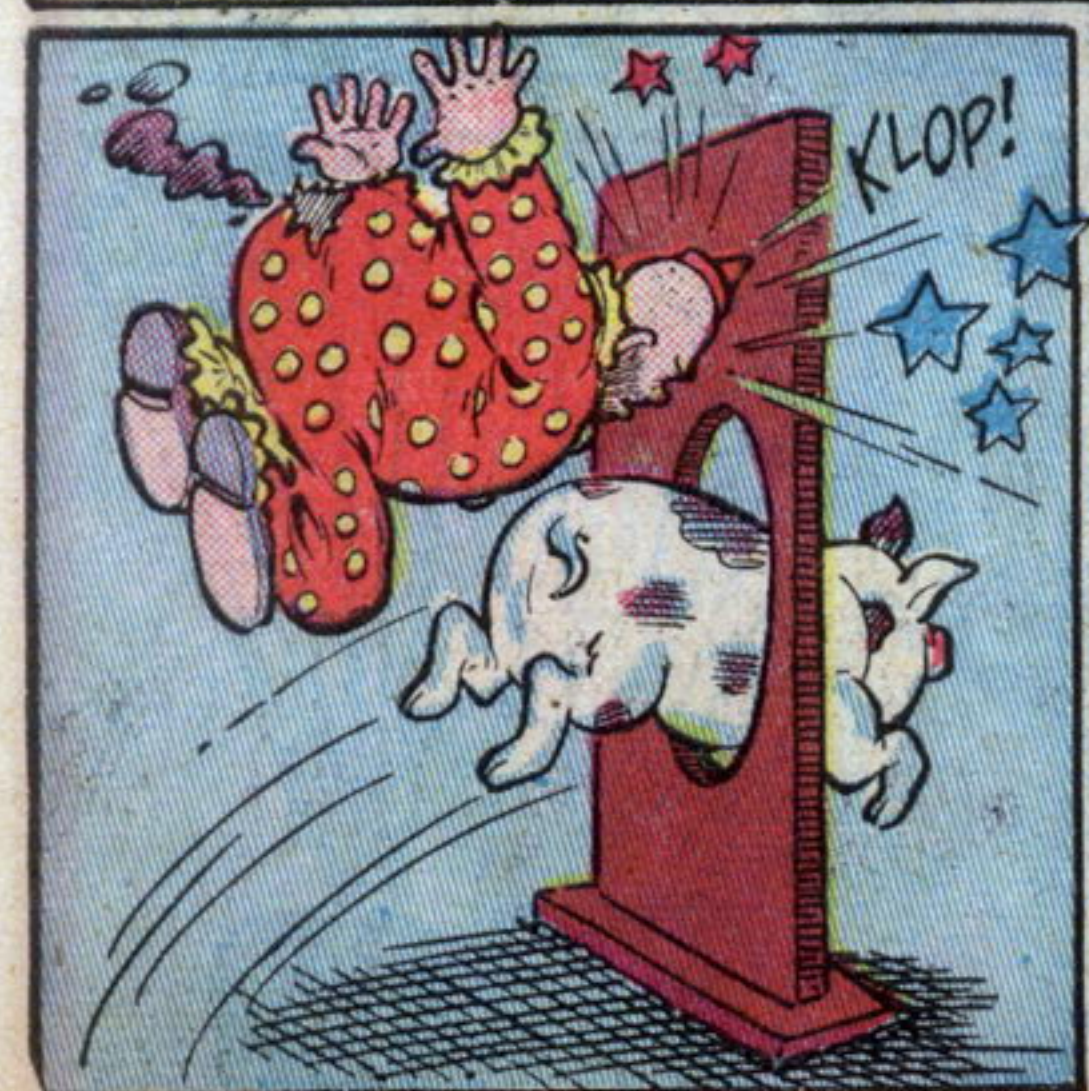
THIS BLOW TORCH IS HOT!



OW!



WHAP!

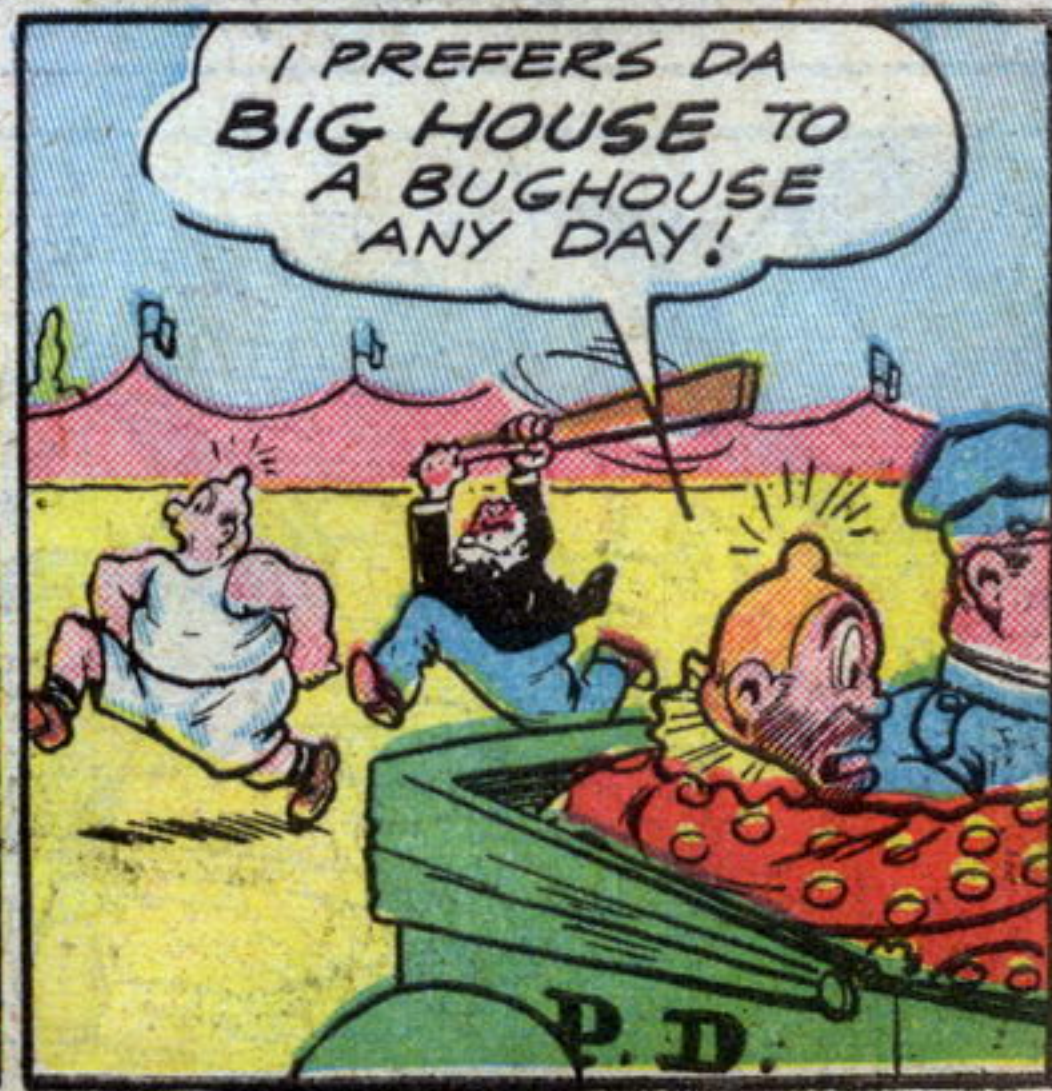


KLOP!



KILLER GUMBOTZ!

YOU SAID IT! AND I WANNA GO BACK TO JAIL NOW- QUICK! -- WHERE IT'S SAFE!

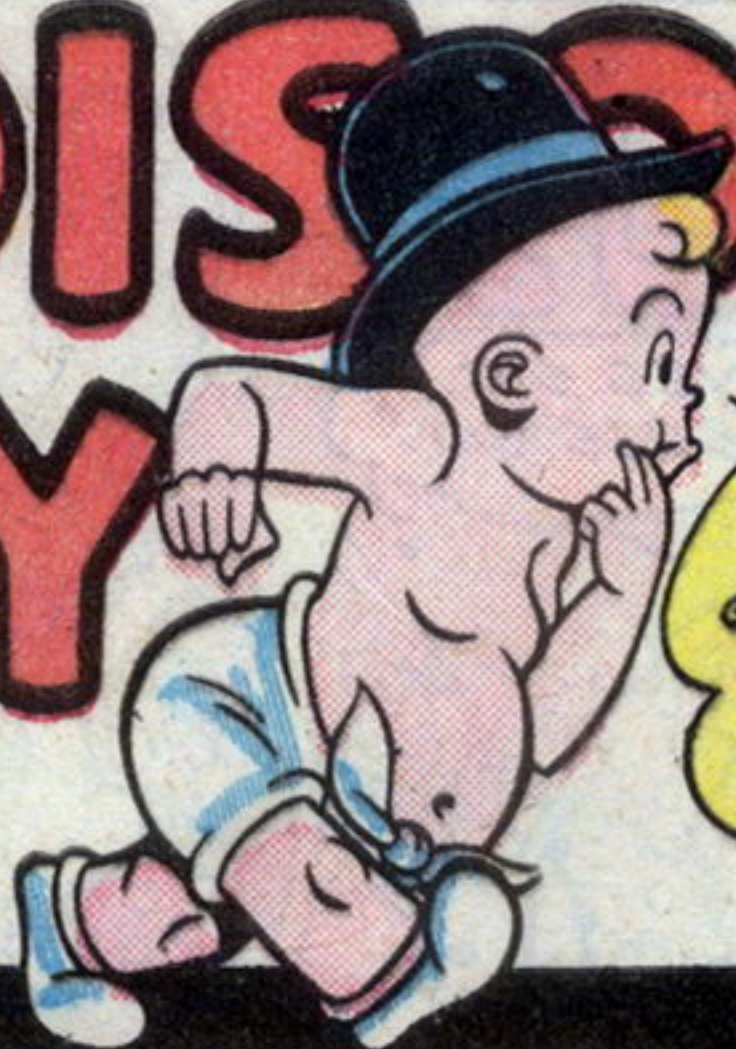


I PREFERENCES DA BIG HOUSE TO A BUGHOUSE ANY DAY!

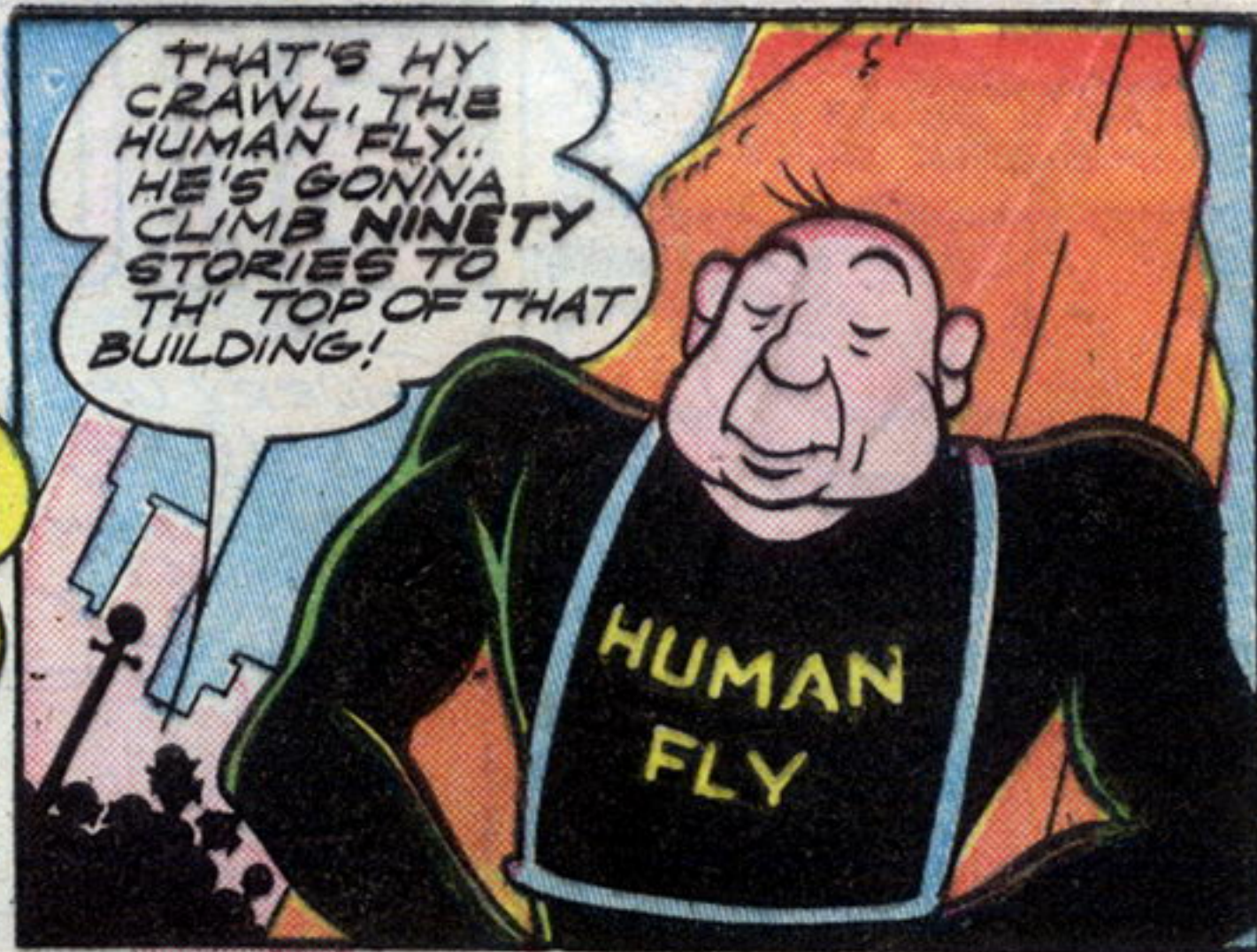


# POISON IVY

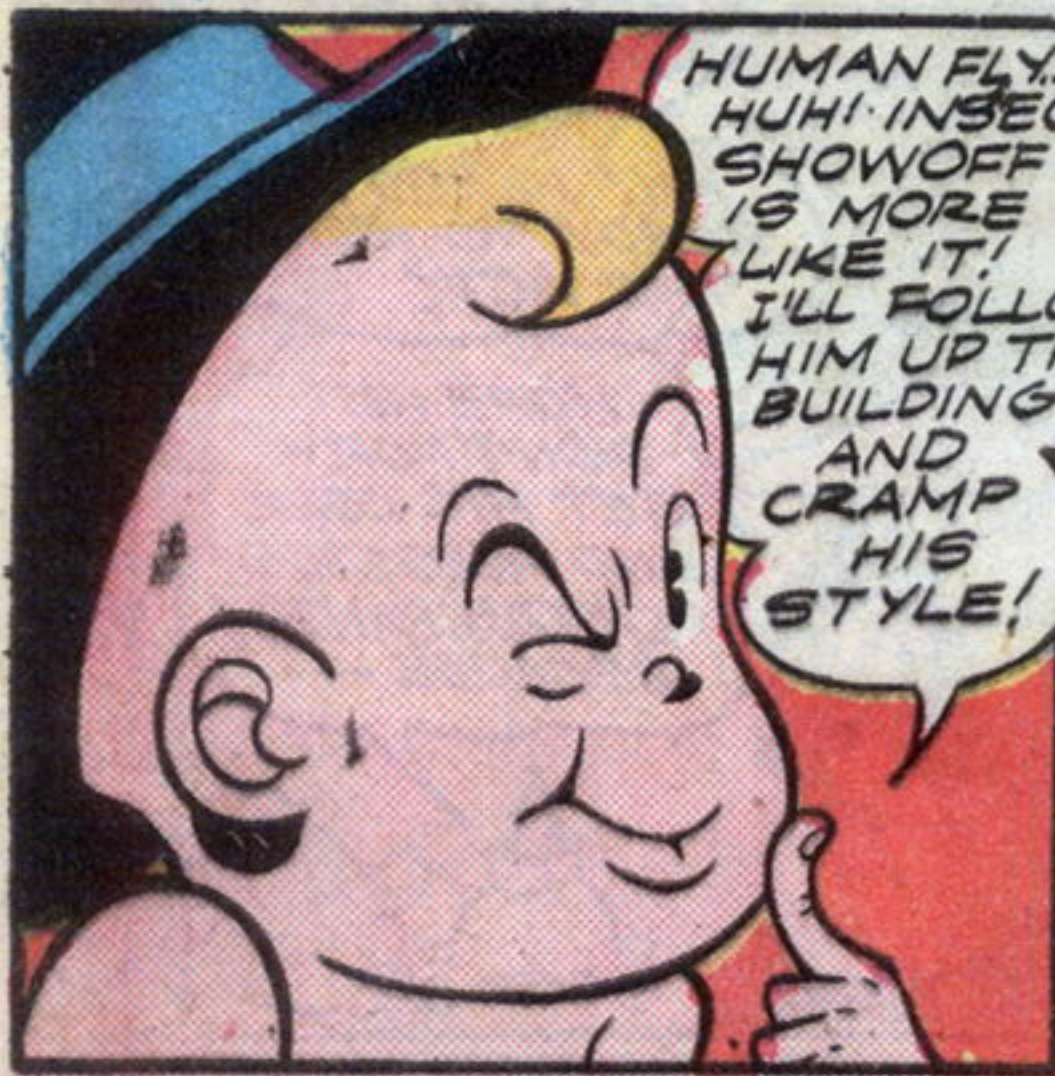
by  
GILL FOX



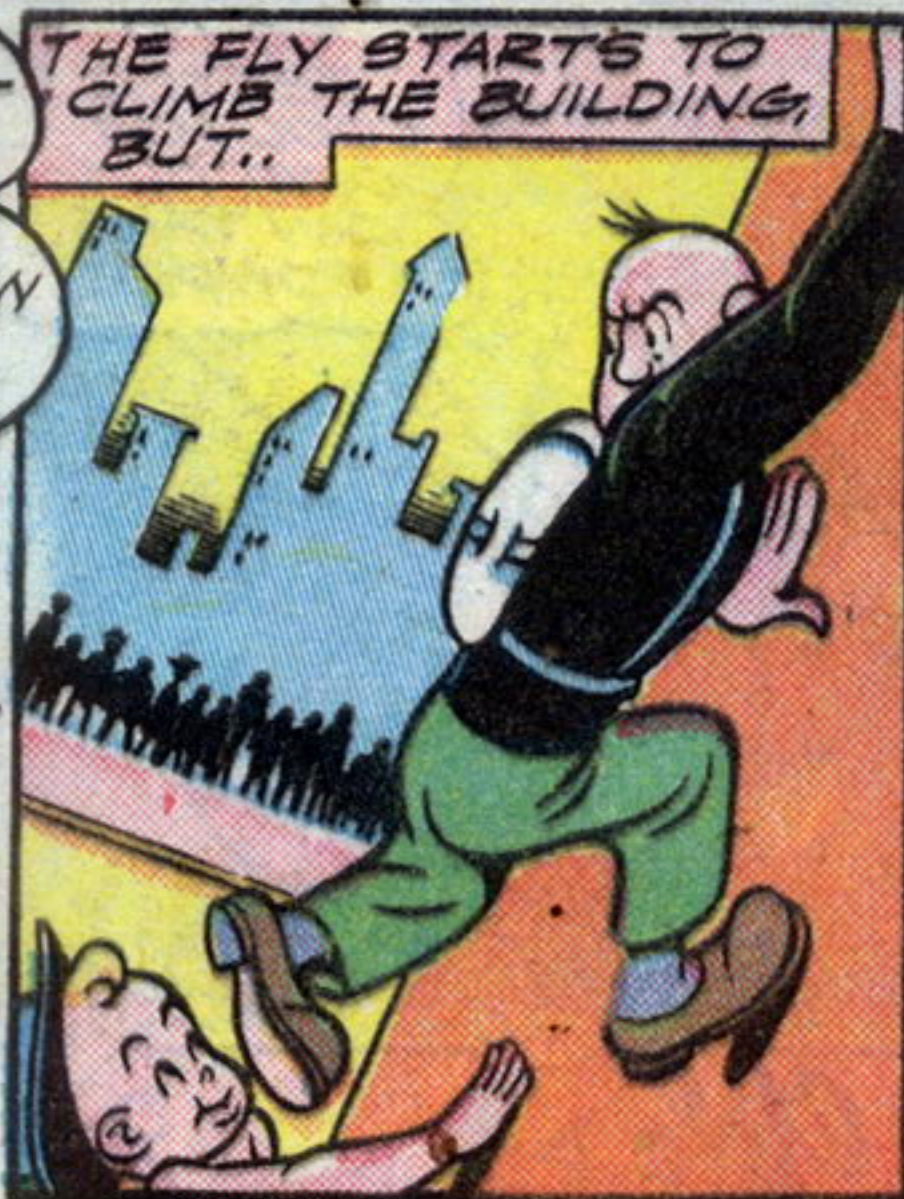
WONDER  
WHAT'S  
GOIN' ON  
DOWN  
TH' STREET?



THAT'S MY  
CRAWL, THE  
HUMAN FLY..  
HE'S GONNA  
CLIMB NINETY  
STORIES TO  
TH' TOP OF THAT  
BUILDING!



HUMAN FLY..  
HUHI INSECT  
SHOWOFF  
IS MORE  
LIKE IT!  
I'LL FOLLOW  
HIM UP TH'  
BUILDING  
AND CRAMP  
HIS  
STYLE!

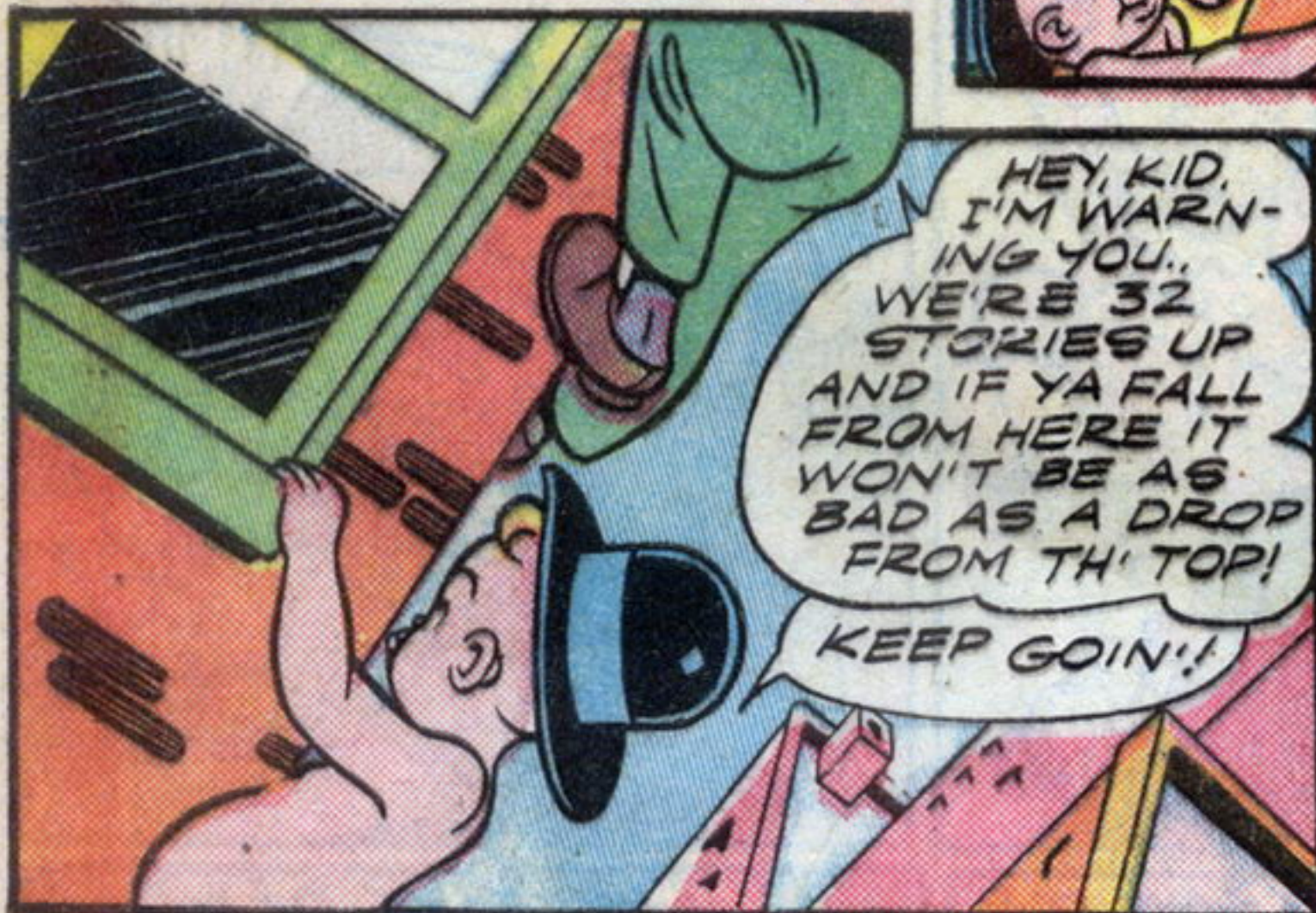


THE FLY STARTS TO  
CLIMB THE BUILDING,  
BUT..



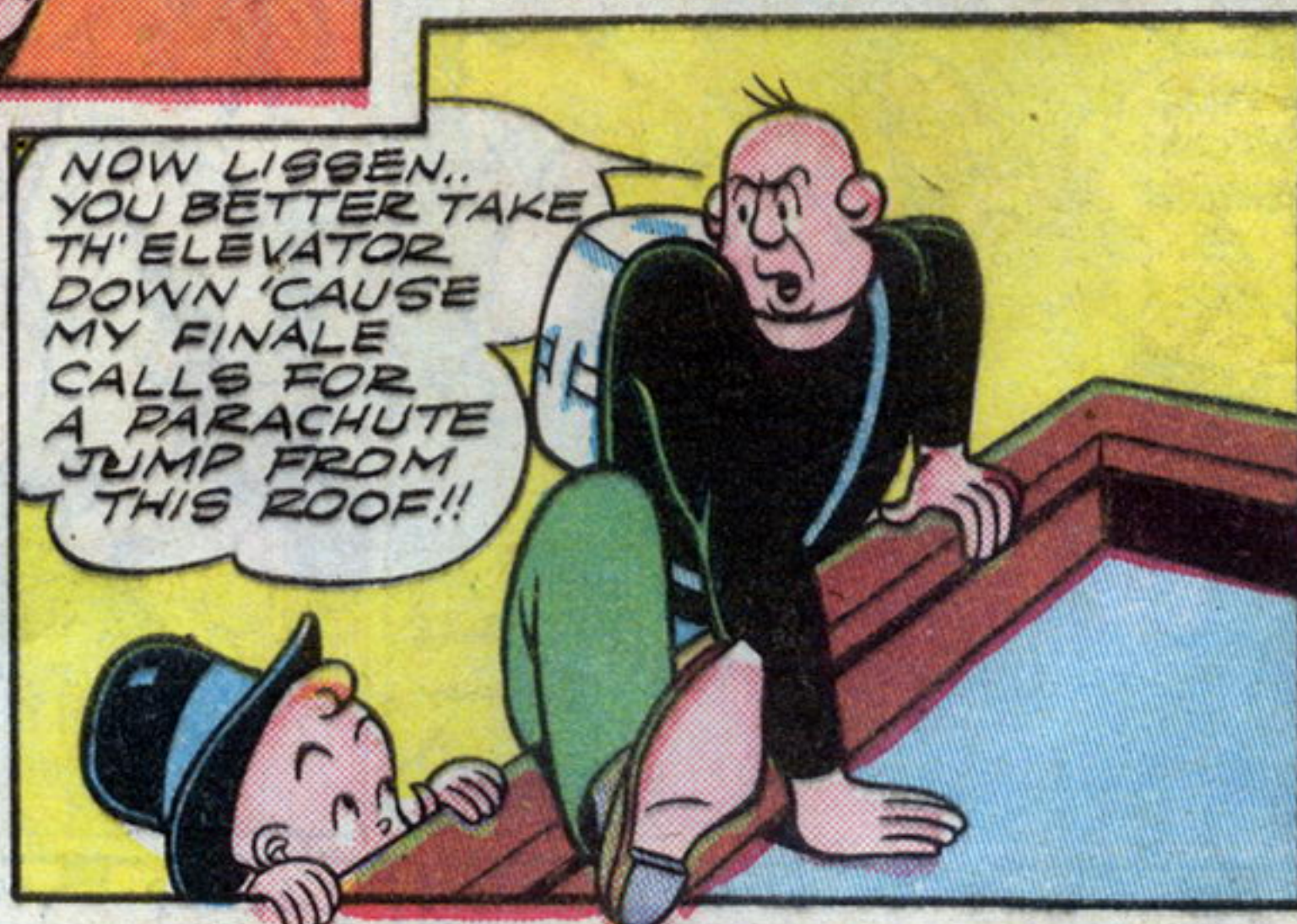
YOU BETTER  
NOT FOLLOW  
ME UP THIS  
BUILDING, KID..  
YOU'LL FALL!

AW, I CAN  
DO ANYTHING  
YOU CAN DO!  
GET GOIN'!

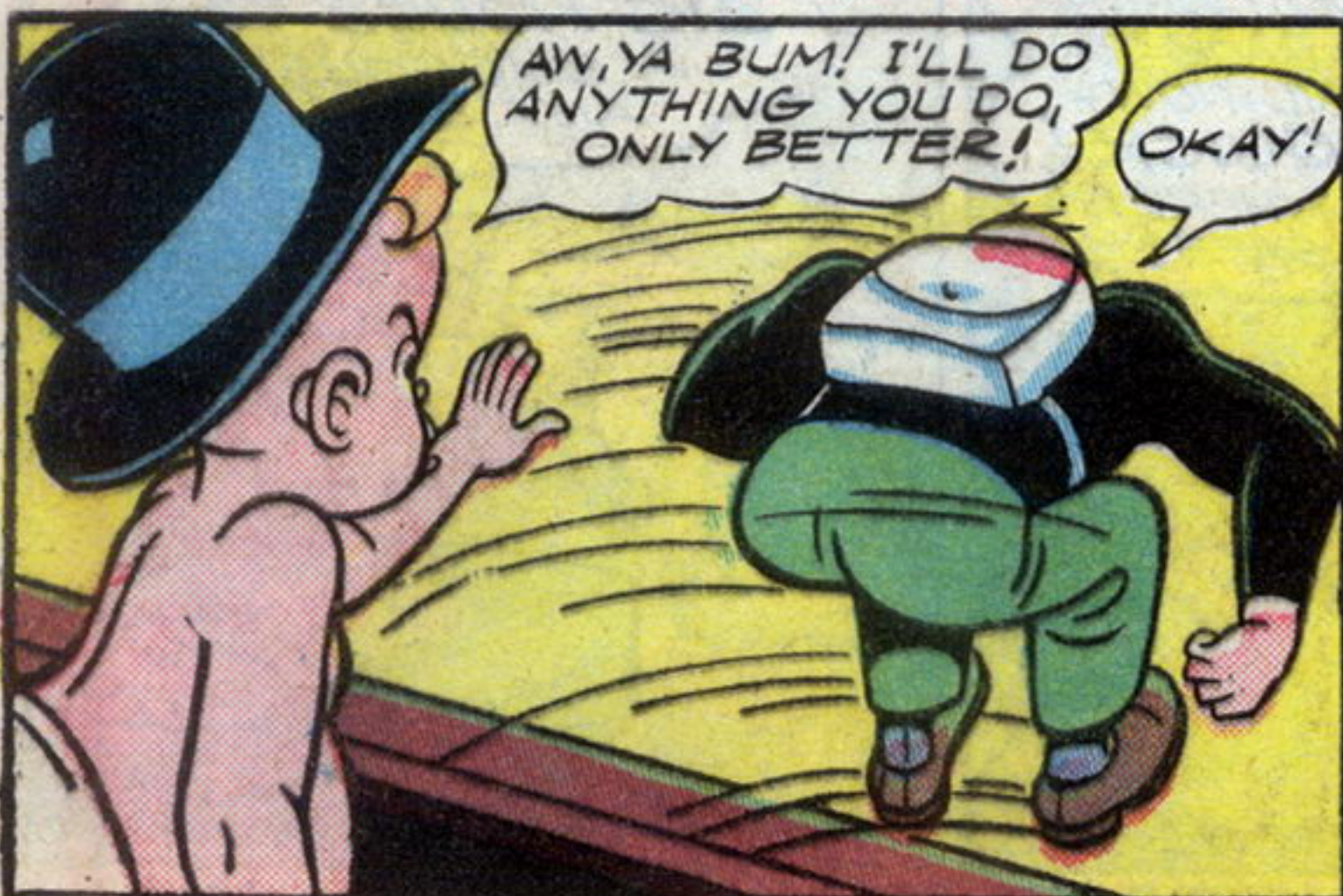


HEY, KID,  
I'M WARN-  
ING YOU..  
WE'RE 32  
STORIES UP  
AND IF YA FALL  
FROM HERE IT  
WON'T BE AS  
BAD AS A DROP  
FROM TH' TOP!

KEEP GOIN'!

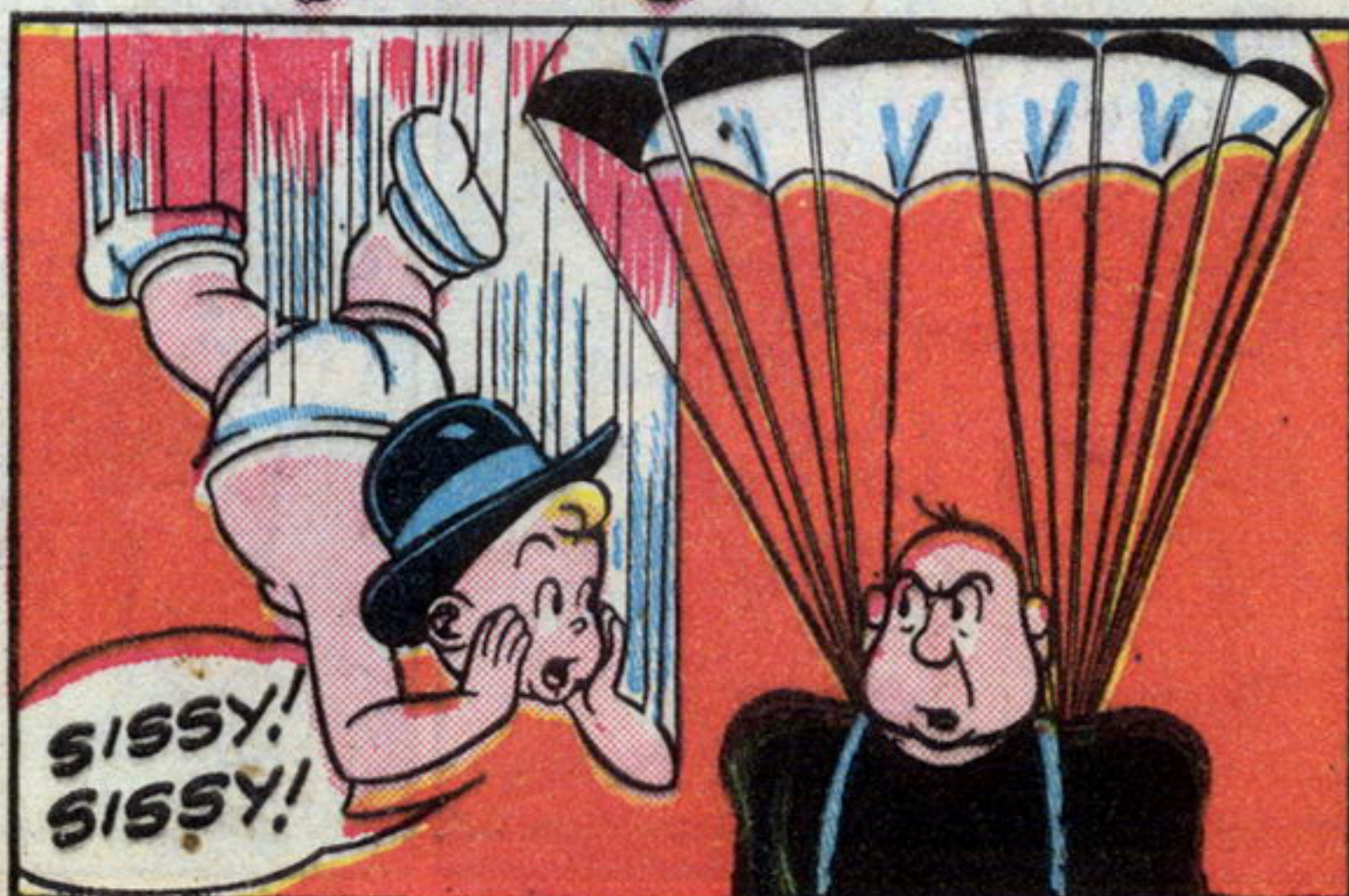


NOW LISSEN..  
YOU BETTER TAKE  
TH' ELEVATOR  
DOWN 'CAUSE  
MY FINALE  
CALLS FOR  
A PARACHUTE  
JUMP FROM  
THIS ROOF!!



AW, YA BUM! I'LL DO  
ANYTHING YOU DO,  
ONLY BETTER!

OKAY!

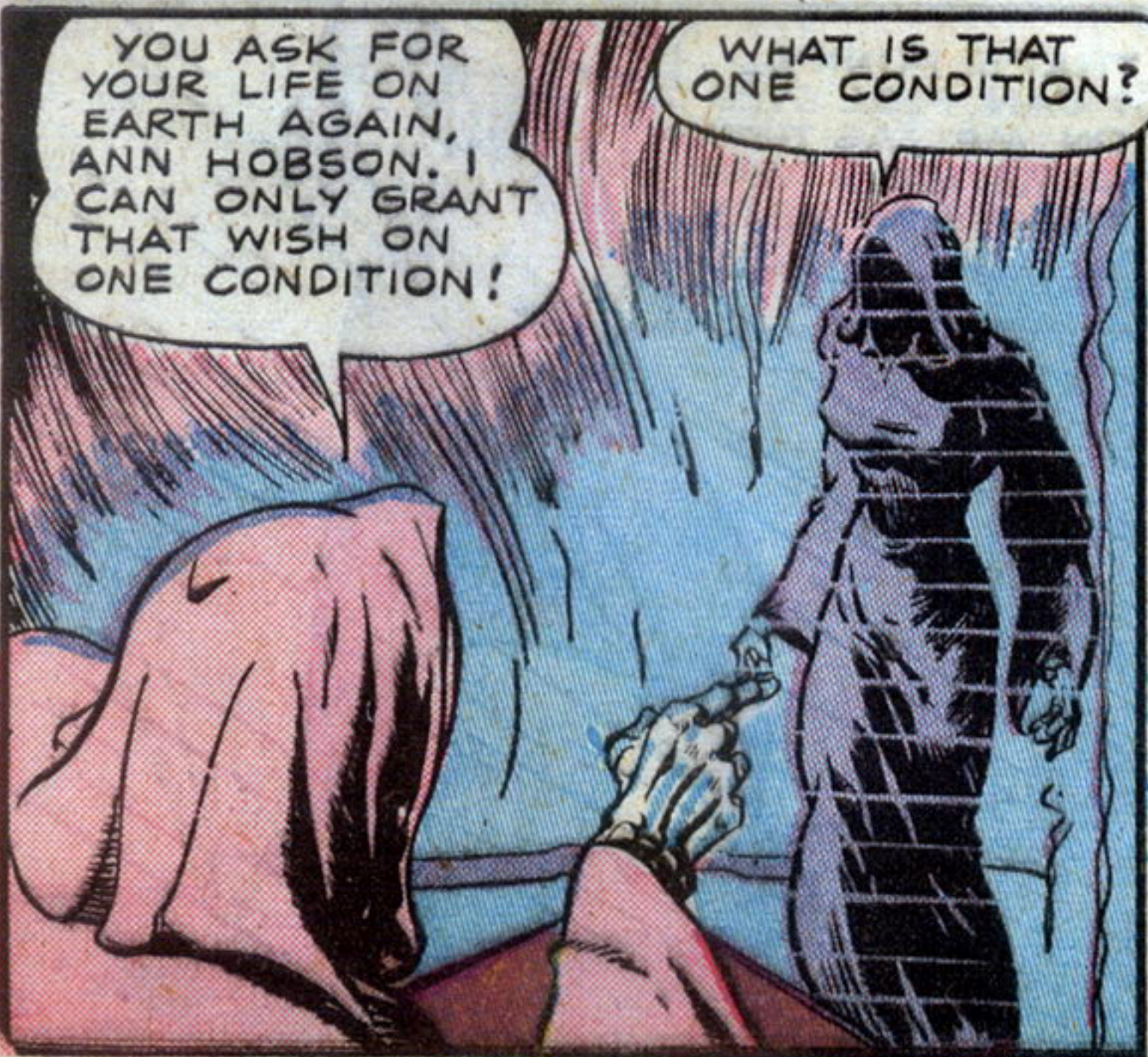


SISSY!  
SISSY!

Follow Poison Ivy each and every month in FEATURE COMICS.

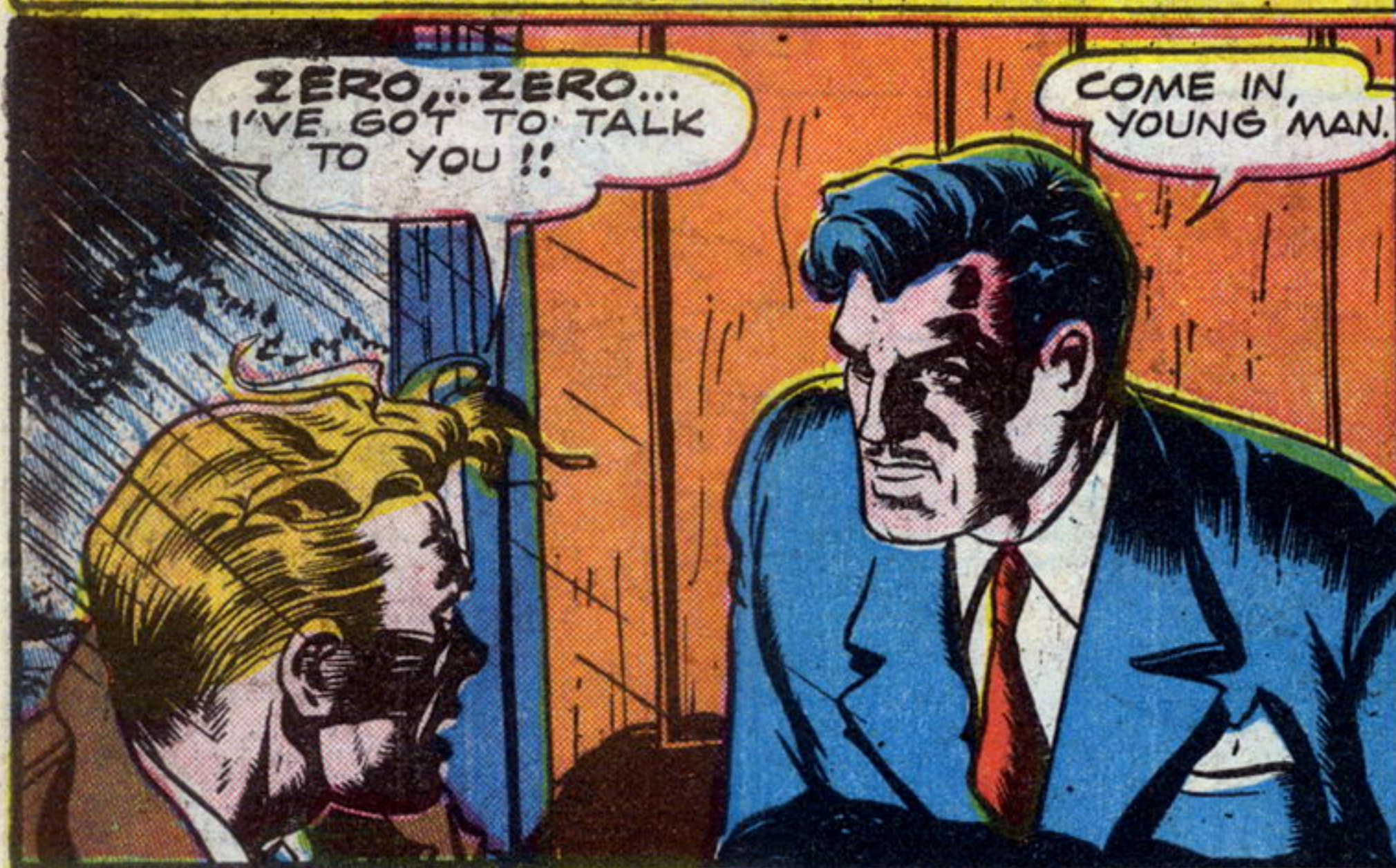


# ZERO

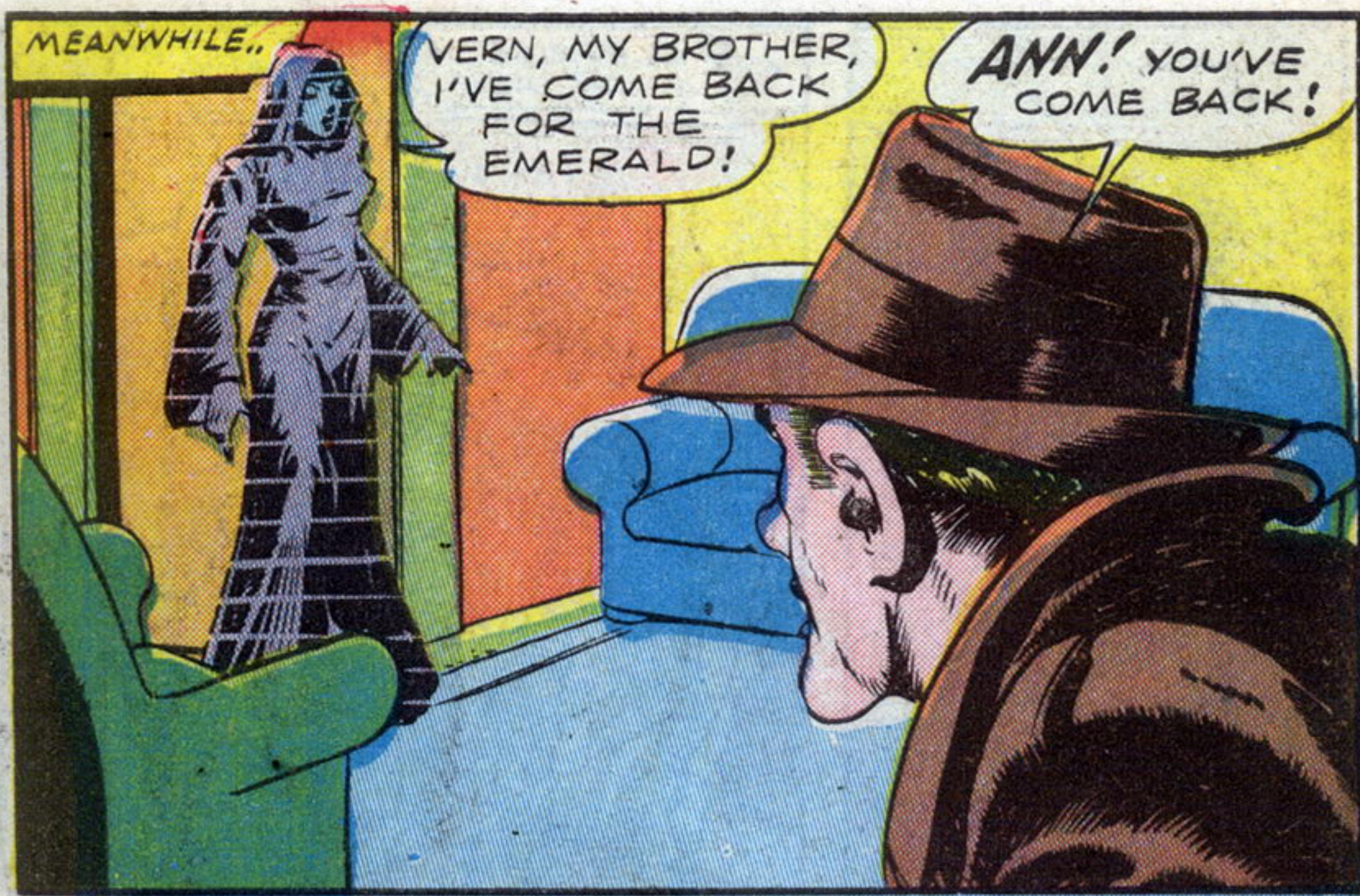




WHILE IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING, ZERO  
RECEIVES A CALLER... VERY LATE THAT NIGHT...







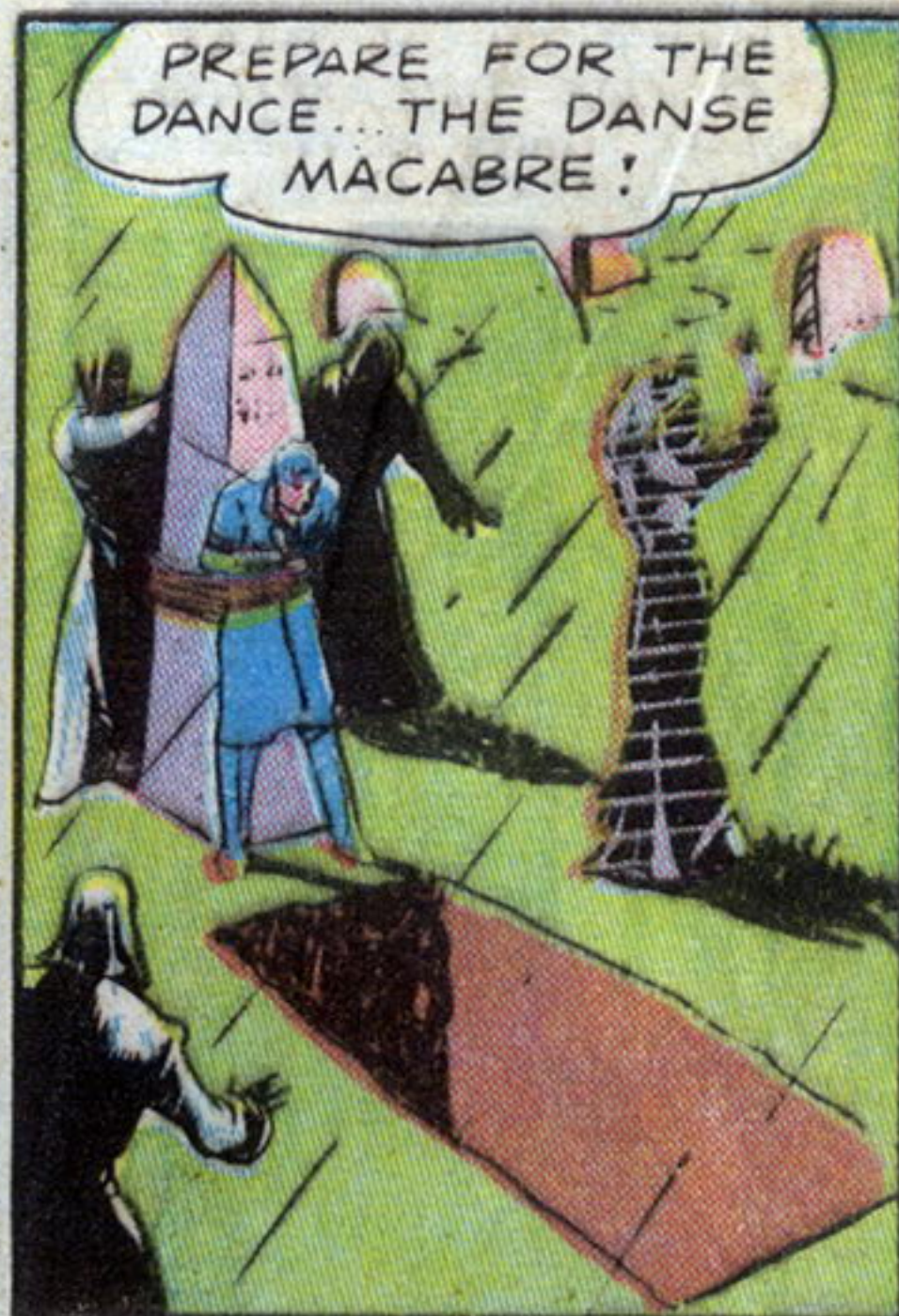




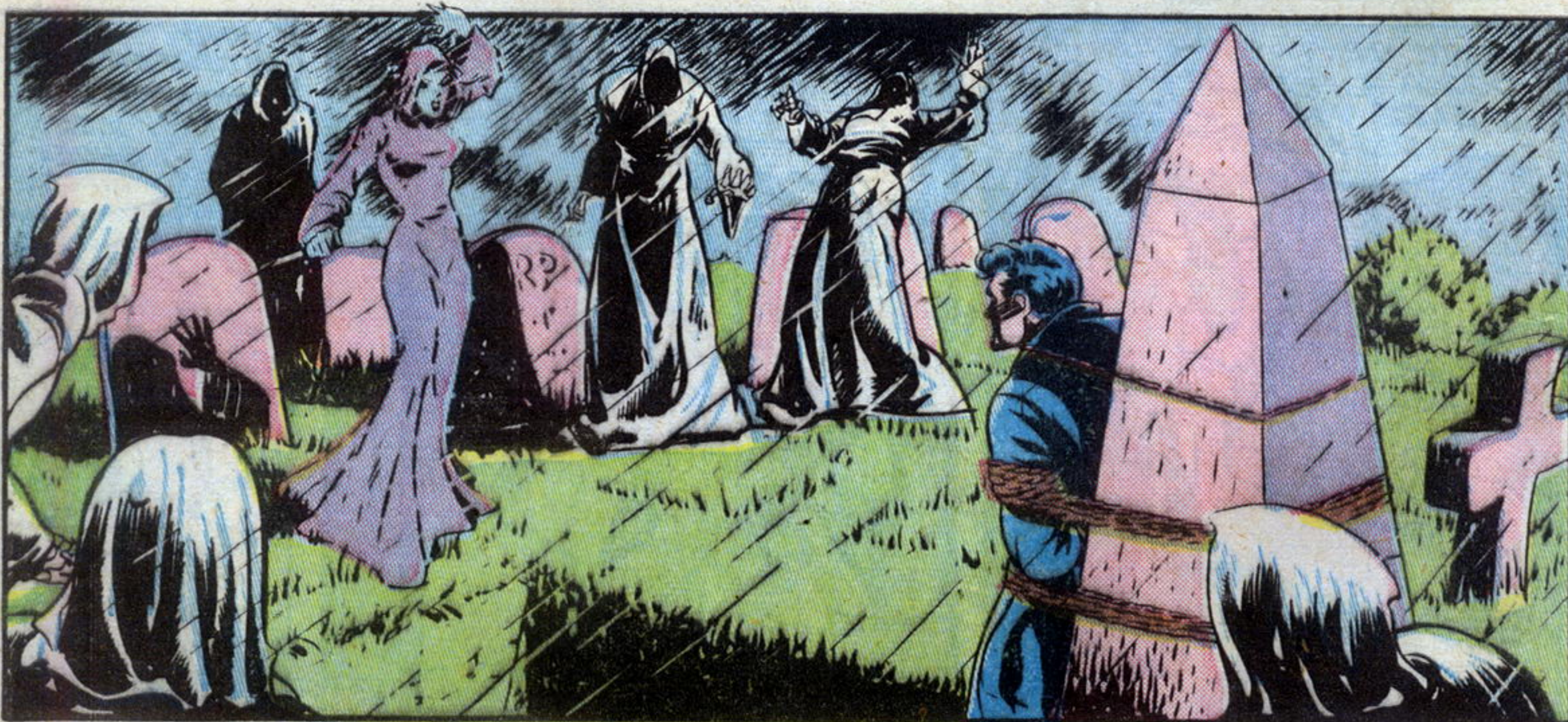
A SURPRISE ATTACK IS TOO MUCH FOR ZERO



TO THE GRAVEYARD WITH HIM!



PREPARE FOR THE DANCE... THE DANSE MACABRE!



VERN HOBSON REVIVES QUICKLY



THE DEATH EMERALD! IT'S HERE... I'LL TAKE IT BACK TO THE CEMETERY!



WHEN THEY INTERRED MY SISTER'S BODY, I SHOULD'VE BURIED THE ACCURSED STONE WITH HER!



ZERO! SHE'S GOT HIM! I'VE GOT TO HURRY!

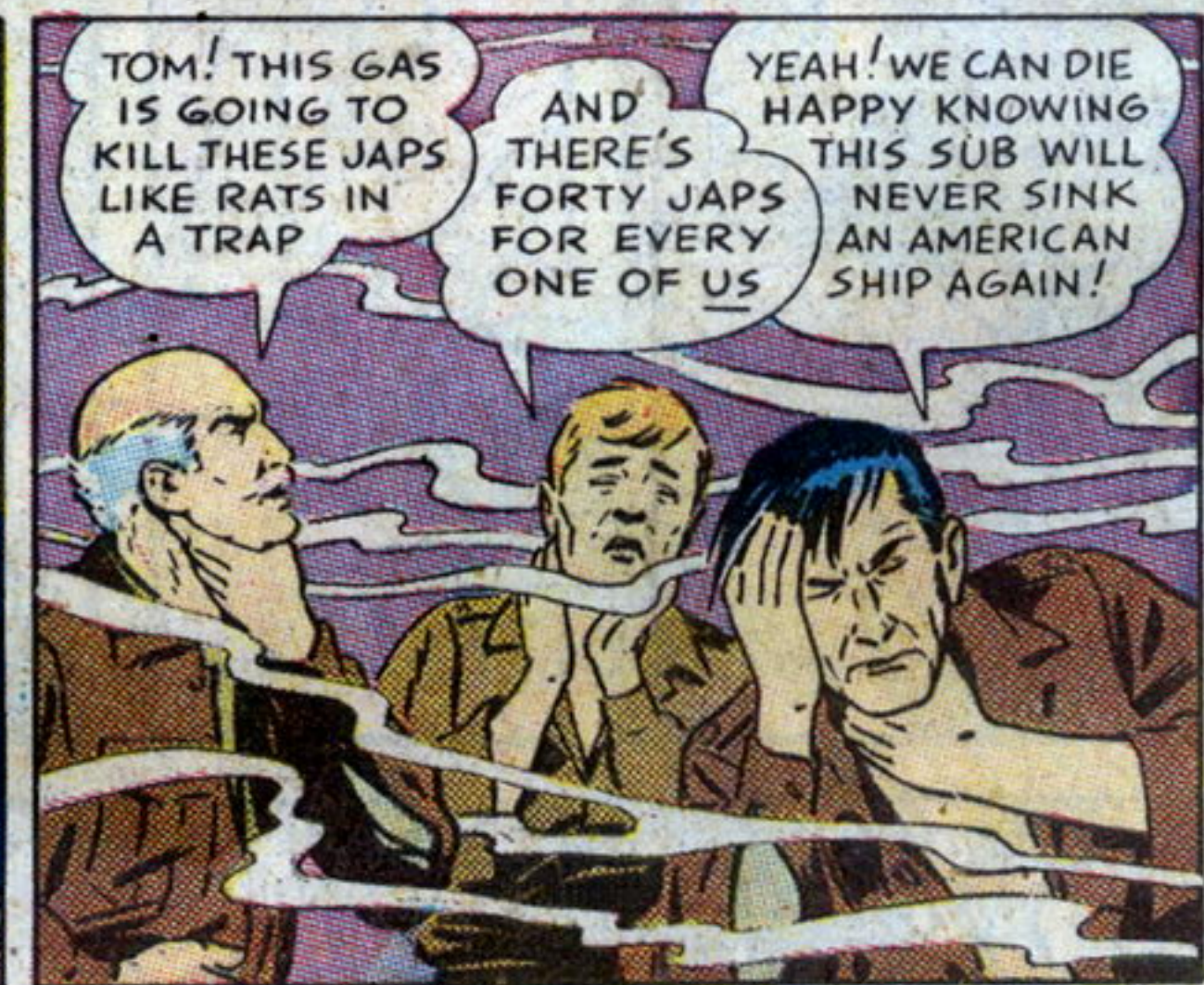
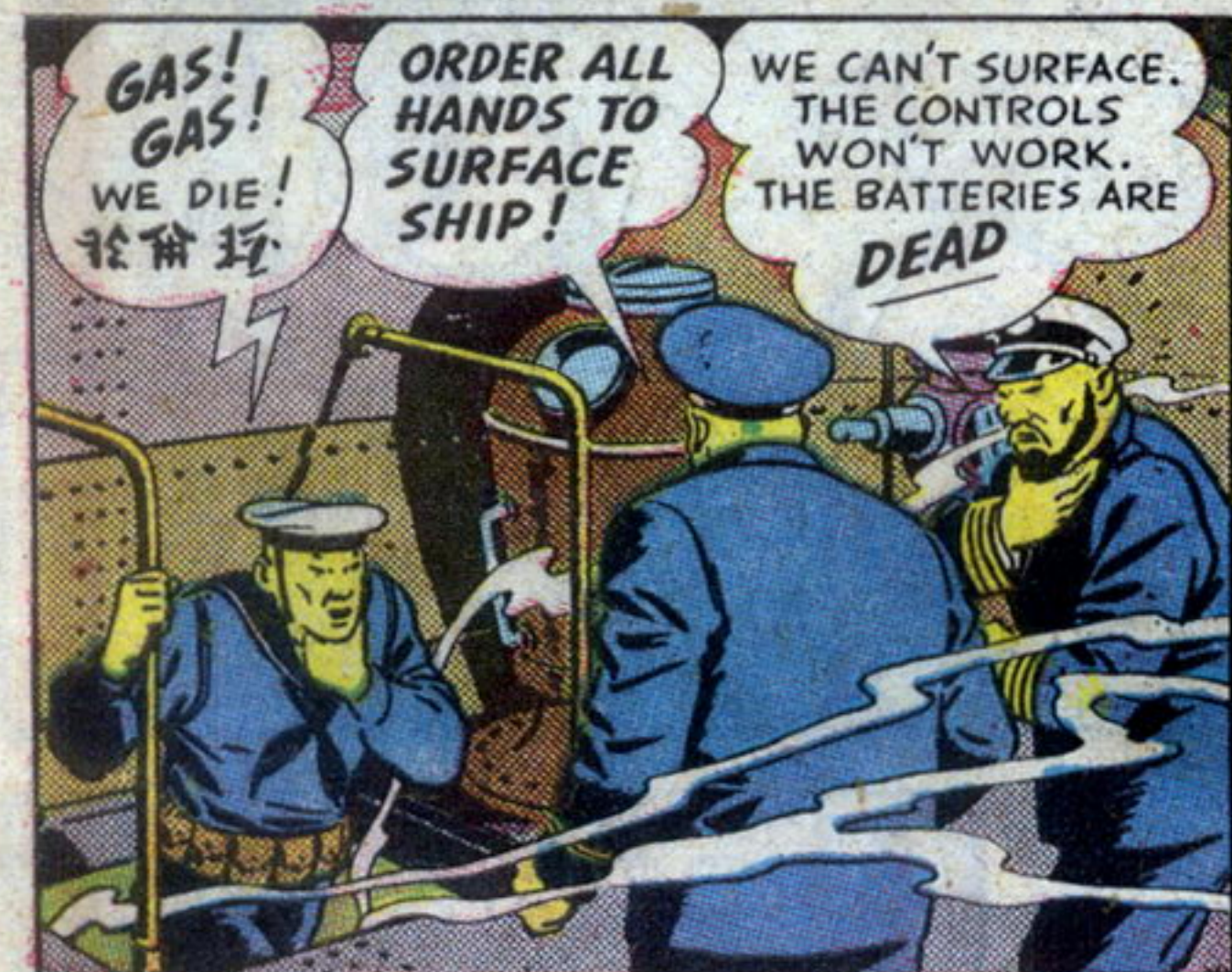
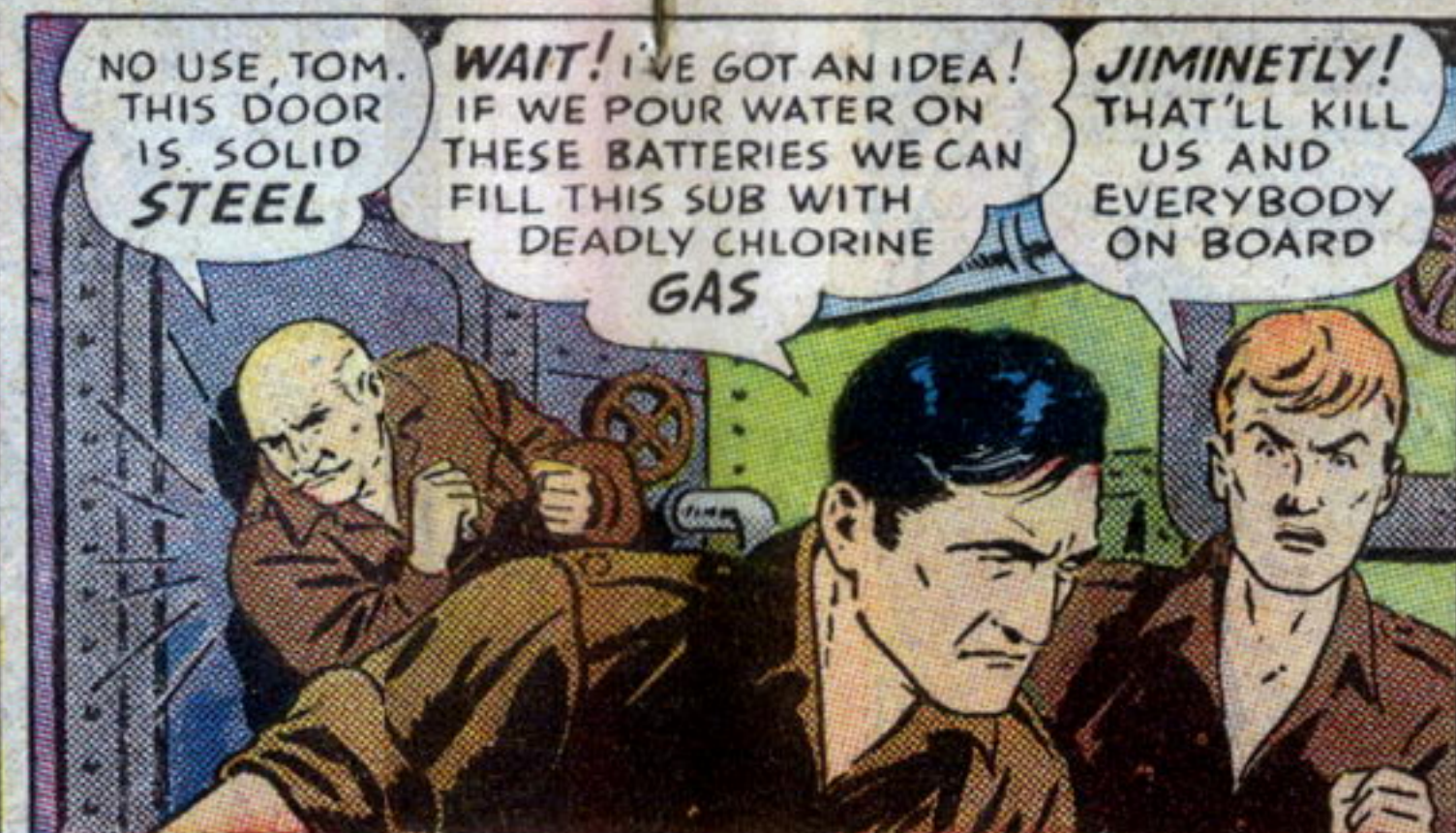
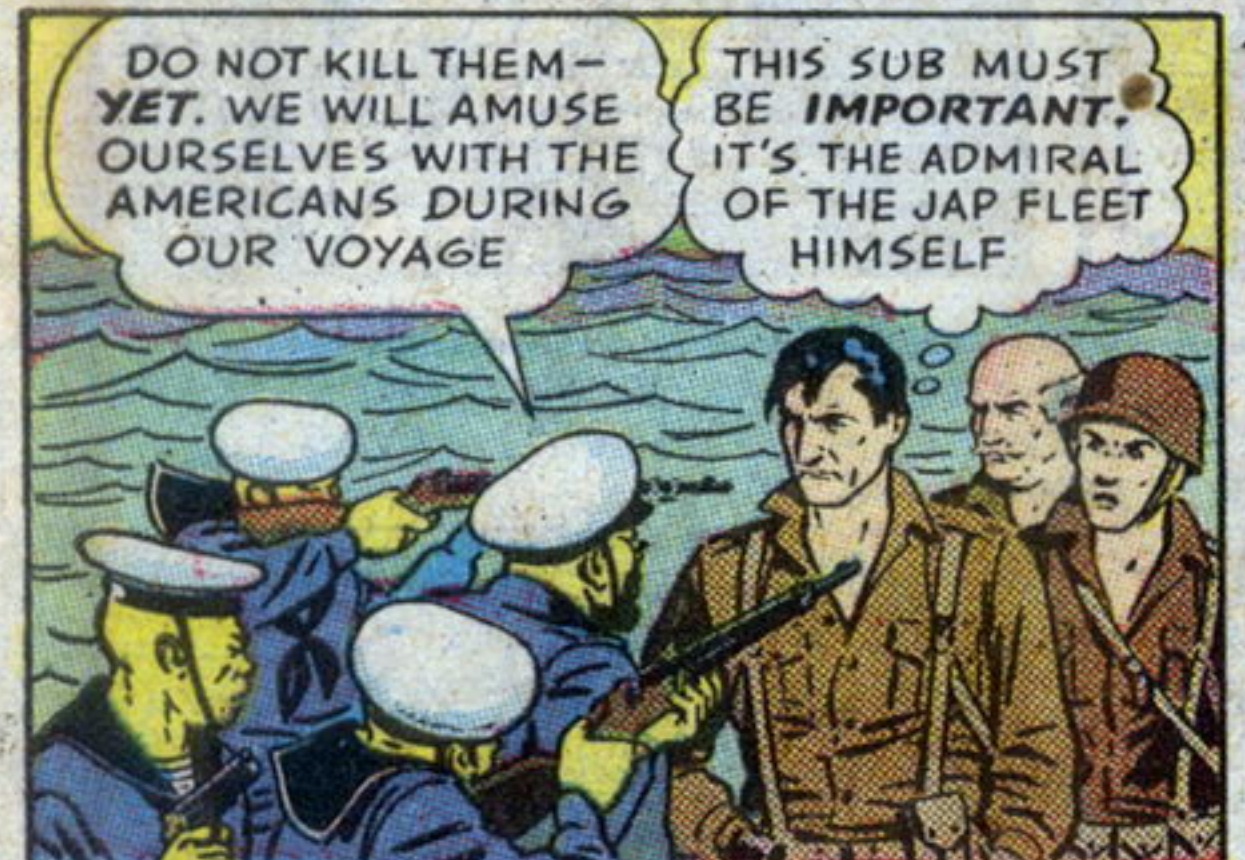








TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS ARE ON A DANGEROUS MISSION, WHEN THEIR P.T. BOAT RAMS A JAPANESE SUBMARINE



### IS THIS THE END OF TOM MIX AND HIS COMMANDOS?

Trapped in a stricken submarine—choked by chlorine gas—they face certain death. Can some miracle save them? Read the breath-taking climax to this sensational story in the Tom Mix Comics Book.

**EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA!**

In addition to thrill packed Commando Comics, this big book contains four unusual full length feature comics—tells secrets every Tom Mix Commando should know. HURRY! MAIL COUPON FOR YOUR FREE COPY TODAY.

# TOM MIX COMICS BOOK FREE!

SEND NO MONEY JUST ONE BOX TOP



## You Serve Uncle Sam When You Serve These Ralston Whole Grain Cereals

THEY'RE THE KIND OF CEREALS THAT ARE BRINGING WARMTH AND VIGOR TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

THEY'RE HELPING WAR WORKERS FIGHT FATIGUE (they're extra rich in vitamin B-1)

THEY'RE GIVING YOUNG AMERICA COWBOY ENERGY



**INSTANT RALSTON**... An amazing new hot whole wheat cereal that needs no cooking. Just stir into boiling water or milk and serve. A delicious warm-up build-up breakfast for all the family. Brimful of energy.

**RALSTON WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL** a family favorite for over 40 years. Cooks in 5 minutes.

Uncle Sam says "eat whole grain cereals" and both Instant Ralston and Ralston are whole grain. Both are whole wheat, extra rich in vitamin B. Take your choice.



## MAIL THIS COUPON

TOM MIX, 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Tom:

I enclose one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top. Please send me your big Commandos Comic Book free!

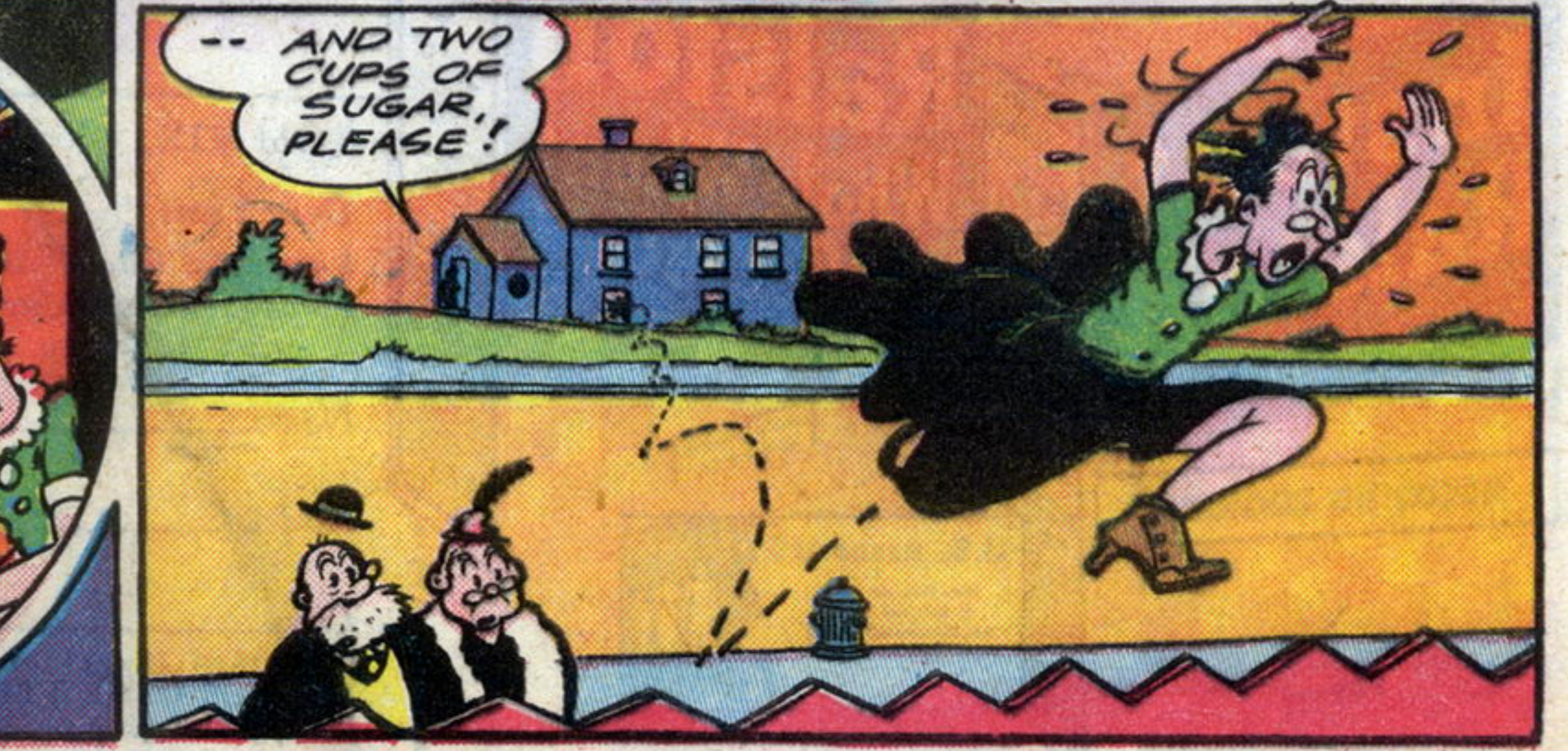
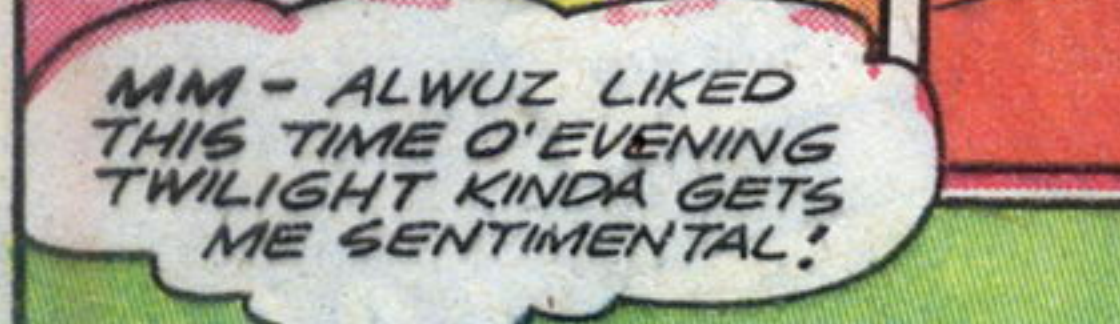
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

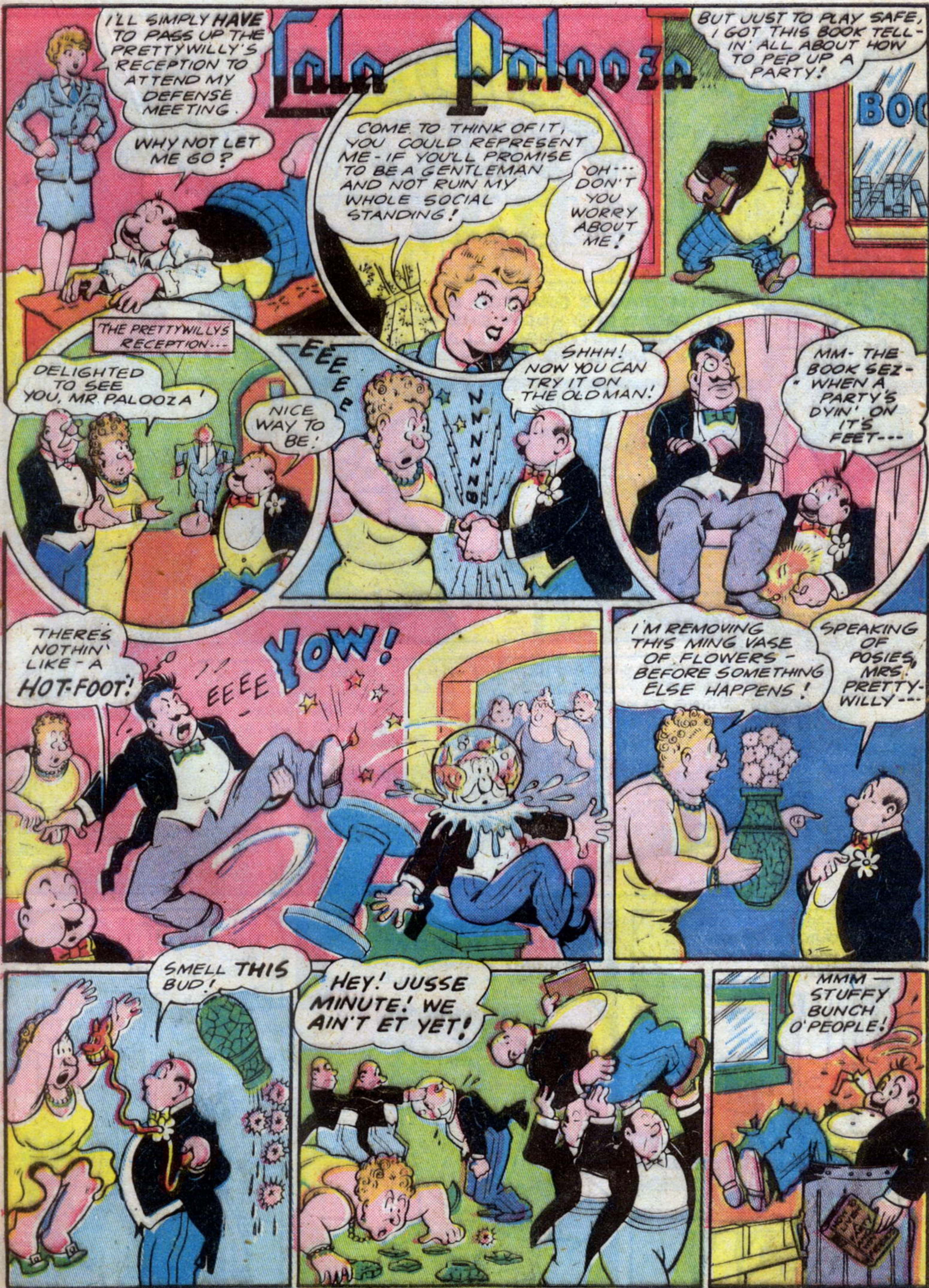
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

**IMPORTANT:** If you have no coupon you can get the Tom Mix COMMANDOS COMICS Book anyway. Simply send one Ralston or Instant Ralston box top with your name and address to 10 Checkerboard Square, St. Louis, Mo. This offer expires January 1, 1943.









I'LL SIMPLY HAVE TO PASS UP THE PRETTYWILLY'S RECEPTION TO ATTEND MY DEFENSE MEETING.

WHY NOT LET ME GO?

COME TO THINK OF IT, YOU COULD REPRESENT ME - IF YOU'LL PROMISE TO BE A GENTLEMAN AND NOT RUIN MY WHOLE SOCIAL STANDING!

OH... DON'T YOU WORRY ABOUT ME!

BUT JUST TO PLAY SAFE, I GOT THIS BOOK TELLIN' ALL ABOUT HOW TO PEP UP A PARTY!

THE PRETTYWILLYS RECEPTION...

DELIGHTED TO SEE YOU, MR. PALOOZA!

NICE WAY TO BE!

SHHH! NOW YOU CAN TRY IT ON THE OLD MAN!

MM - THE BOOK SEZ - WHEN A PARTY'S DYIN' ON IT'S FEET---

THERE'S NOTHIN' LIKE - A HOT-FOOT!

YOW!

I'M REMOVING THIS MING VASE OF FLOWERS - BEFORE SOMETHING ELSE HAPPENS!

SPEAKING OF POSIES, MRS. PRETTY-WILLY---

SMELL THIS BUD!

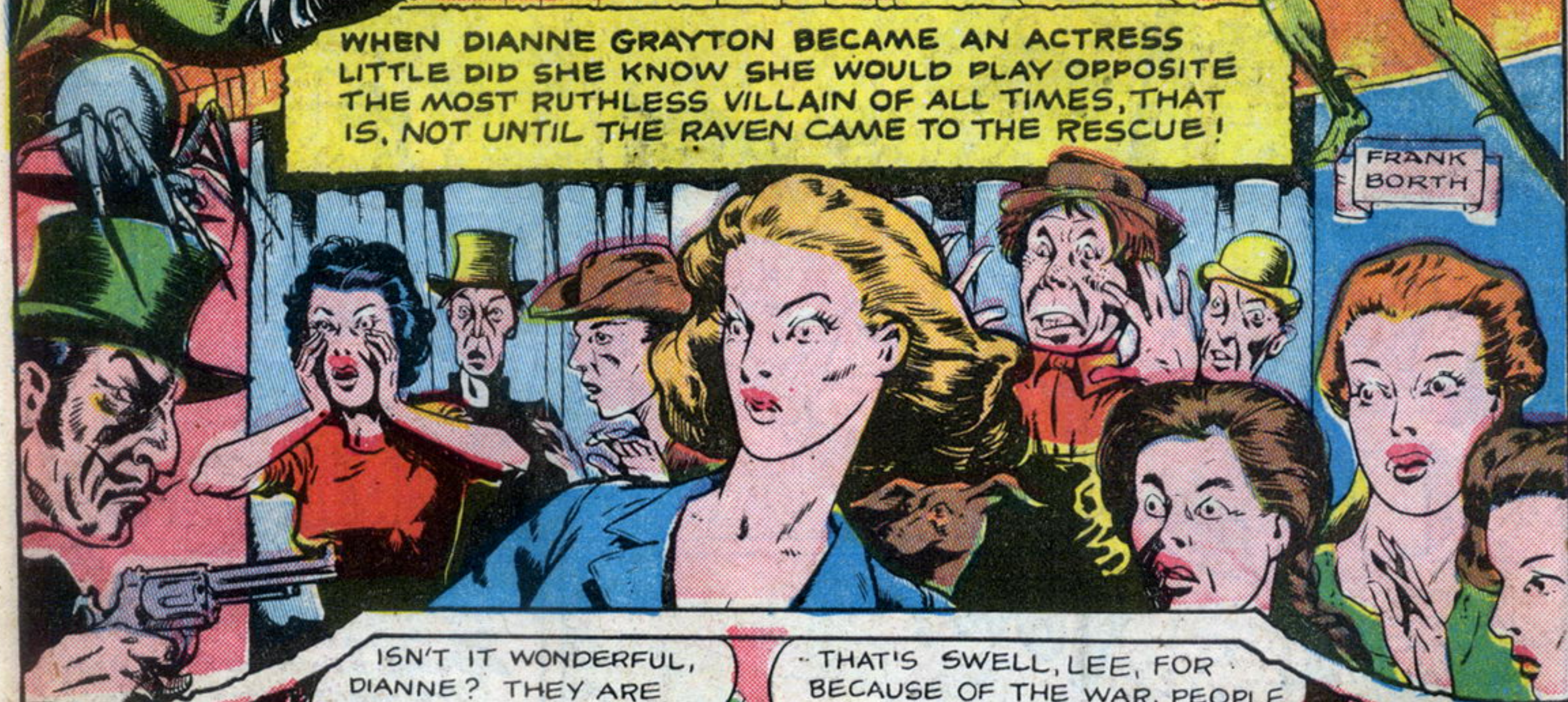
HEY! JUSSE MINUTE! WE AIN'T ET YET!

MMM - STUFFY BUNCH O' PEOPLE!



# The SPIDER WIDOW and the RAVEN

WHEN DIANNE GRAYTON BECAME AN ACTRESS  
LITTLE DID SHE KNOW SHE WOULD PLAY OPPOSITE  
THE MOST RUTHLESS VILLAIN OF ALL TIMES, THAT  
IS, NOT UNTIL THE RAVEN CAME TO THE RESCUE!



FRANK BORTH

AT A  
SUMMER  
THEATRE  
NOT FAR  
FROM  
NEW  
YORK...

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL,  
DIANNE? THEY ARE  
GOING TO KEEP THE  
THEATRE OPEN ALL  
WINTER!

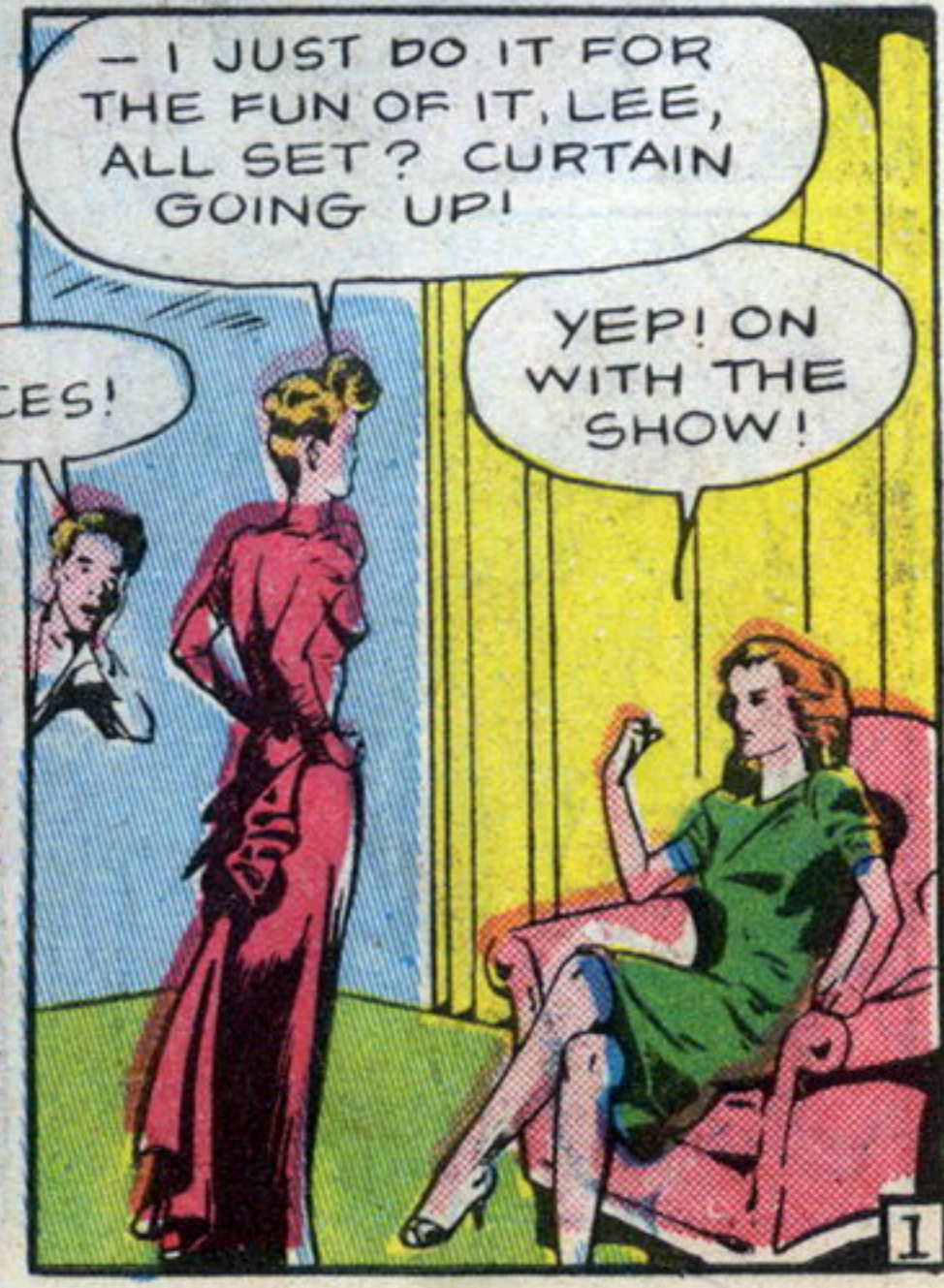
THAT'S SWELL, LEE, FOR  
BECAUSE OF THE WAR, PEOPLE  
CAN'T DRIVE INTO NEW YORK  
AND THAT GIVES US A  
REAL CHANCE!



I DON'T SEE WHAT YOU  
WANT TO ACT FOR, DIANNE,  
YOU'VE GOT PLENTY OF  
MONEY!



HMMPPF!! THE  
SPIDER WIDOW  
DOESN'T EVER ACT FOR  
MONEY — OH WELL —



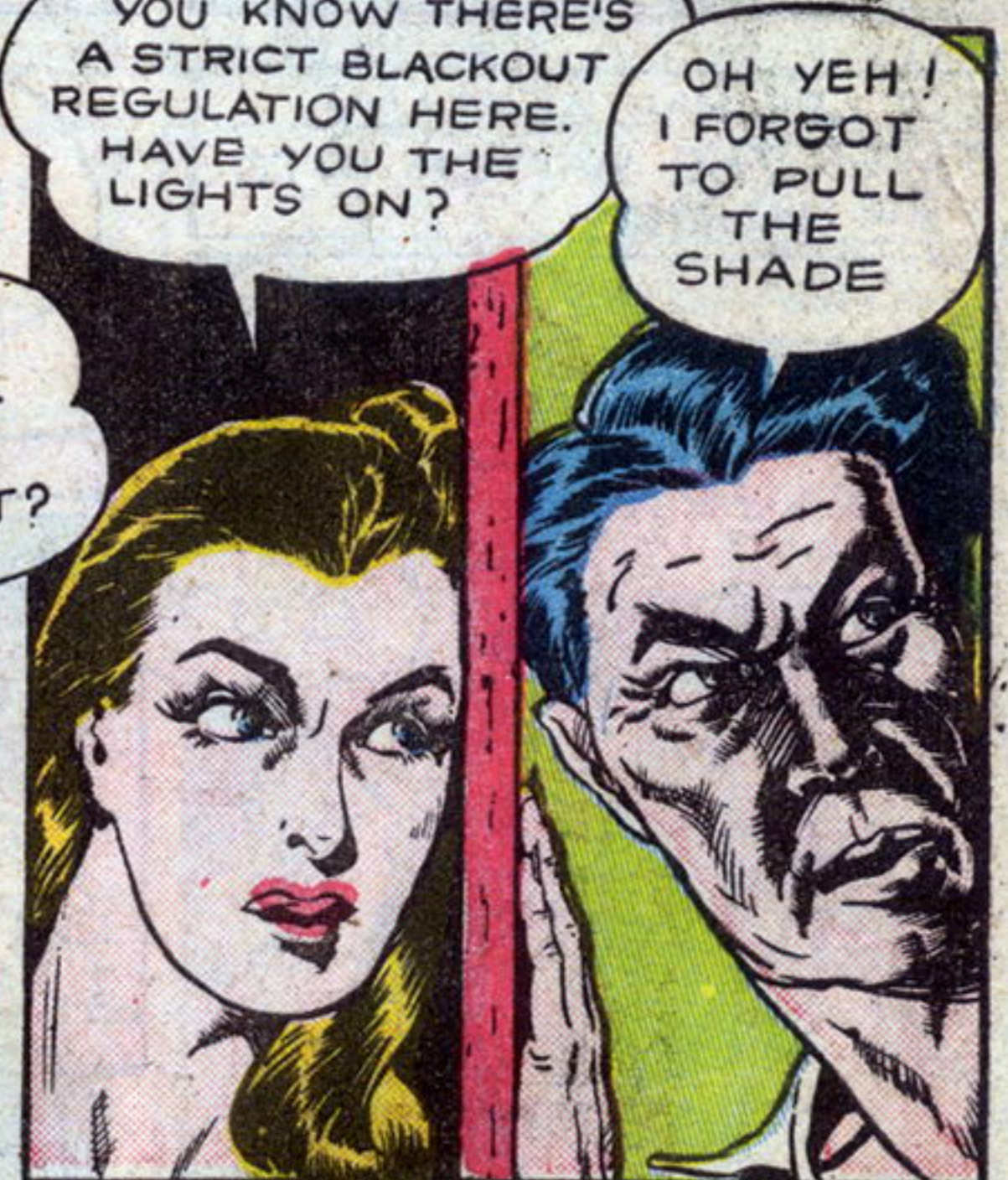
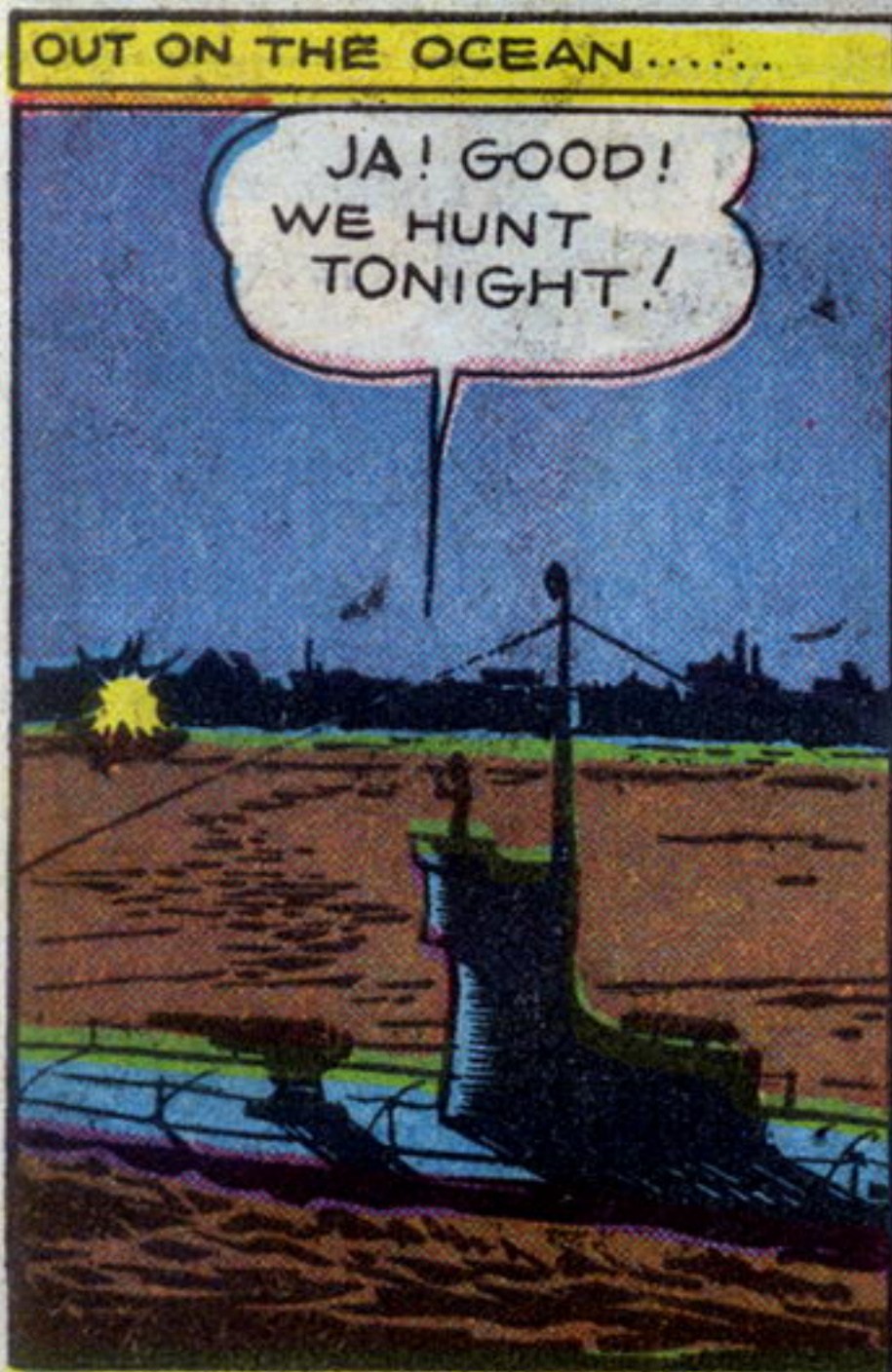
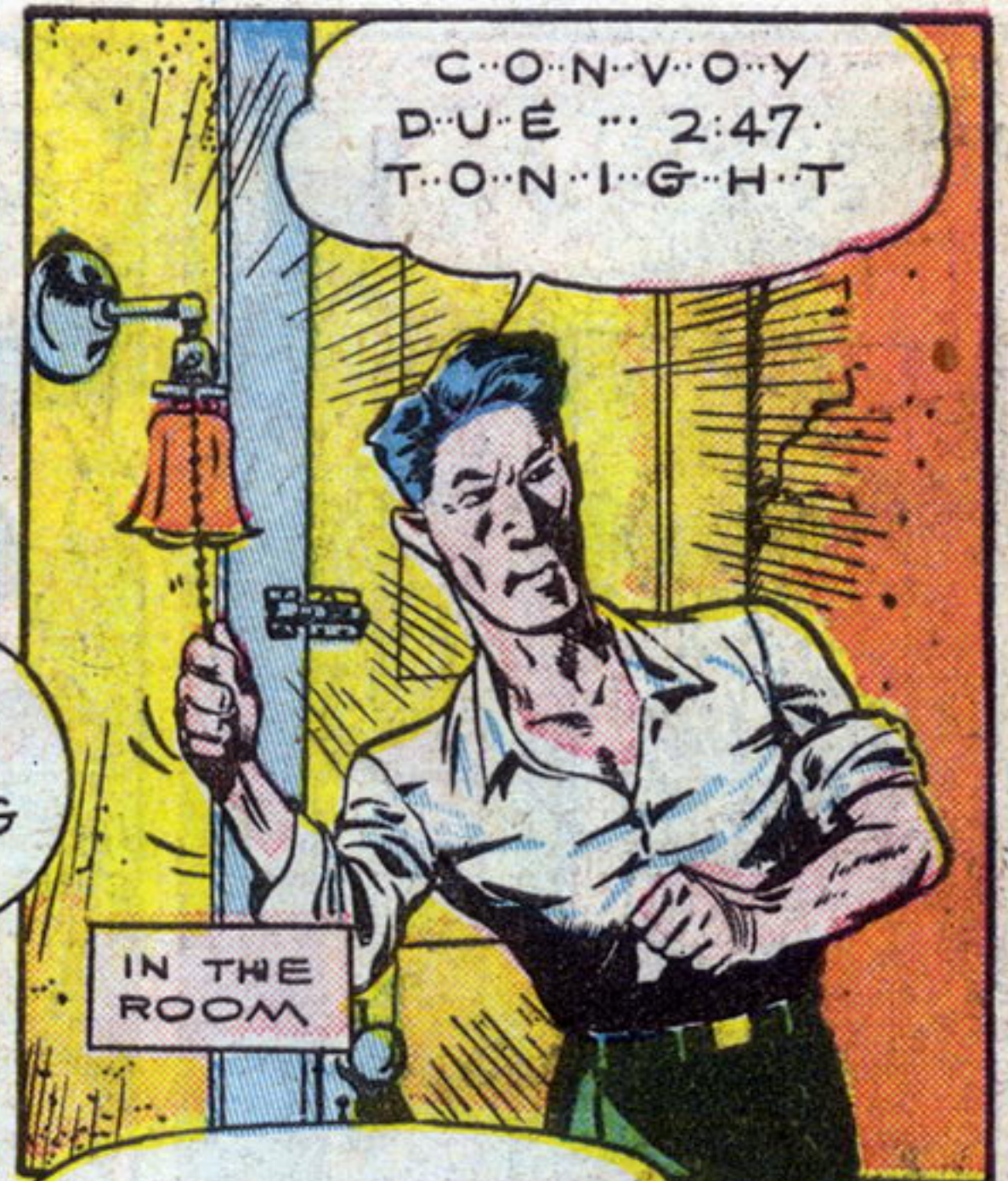
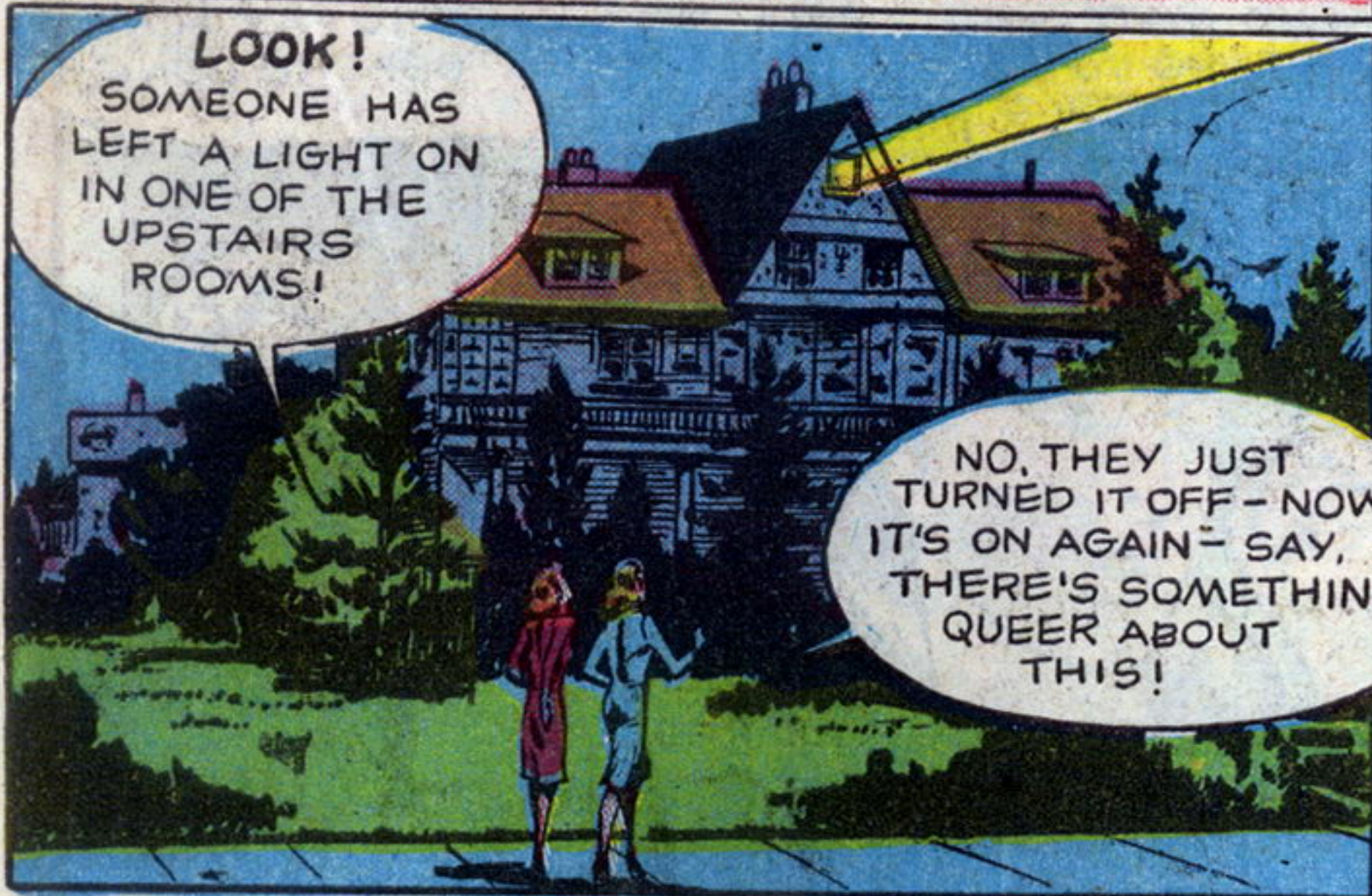
— I JUST DO IT FOR  
THE FUN OF IT, LEE,  
ALL SET? CURTAIN  
GOING UP!

PLACES!

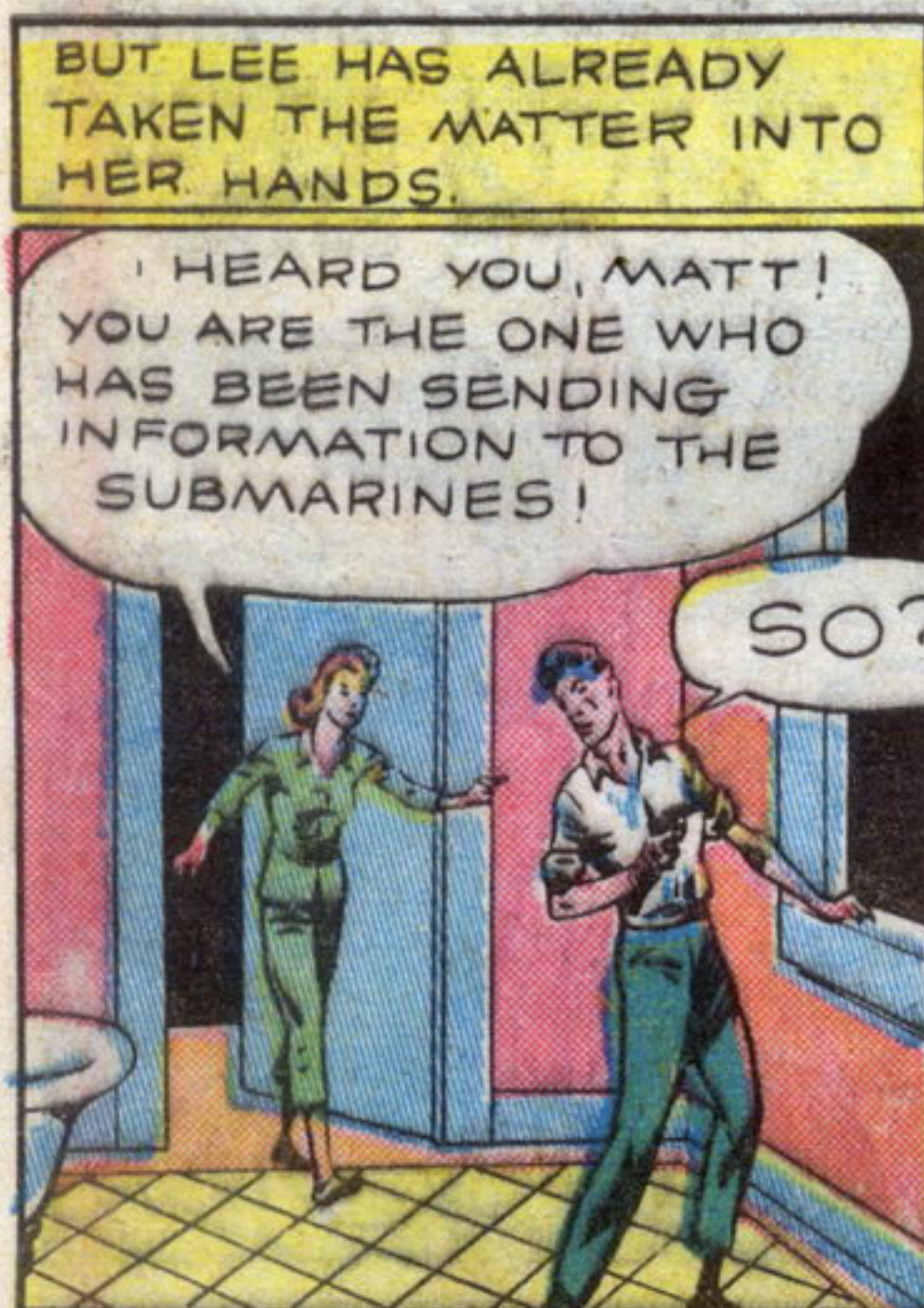
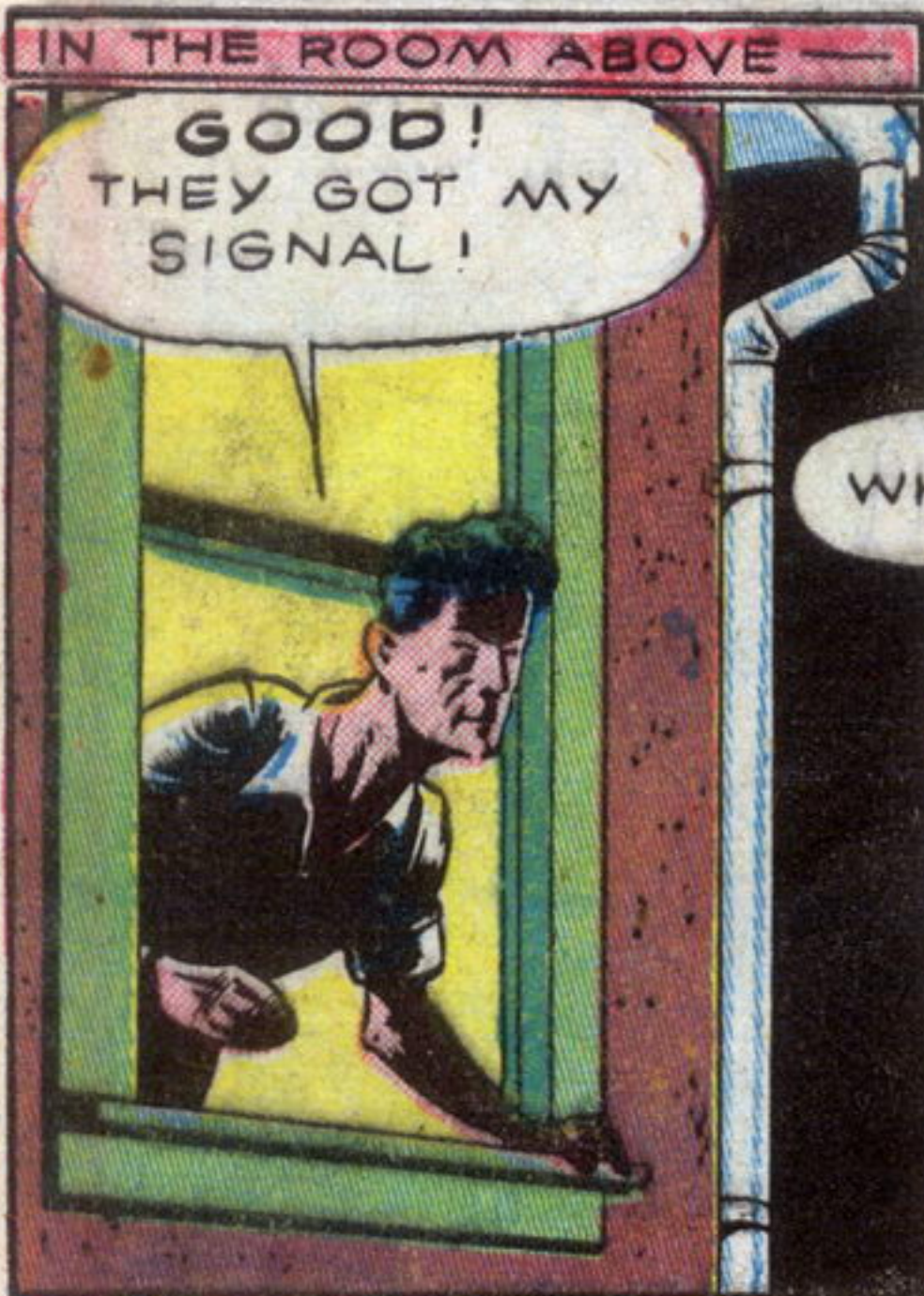
YEP! ON  
WITH THE  
SHOW!



THAT NIGHT AFTER THE SHOW, THE ACTORS RETURN TO THEIR HOME OVERLOOKING THE OCEAN.







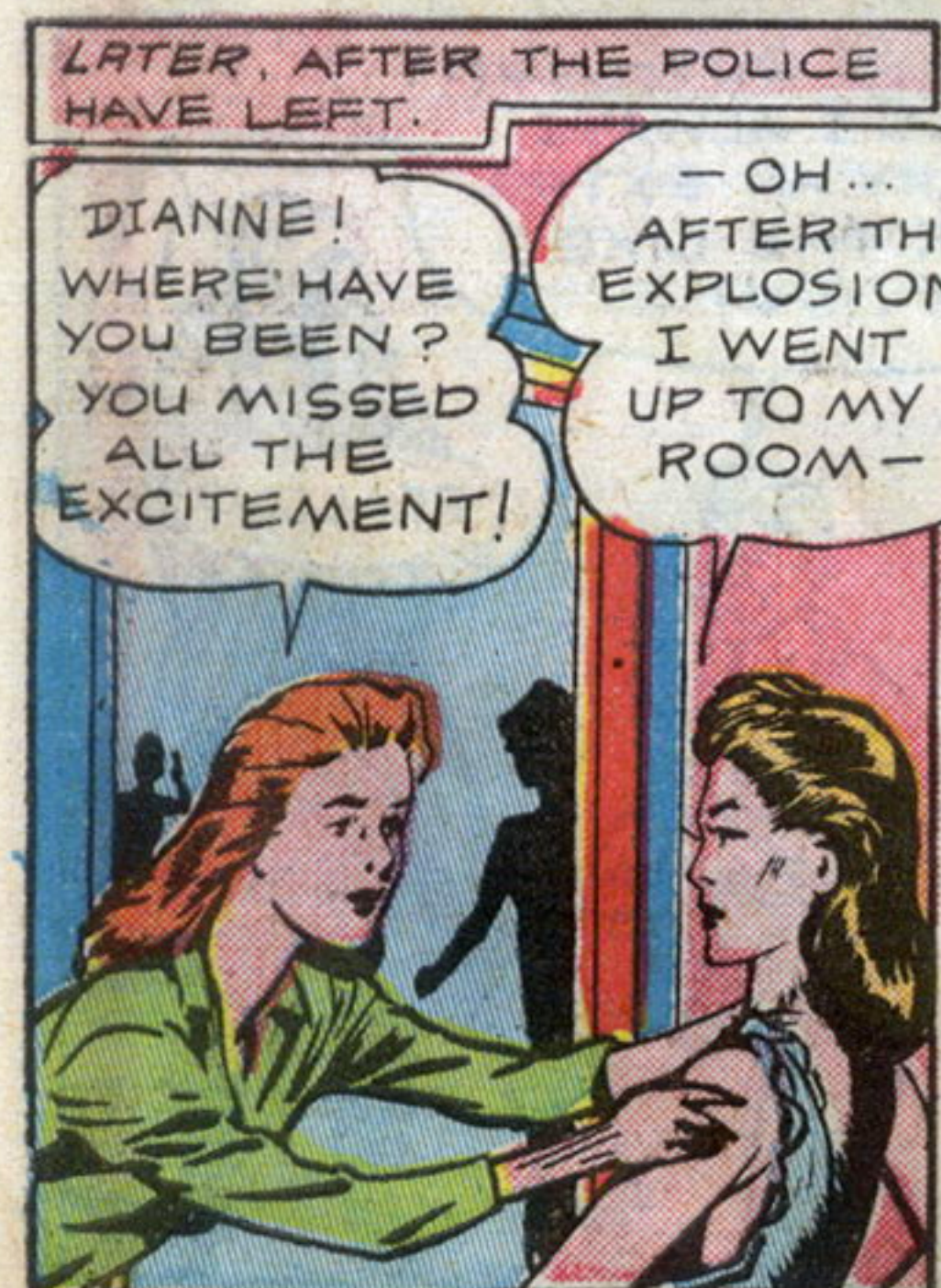
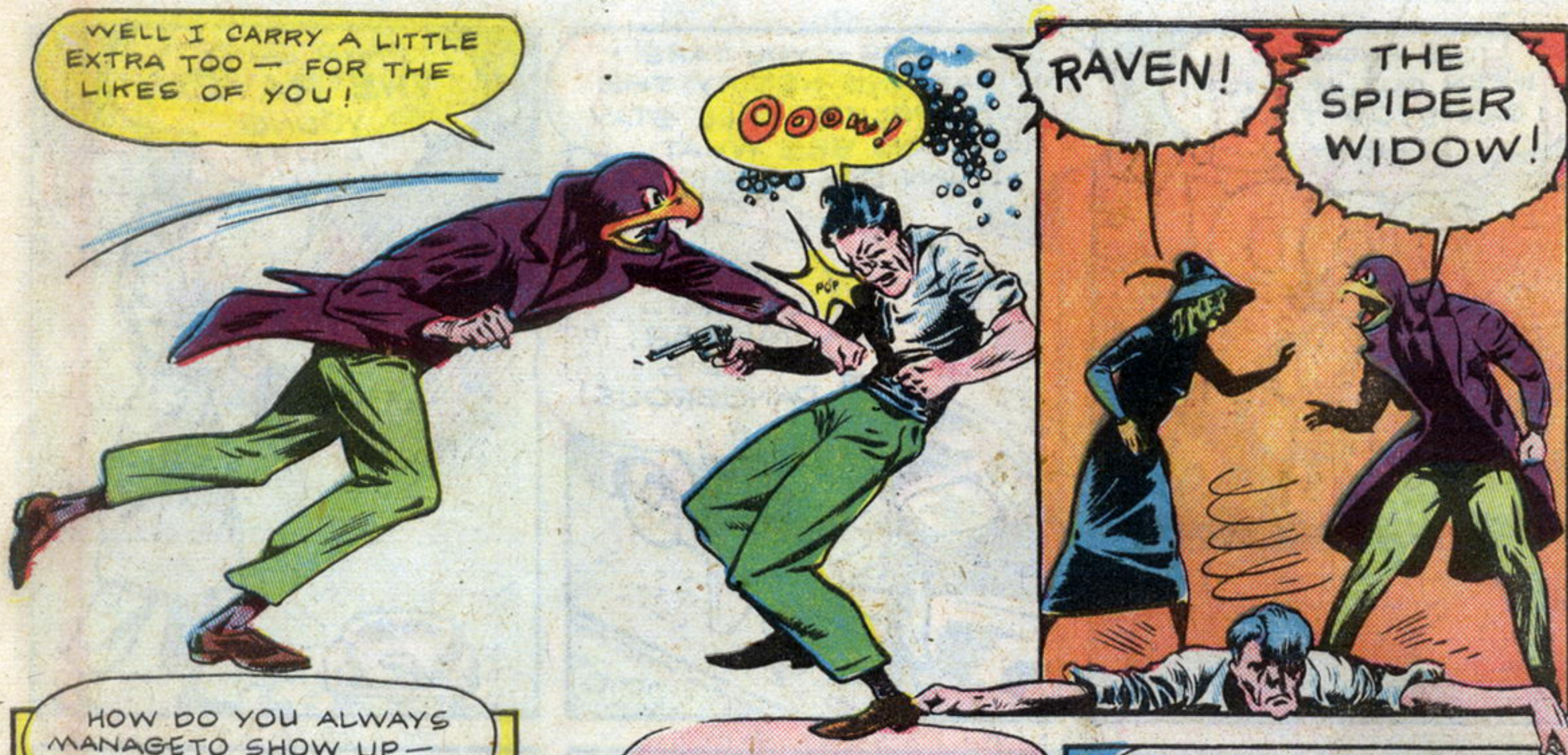




**Meanwhile —**  
THE SPIDER WIDOW, RECOVERED FROM HER FALL, REENTERS THE HOUSE.







Don't miss the next adventure of The Spider Widow in the February issue.



# HOMER DOODLE AND SON

by ARTHUR BEEMAN

GEE WHIZ - I SURE WISH I HAD A NICE DOG LIKE THAT!

EVERYBODY SHOULD HAVE A PET OF SOME KIND TO PLAY WITH, - THEY'RE REAL FAITHFUL PALS, TOO.

LET'S GO KIDS! BUY WAR STAMPS AND SAVE FOR VICTORY

WELL -- LOOK AT THAT BIG BOZO SITTIN' THERE! HE'S JUST THE KIND I WANT!!

HELLO THERE, FELLA - HOW'D YOU LIKE TO HAVE A NEW MASTER?

HEY - WAIT A MINUTE!! LET'S TALK IT OVER!

STOP -- DON'T RUN SO FAST!! AT LEAST STAY IN THE PICTURE!

OUCH! OUCH!! OHH -- I WON'T BE ABLE TO SIT DOWN FOR A WEEK!

WOOF WOOF!

SLOW DOWN, YOU BIG GALOOT!

WOW!

PHOOEY! I'VE HAD ENOUGH -- YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A PET FOR ME!

IF I MUST HAVE A PET -- THIS IS MORE LIKE IT!



# SPIN SHAW

by Rex Smith

PLANNING A FLANKING OFFENSIVE TO DRIVE ROMMEL OUT OF EGYPT, THE ALLIED COMMAND SENDS CAPT. SPIN SHAW OF THE U.S. NAVAL AIR CORPS, TO A DIRTY CAIRO DIVE TO CONTACT ONE KISMET EL ASHID, WHO IS TO GUIDE A COMMANDO PARTY OF U.S. MARINES TO THE MAIN NAZI SUPPLY DEPOT.



GREETINGS, EFFENDI! KISMET BEGS ALMS FOR KISMET SHALL BE HAD!

AN ALM FOR POVERTY!



YOU HAVE THE PASSWORD!! AH! EFFENDI, IT WAS YOU I WAS TO MEET.. GOOD!! GOOD!! I HAVE EVERYTHING ALL READY, SO LET US GO TO YOUR ADMIRAL!



I AM BEING WATCHED, SO PLEASE..LET US MAKE HASTE!!



ALLRIGHT...COME ON..WE.. WAIT!! HOLD IT!! HEY!! BREAK IT UP!!



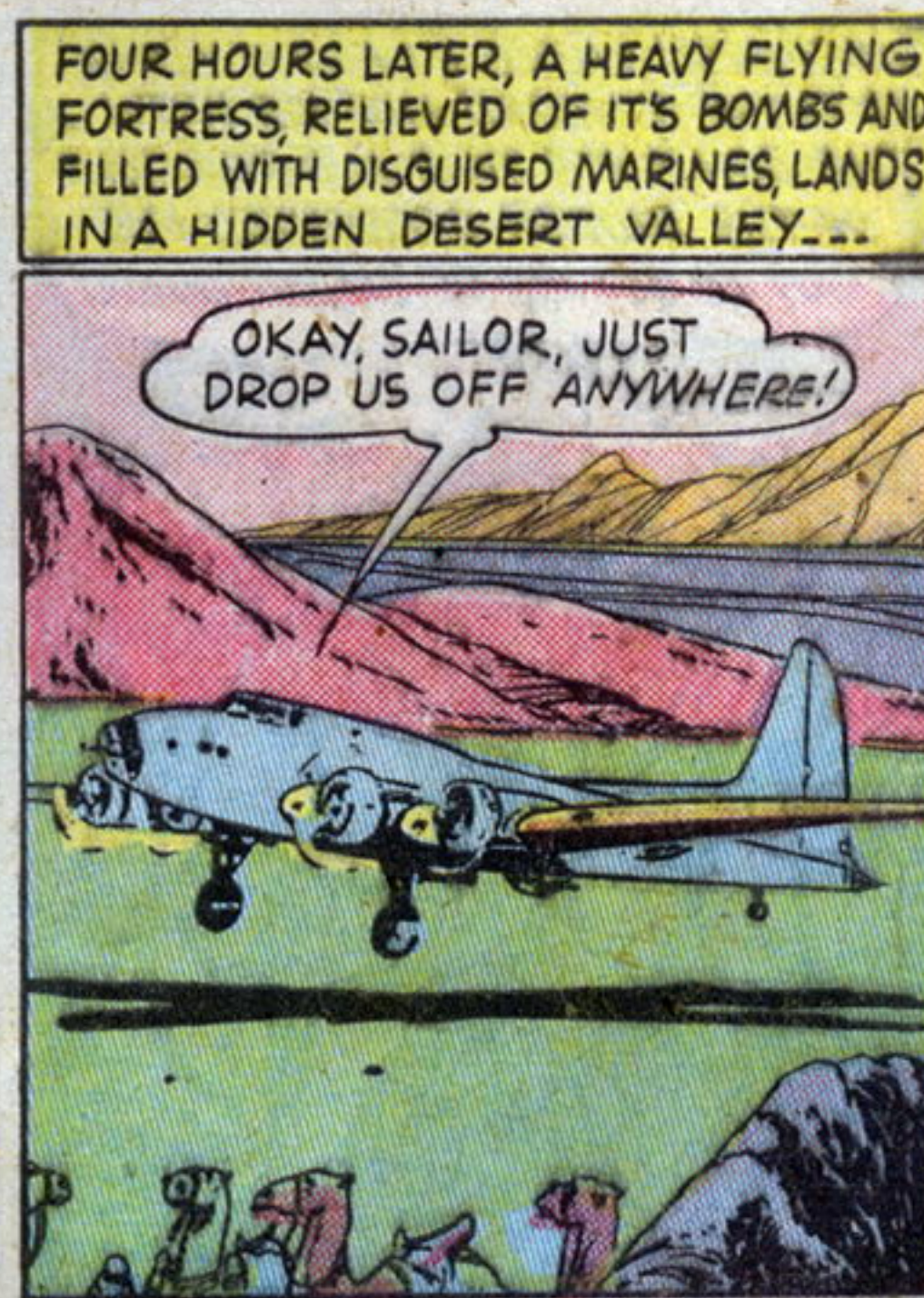
SAVE YOUR FIGHTING FOR THE ENEMY, MEN!! CUT IT OUT!! CUT IT OUT, I SAID!!



YEAH!!..CUT IT OUT, FELLAS! THE NAVY'S AFRAID OF GETTING HURT! WHY.. YOU!!

NO! NO!.. EFFENDI! PLEASE!! COME! WE MUST HURRY!







EXACTLY!! YOU SEE, KISMET IS ONE OF OUR AGENTS AND HAS LED YOU INTO A PERFECT AMBUSH! ..IN A FEW MINUTES THE PLANS OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE, CAPT. CONN AS WELL, WILL SOON BE IN OUR HANDS!



...AT THAT MOMENT...

HEY, KISMET, ARE YOU SURE YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL? THIS DOESN'T LOOK RIGHT TO ME!!

OH, YES, EFFENDI, WE ARE GOING THE RIGHT WAY!



WELL, IF YOU SAY SO, BUT.. HEY!! WAIT!!... LOOK!! **NAZIS!!** WE'RE IN A TRAP!!... QUICK, MEN! HIT THE GROUND AND TAKE COVER!!



COME 'ERE YOU DIRTY RAT.. I WANNA TALK TO YOU!!



JEEPERS!! WE'RE IN FOR IT!! LOOK AT THOSE TROOPS!! AND ME WITH THE COMPLETE TIME AND POSITIONS OF THE BRITISH OFFENSIVE!! I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF 'EM, BUT QUICK!



OPEN YOUR MOUTH, YOU BLACK BEARDED NAZI!!... NOW, EAT!!... GO ON, BLAST YOU!! EAT 'EM!!... EAT 'EM!!!

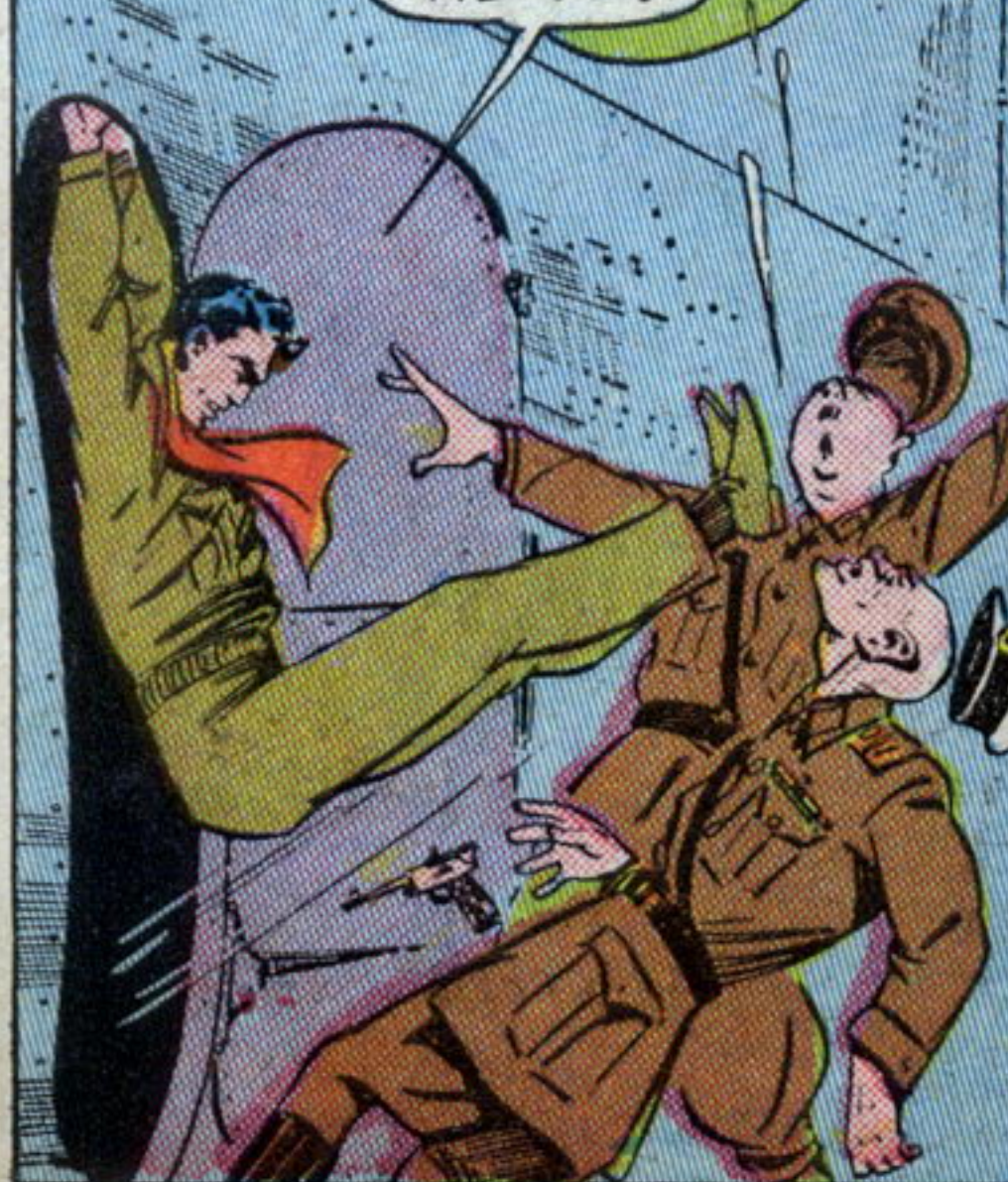


MEANWHILE...

NOW IF YOU WILL BE KIND ENOUGH TO COME OUT, CAPTAIN?



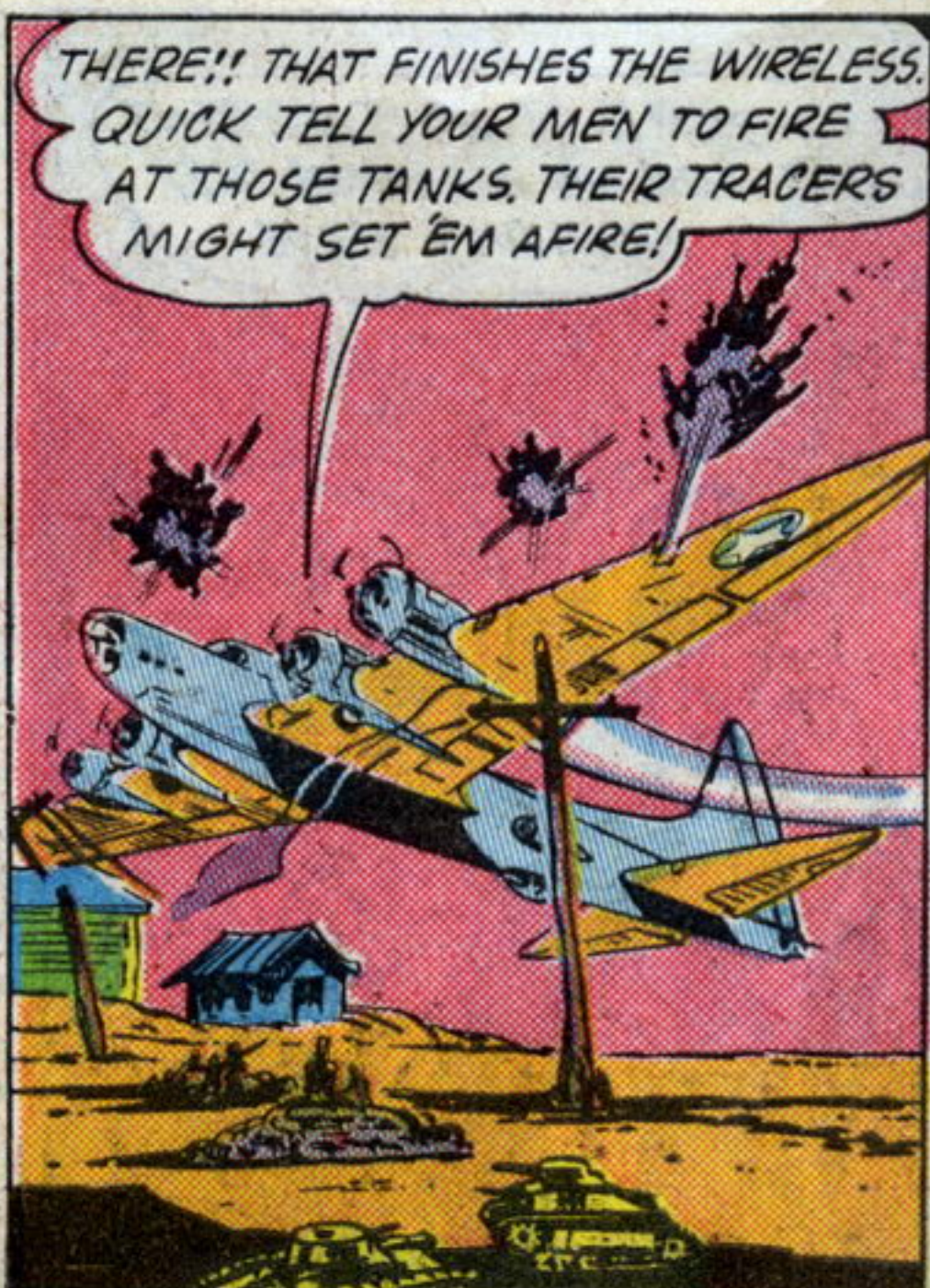
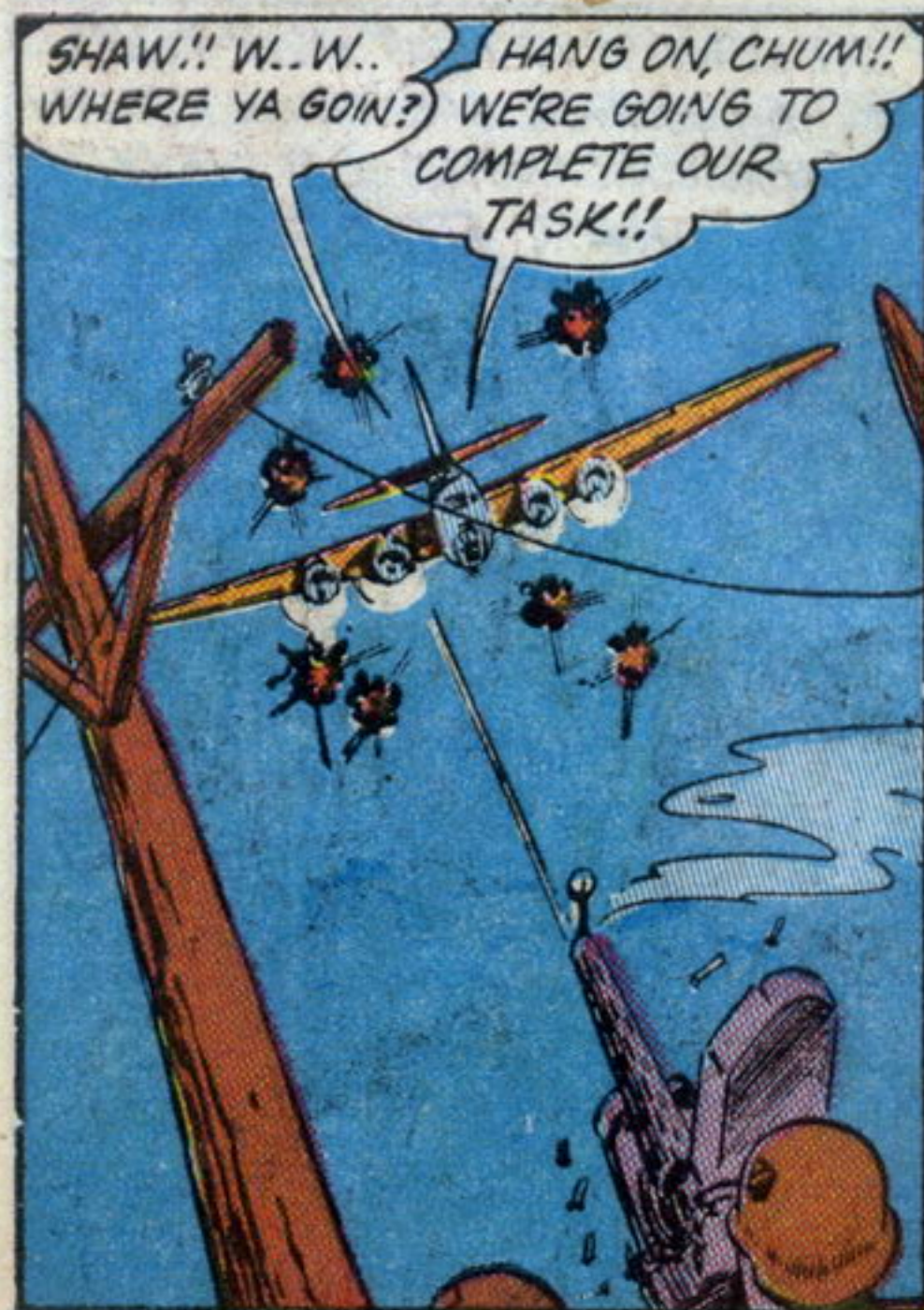
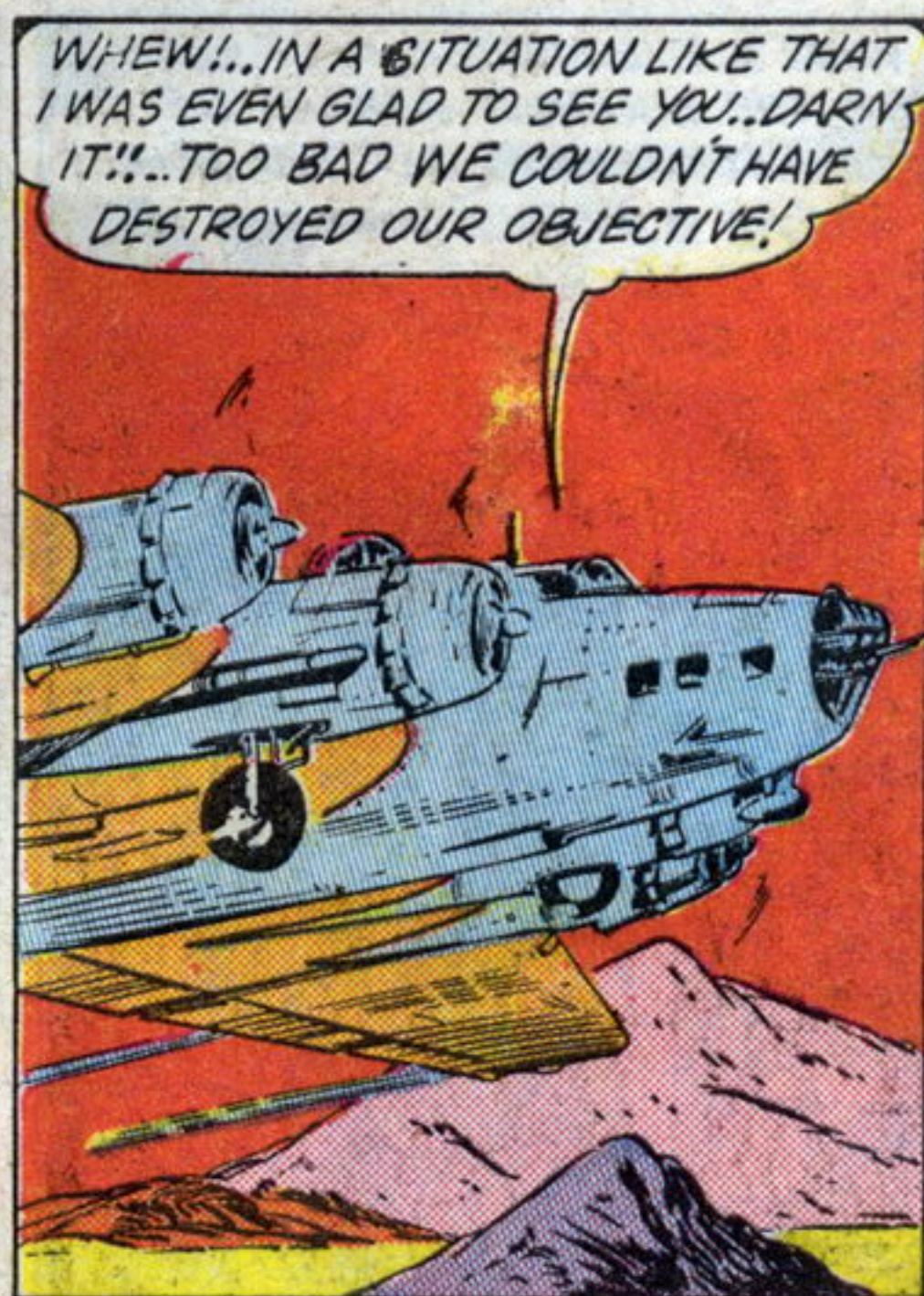
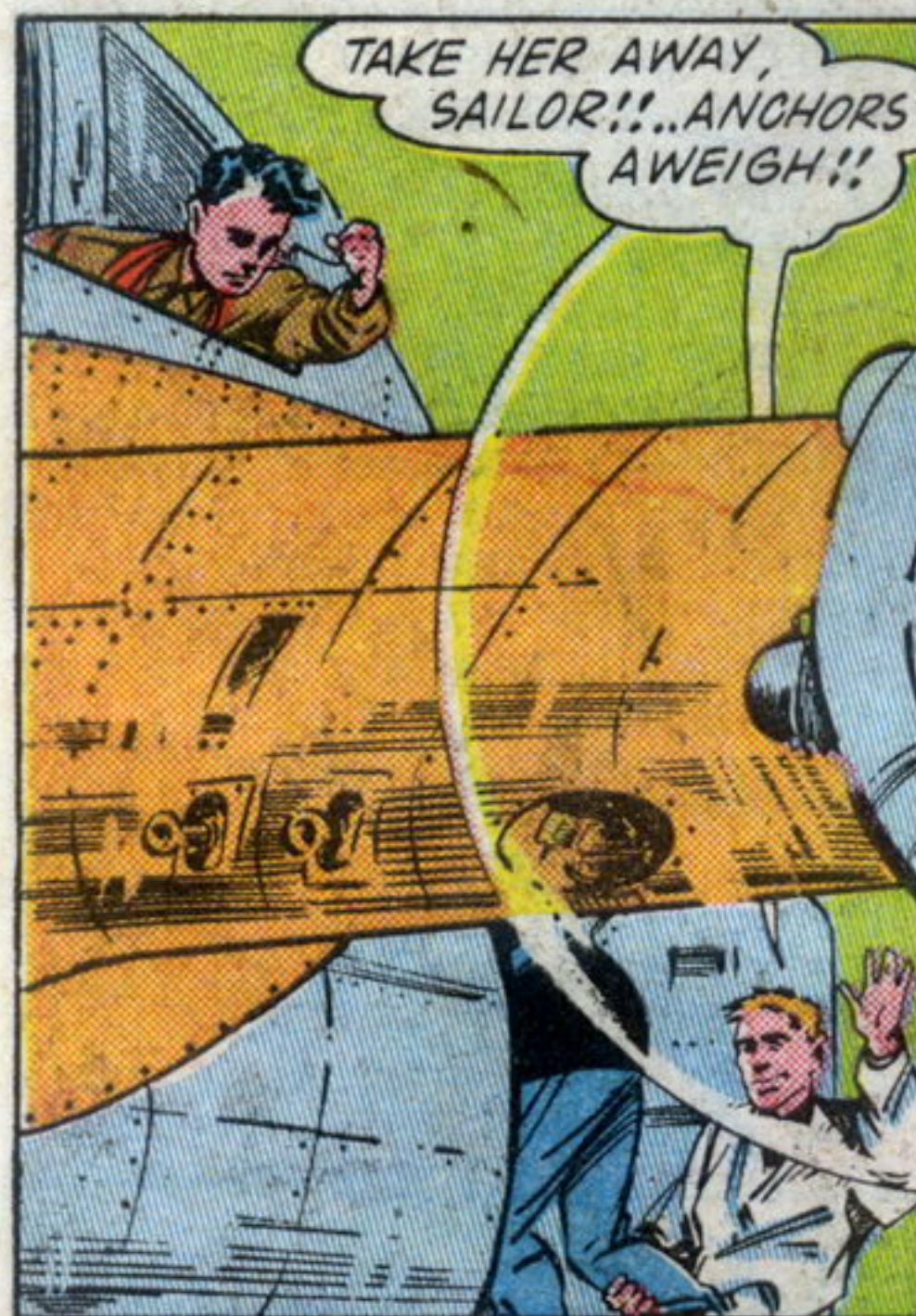
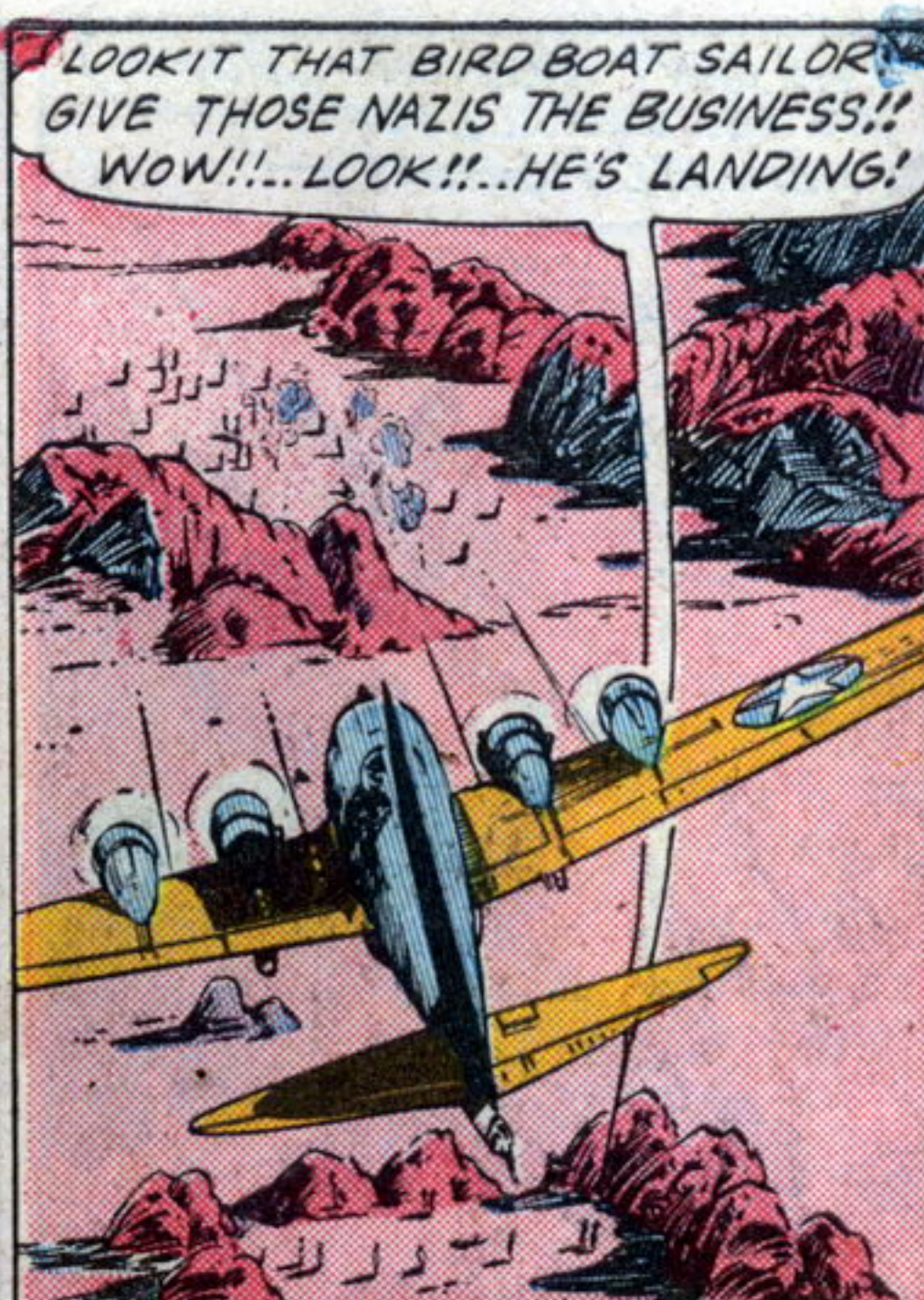
WHY SURE!!... HOW'S THIS, YOU JUG-HEADS?



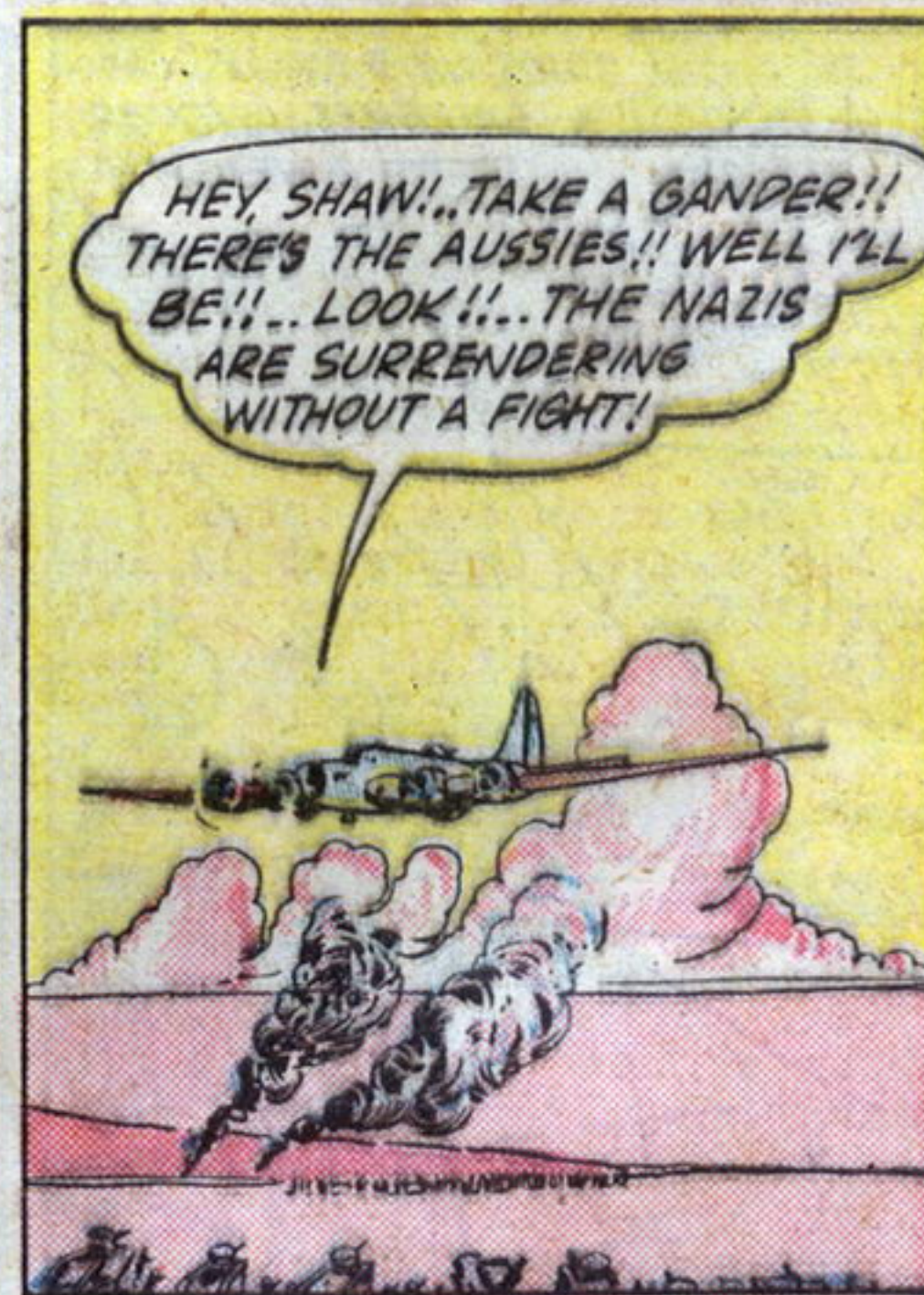
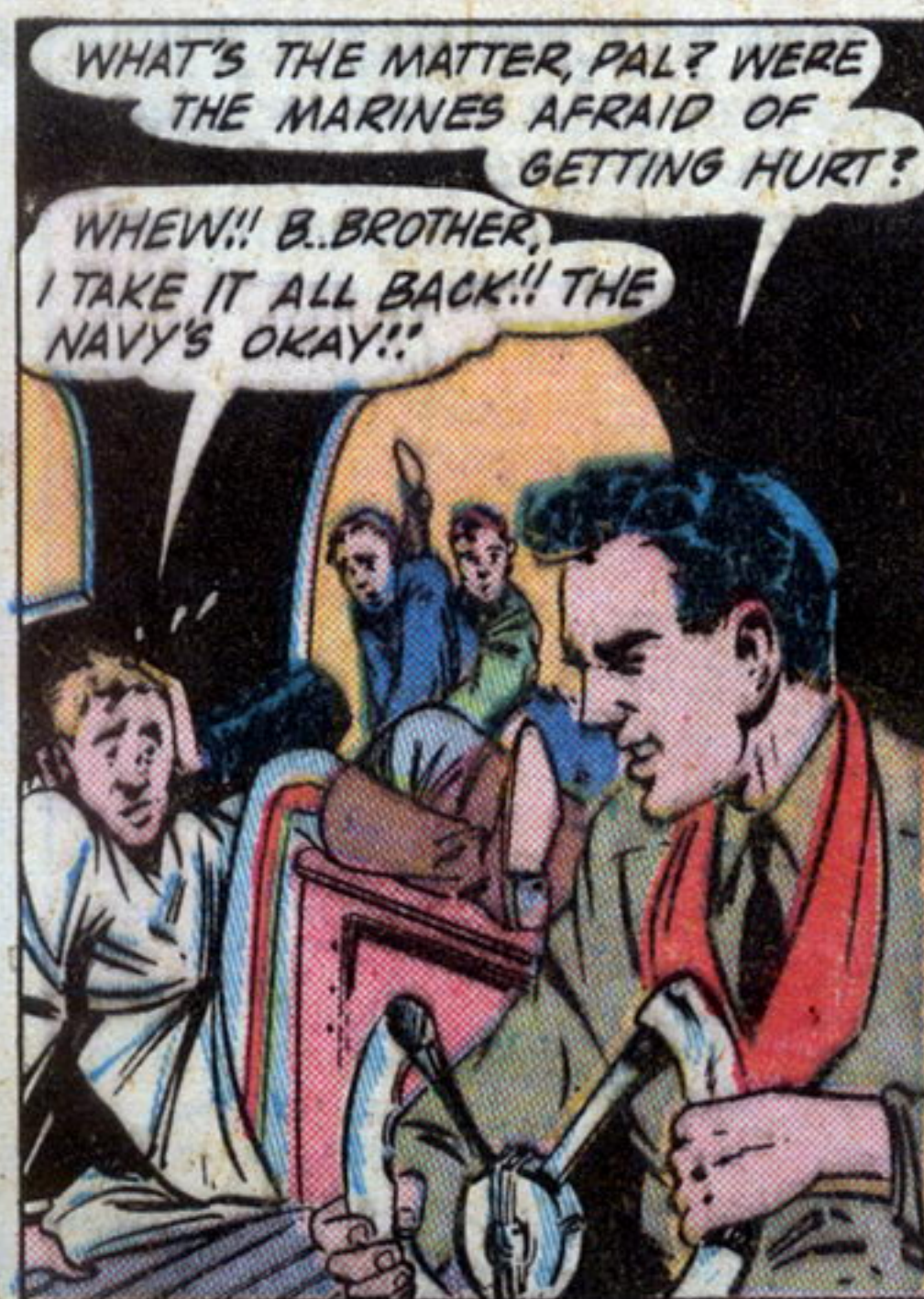
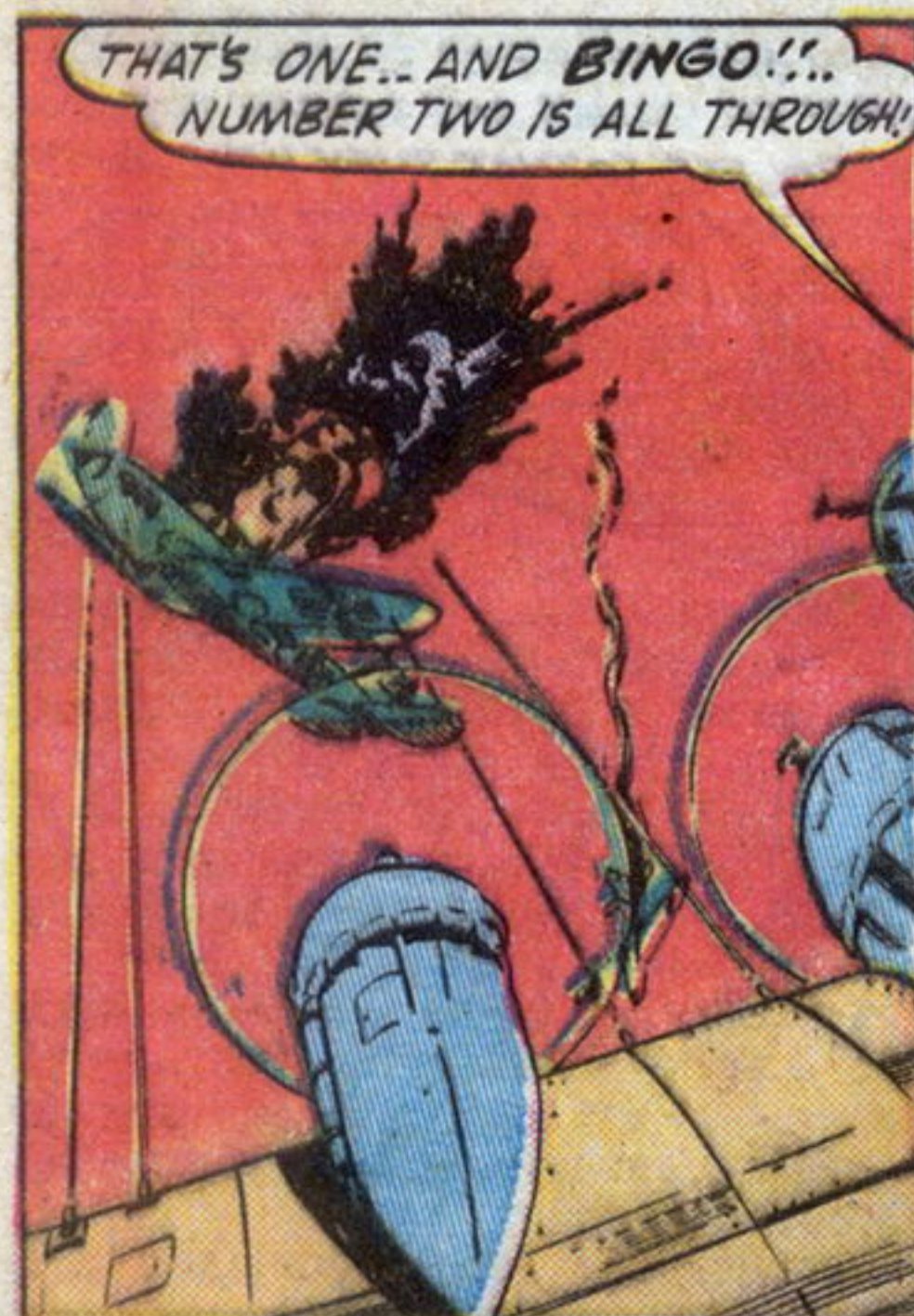
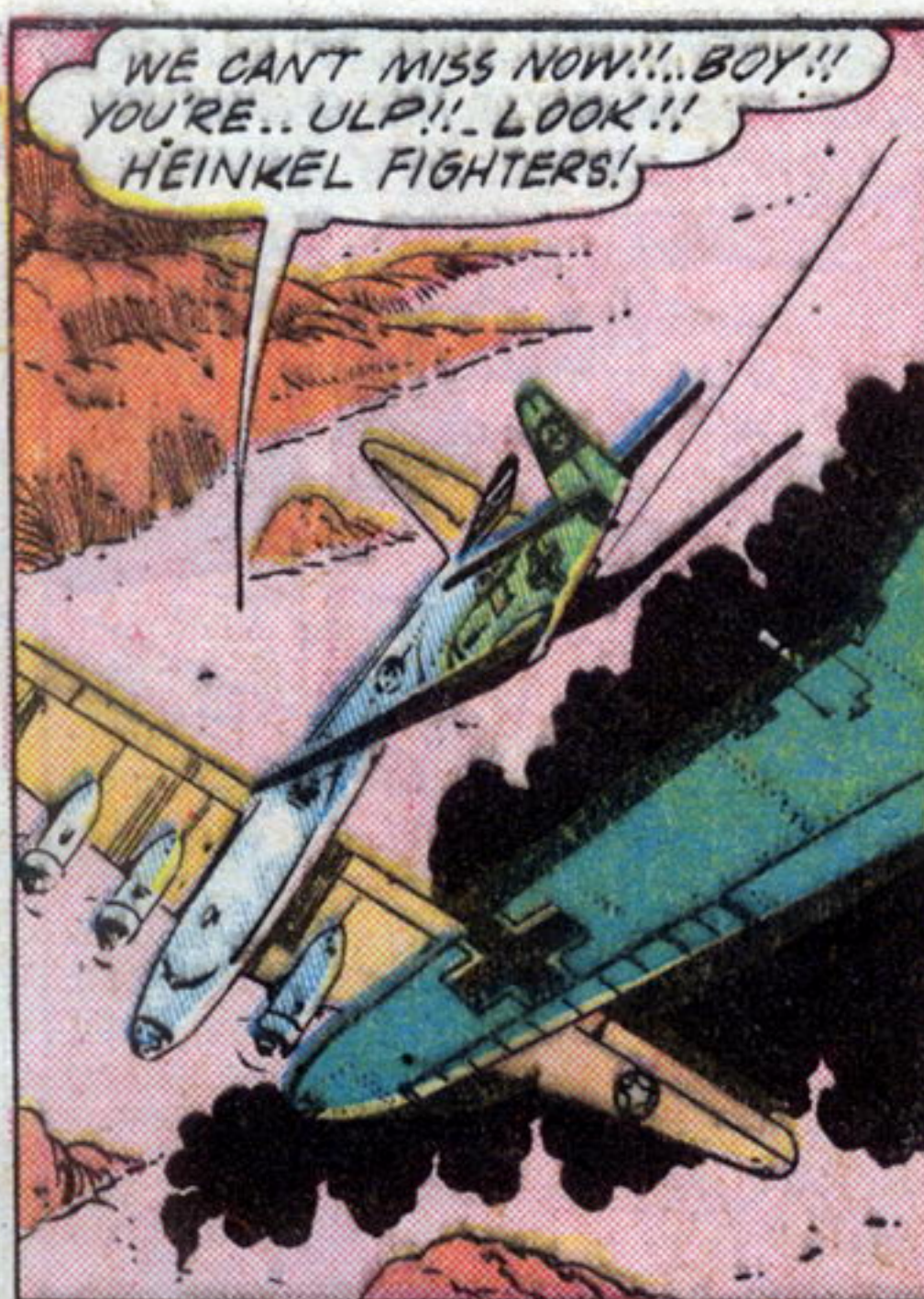
HERE'S SOME SLEEPING PILLS, BUCKET-SKULL... STRAIGHT FROM THE U.S. NAVY!!













# DEATH FROM THE SKIES

**G**ARRON Island in the Hathaway group, five hundred miles south of the Solomons, languished in the south Pacific sun. On its browned surface there lay a camp of two thousand Yank soldiers. They had seen no fighting and all of them waited to be shifted to the Solomons, where there was "action."

"Never mind, you lugs," grinned Captain Halbert. "You'll be getting all the fighting you want within the next few weeks. I ain't supposed to tell this, but we are going to ship out pretty soon to a place where there is action aplenty."

Cheers greeted this statement from their commanding officer. And suddenly the cheers turned into cries of fear and alarm. Far above them, diving down out of the clear cloudless sky, came hundreds of gliders; and accompanying them were more hundreds of parachute troops.

"Japs! Man the guns!" came the cries from every throat.

The soldiers scattered in all directions like so many scared rabbits. Anti-aircraft guns began chattering, machine guns started their staccato bark, and 55mm cannon roared with their noses pointed aloft. But the cloud of gliders came on, only a few of them blasted. Many parachutes were riddled and their human cargoes came plummeting to earth. But enough of the enemy landed to make things hot.

The battle lasted three hours,

and both sides lost heavily. What remained of the Japs took up quarters on one side of the island, separated from the Yanks by a low range of hills. Snipers went to work on both sides. But the fact remained that Garron Island had been invaded, and almost successfully.

The question was: Where had the Japs come from? How had they been launched? There had not been a plane seen or heard since the boys were stationed on the island. Gliders don't sail two thousand miles; nor do para troops parachute that far.

Garron Island is situated almost in the exact center of some thirty islands, all of them smaller, but not one of them more than two miles apart. They dot the map like a case of chicken box, concentrated in one small lonely area. It was the intention of the United States to create landing and fueling bases on several of the largest islands. But now . . .

The invasion had taken place on the evening of September eleventh. Near sunset on the afternoon of the thirteenth, another cloud of gliders and parachute troops darkened the sky over Garron Island and several others close by. The same action took place, this time the Japs losing more than half of their men and equipment. If the thing kept up, they would soon have enough men and guns to capture the entire group of

islands. And still the perplexing question arose: Where are they coming from? How will we stop them?

Desultory fighting between both factions kept up on at least five of the occupied islands but neither side made much headway. The Japs seemed bent on simply keeping their positions, as if they expected reinforcements any moment. And maybe they did, for all the American troops knew. That, however, just couldn't happen!

Sneaking softly through the black waters, the big submarine slung inshore and came up like a glistening dolphin in the little harbor of Garron Island. At first the sentries were tempted to open fire, but before the guns spoke the conning tower lifted and a tousled head showed. The owner of the head waved a hand and shouted, "This Garron Island?"

He was told that it was. The next moment a rubber boat put off from the sub and Perry Scott, young American adventurer, came ashore. Captain Halbert, of the island forces, shook hands genially.

"Well, if it isn't Perry Scott!" he cried. "What brings you out here, youngster? Have you heard—"

"Yeah," interjected Perry with a bright smile. "That's why I came. Hitched a ride on one of Uncle Samuel's subs. Tell me all about it."

Captain Halbert sketched the

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 of the **FEATURE COMICS**, published monthly at Buffalo, New York for October 1, 1942.

State of Connecticut }  
County of Fairfield }

Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Everett M. Arnold, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the **FEATURE COMICS** and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Editor, Gilbert Fox, 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Everett M. Arnold, 193 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Comic Favorites, Inc., 322 Main Street, Stamford, Conn.; Everett M. Arnold, 193 Shore Road, Old Greenwich, Conn.; Frank J. Markey, 309 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Henry P. Martin, Jr., 8 Foster Drive, Des Moines, Iowa; Frank J. Murphy, 27 Willow Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EVERETT M. ARNOLD, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1942.

LOUIS J. KURIANSKY, Notary Public (My commission expires February 1, 1944.)



highlights of the invasion. "And that's where it stands at the moment," he finished. "Frankly, we're stumped. Haven't the least idea where they come from; but we're expecting another batch of 'em, since it's evident that they mean to use this method of getting enough troops on the islands to try to take 'em."

"Got any planes?" Perry asked.

"Three. But we haven't spotted a thing. They almost have to use a transport, and they gotta use planes to launch those gliders. Unless—" The captain paused. "Unless they catapult 'em from somewhere."

While the sub lay at anchor, Perry spent the next two days discussing the amazing Jap invasion with members of the officers' group. All of them were too astonished to have any logical theories.

"But we've got to find their base and stop 'em, if it's possible," Perry insisted. "They must be stationed somewhere nearby. You say your detectors haven't picked up any sounds of planes, nor even ships' engines. Then how—"

Captain Halbert spread his hands in a gesture of dismay. "Yeah—how!"

Perry Scott requested the use of a fast plane and that evening made a quick trip over most of the islands. He saw nothing out of the way. One thing he noticed, however; an unnamed island to the south of the group was particularly high, being almost a pedestal of solid granite that reached up a good five hundred feet. Its top was flat and about a half mile across, either way. He dropped low over the island, but it was too dark to see anything. He felt the tug of the plane, however, and knew that a terrific wind played across that flat top of rock. The wind was from the south. All the other islands lay to the north of this one, spreading out fanwise east and west. Did that mean anything! he asked himself. Hardly. Unless—

Perry let out an exclamation. Maybe that was it! Maybe—But how the dickens did they get there, if the idea held water?

The next day Perry flew across the flat island again. And, while the day was sunny and he flew low, he saw nothing but flat rock and craggy clumps of bush on the island's top. He returned to the base on Garron rather glum.

His idea persisted though. Toward evening he had made up his mind. It wouldn't hurt anything to test his theory. Maybe he'd receive a big laugh, but

then nothing else offered.

At nine that evening he boarded the submarine, taking with him a dozen machine-gunners, a large quantity of bombs and grenades, and several soldiers noted for their sharpshooting.

Perry explained his idea to the commander of the sub, who smiled, but said nothing. It sounded like a bit of moon-raking to him. But then he had orders to carry out Perry's commands while stationed in the Hathway group.

They had to take it very cautiously down there at the feet of the those islands. It was treacherous going and they took plenty of chances banging into a rocky base.

At eleven o'clock they had completed the circuit of the island three times, seeing nothing. Acting on a hunch, Perry suggested that they lay on the bottom with motors stilled and simply wait.

"For what?" the commander wind that swept across the top.

"Don't know yet," Perry told him. "But something might show up." They had picked the east side of the island; it looked more passable for whatever might pass that way.

They hadn't long to wait. Just past midnight a long, black shape slid past them and vanished into the rock of the island's base. When it had been gone fifteen minutes, Perry ordered the searchlight on and they played it against the wall of the rock that rose straight upward out of the ocean depths. They saw a huge yawning hole big enough to let the Queen Mary through.

"There it is!" cried Perry.

"Just what I thought. Let's go."

The sub entered the black hole carefully and soon was shooting along in the grip of a powerful current. A few minutes later they came into clearer water and rose to the surface. It was an underground harbor, big enough to hold a dozen subs. The enemy undersea craft lay a hundred yards off. It seemed deserted. Then Perry caught sight of the tunnel that led straight up above them, cut through the solid rock of the island's middle. Rope ladders dangled from the lower opening.

It took the crew of the American sub only a few minutes to begin the climb, in the wake of the Japs who had preceded them. But they arrived too late. The last of the gliders was shooting into space as the first man poked his head over the island's top. A huge catapult was anchored at the edge of the top. And out beyond the island floated fifty or more parachutes, carried along by the tremendous wind that swept across the top. Far ahead of them were a score of gliders, making for Garron Island and its neighbors.

"So that's the way they do it," said Perry to the commander. "This terrific wind is enough to start those chutes off, and they have no trouble keeping up till they reach their objective. The catapult and the same stiff wind does the trick for the gliders. This time, however, those boys on Garron and the other isles are prepared for 'em."

And they were. Every available man was stationed, at Perry's suggestion, at the south edge of each island, with guns trained on the approaching death from the skies.



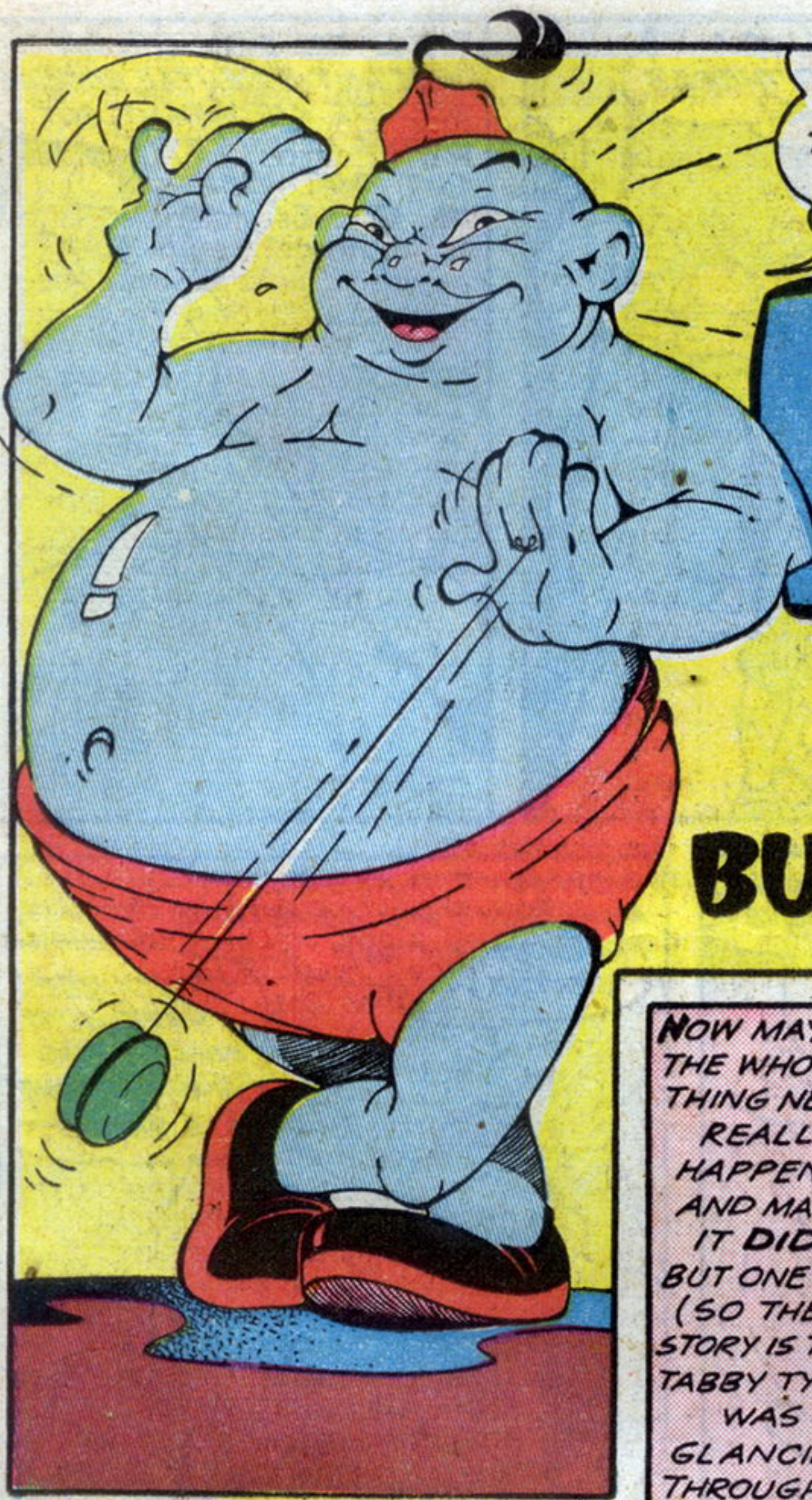
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and his  
**COMIC COMPANION**

• **MR. KEEPER** •

WILL THRILL and STARTLE YOU  
in the terrific new  
**HIT COMICS**

**NOW ON SALE AT  
YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND**





BLIMPY, THAT'S ME! I USED TO BE A STATUE IN A MUSEUM, BUT THEN TABBY TYLER CAME ALONG AND - WELL, THINGS GOT REAL MIXED UP AFTER THAT!

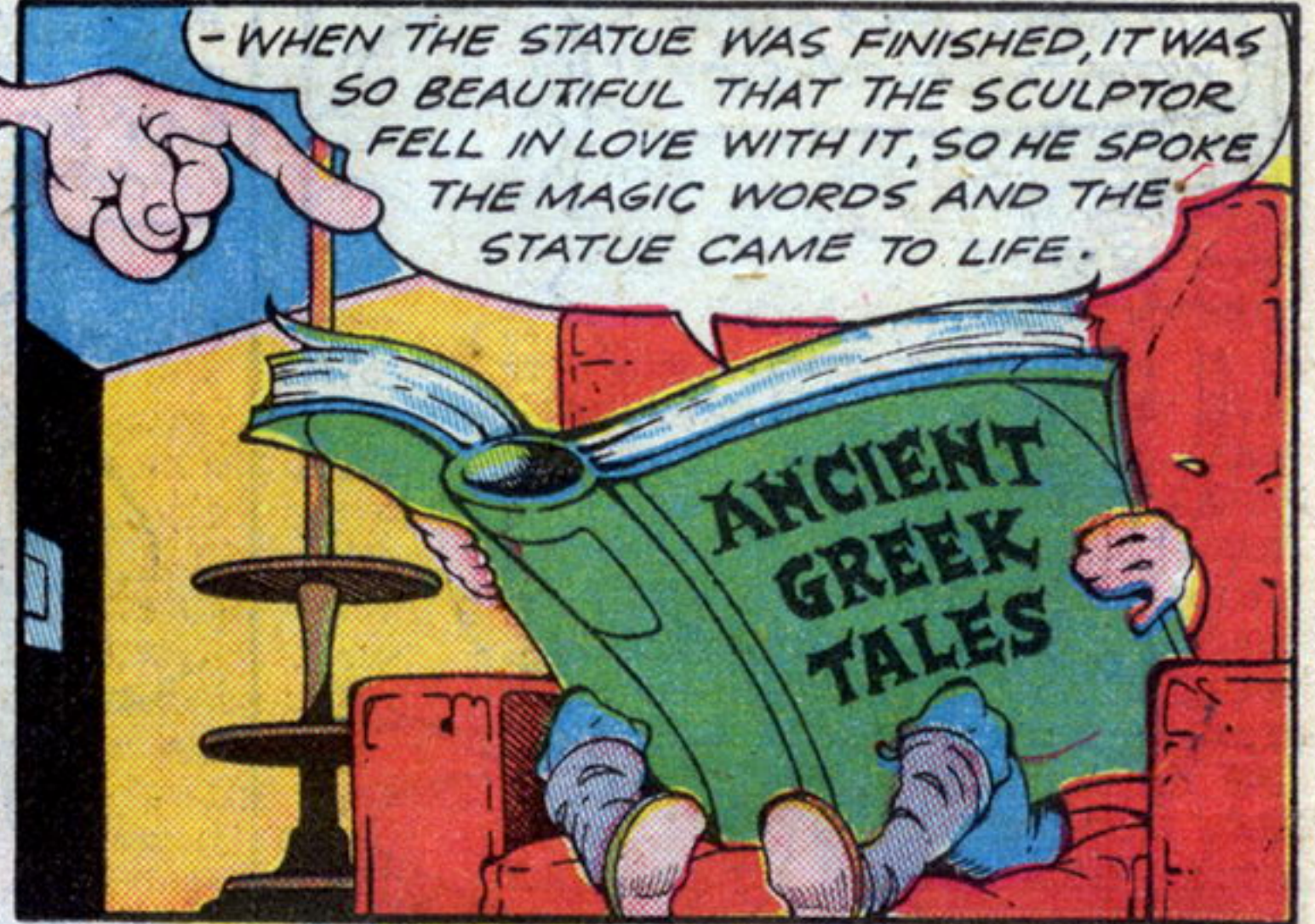
# BLIMPY

HE'S HARDLY SKIMPY!

## The BUNGLING BUDDHA

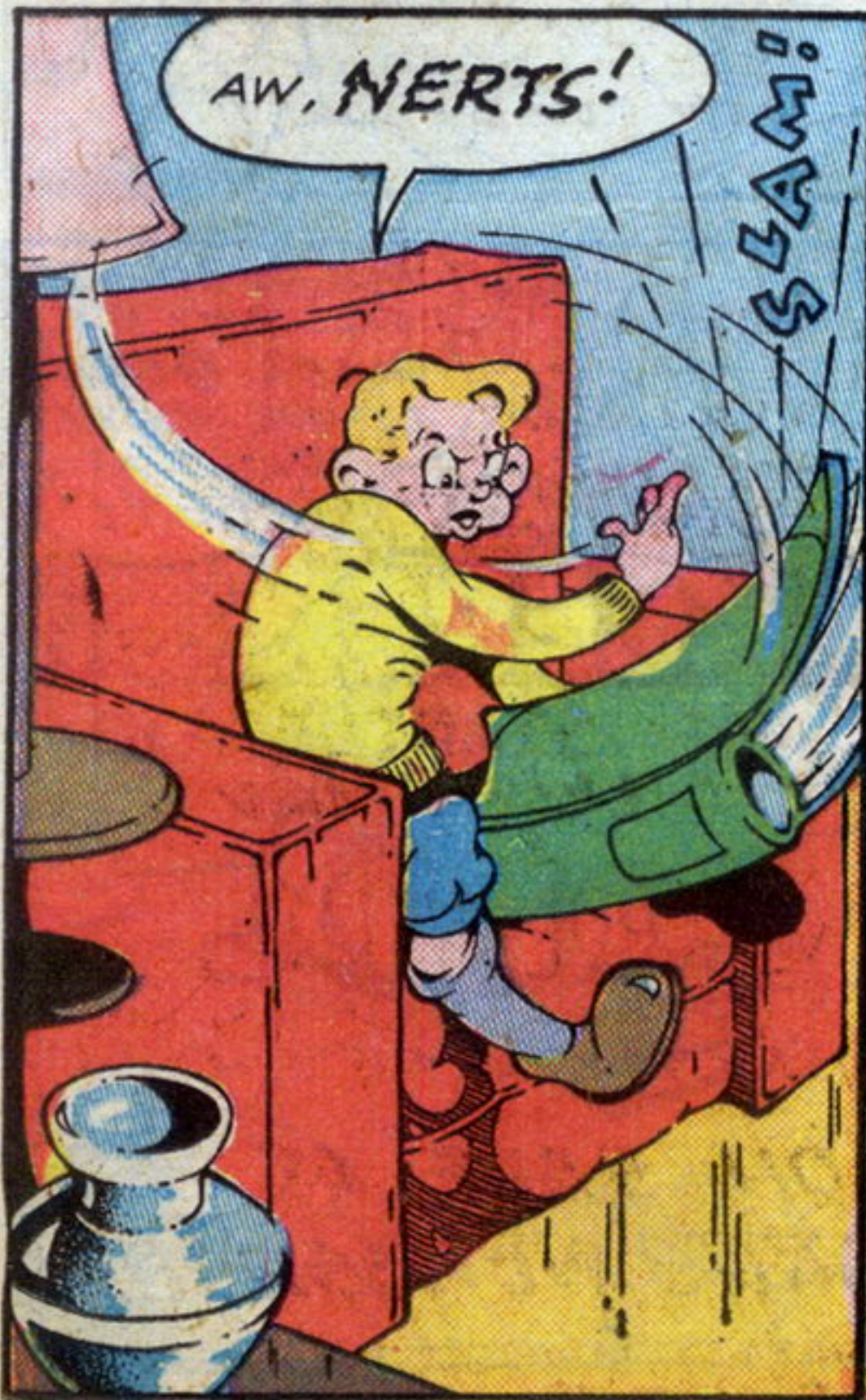
NOW MAYBE THE WHOLE THING NEVER REALLY HAPPENED AND MAYBE IT DID, BUT ONE DAY, (SO THE STORY IS TOLD) TABBY TYLER WAS GLANCING THROUGH AN OLD, OLD BOOK..

- WHEN THE STATUE WAS FINISHED, IT WAS SO BEAUTIFUL THAT THE SCULPTOR FELL IN LOVE WITH IT, SO HE SPOKE THE MAGIC WORDS AND THE STATUE CAME TO LIFE.

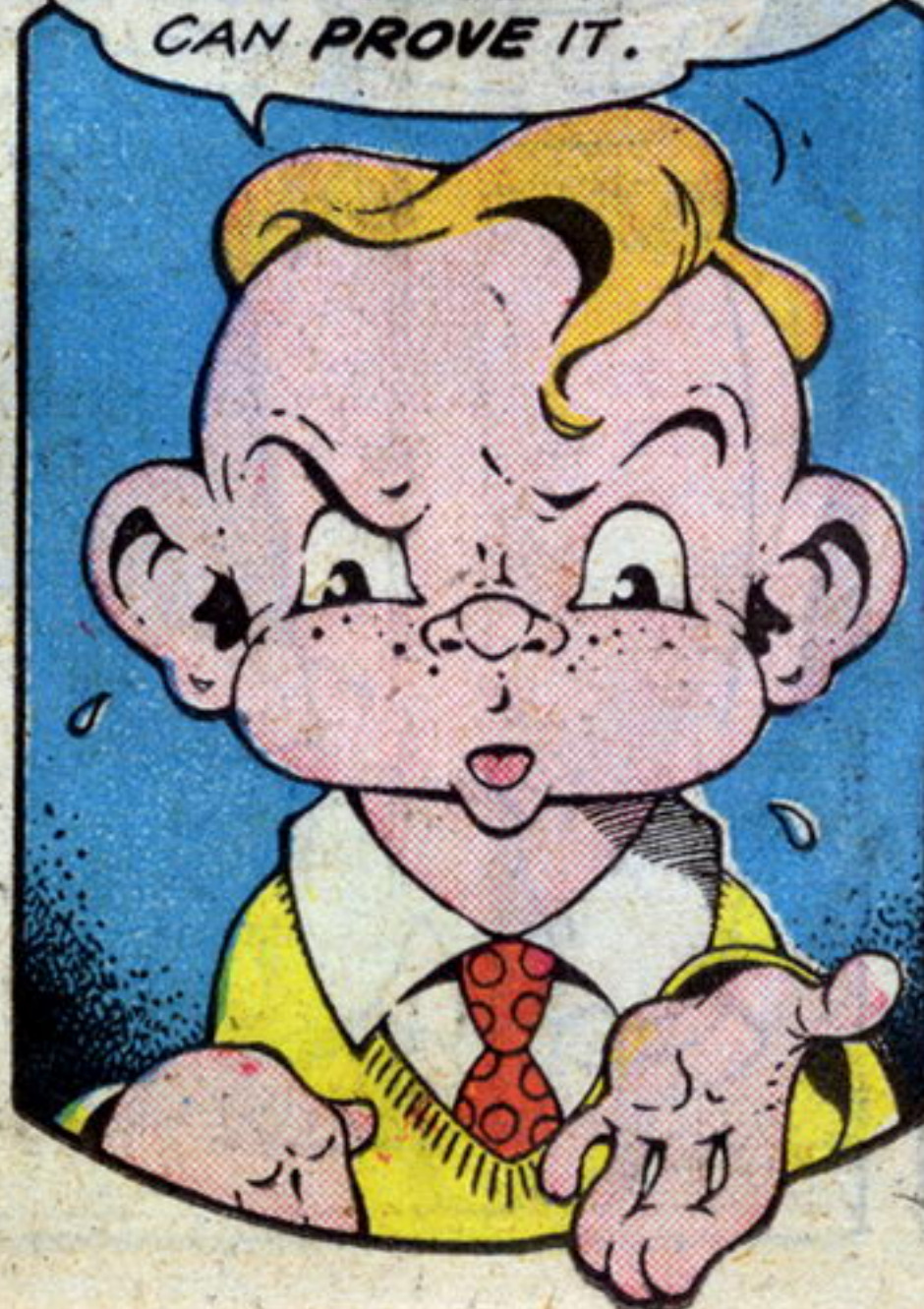


AW, NERTS!

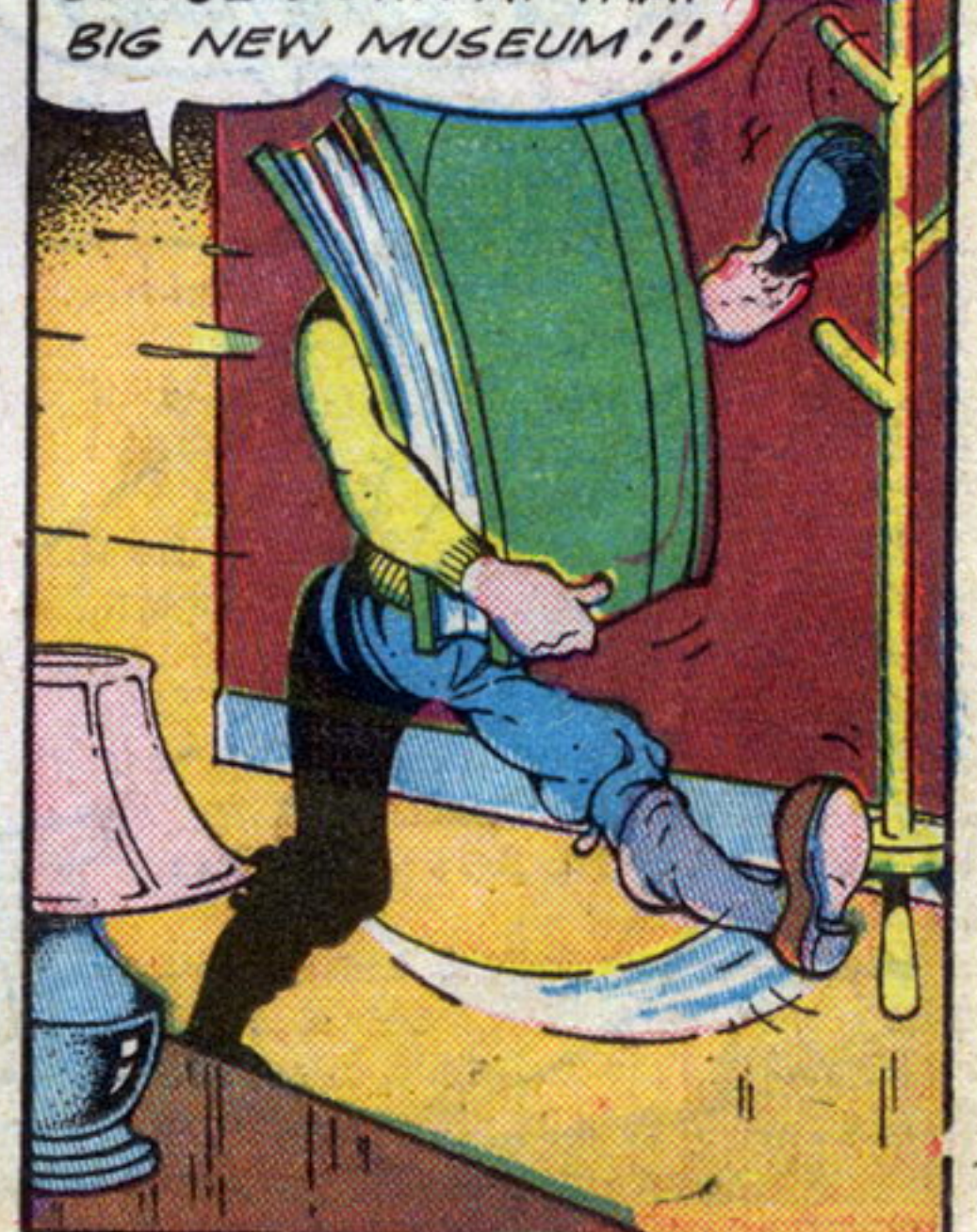
SLAM!



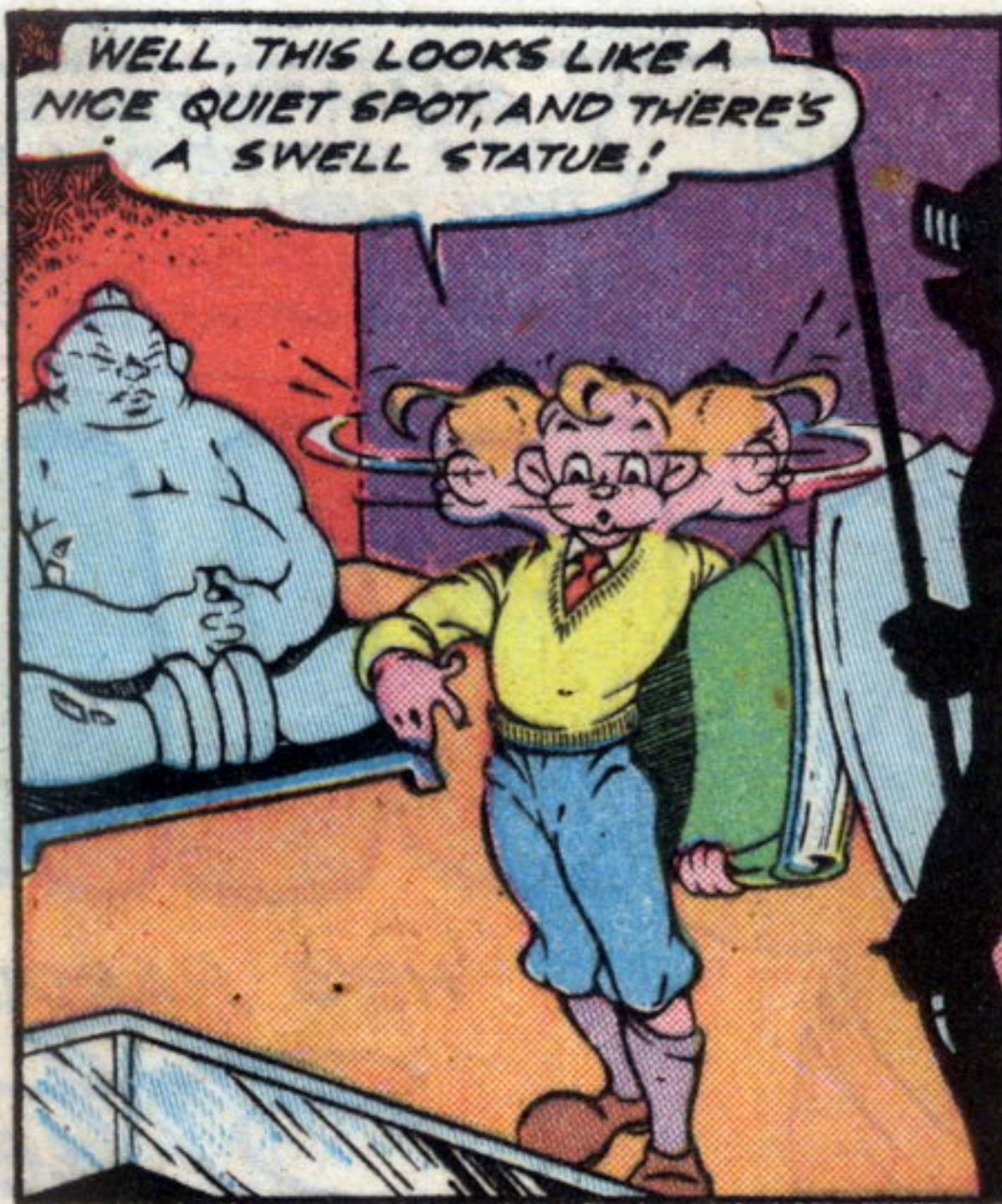
HOW COULD A SILLY THING LIKE THAT EVER HAPPEN? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! AND I CAN PROVE IT.



I'LL JUST GO OUT AND TRY THOSE MAGIC WORDS ON A STATUE DOWN AT THAT BIG NEW MUSEUM!!



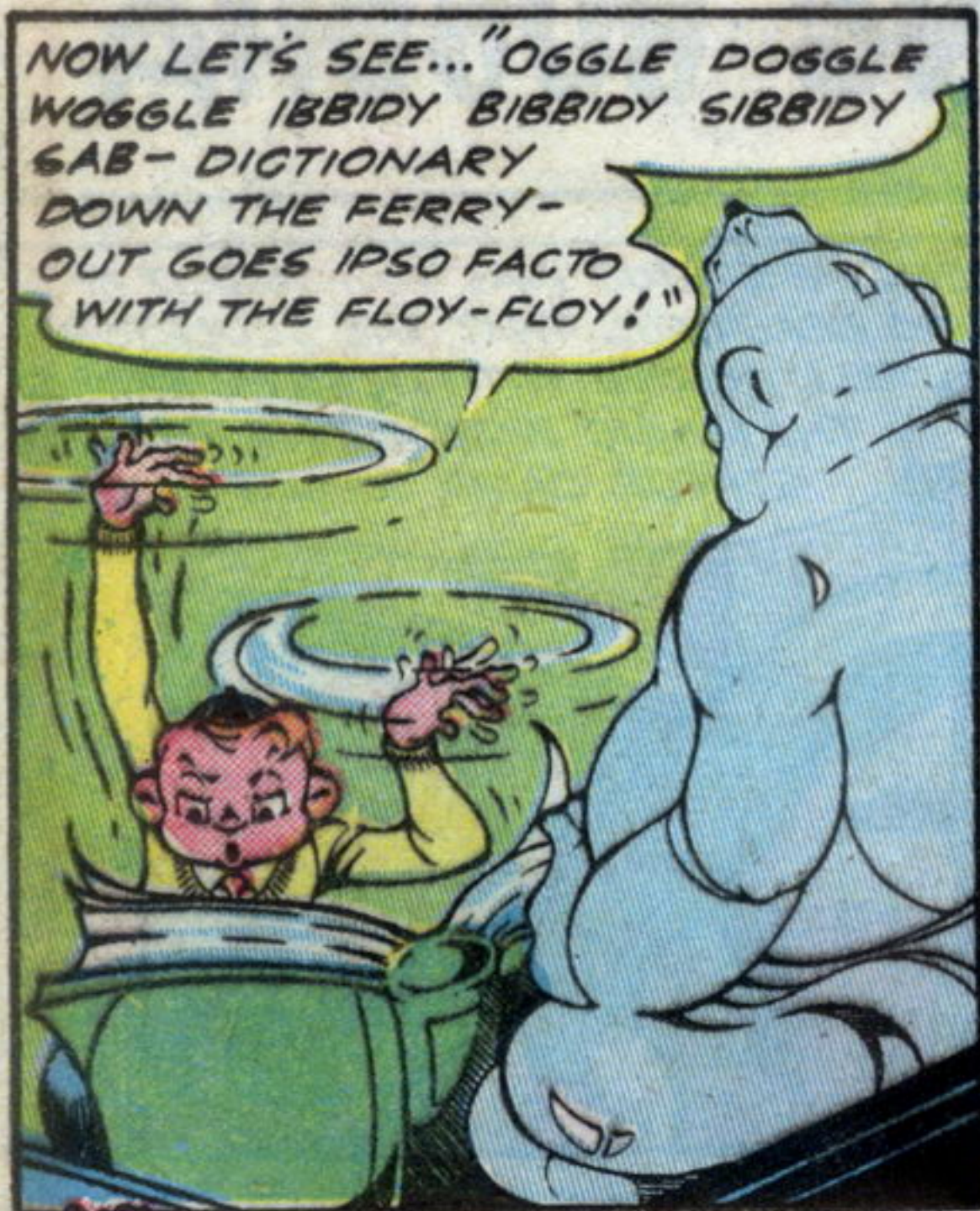




WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE A NICE QUIET SPOT, AND THERE'S A SWELL STATUE!



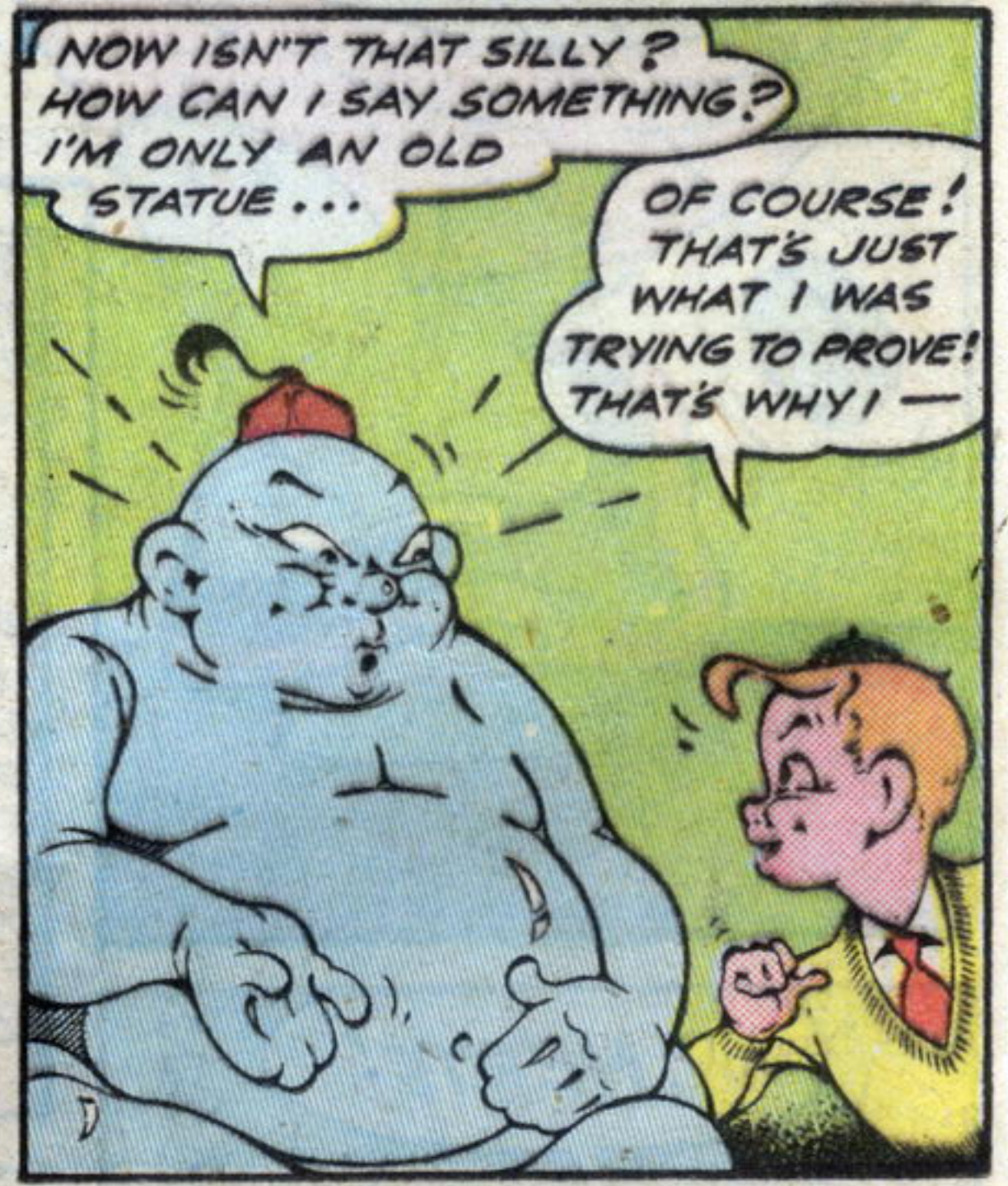
THE LABEL SAYS IT'S AN "ANCIENT ORIENTAL BUDDHA". SOUNDS IMPORTANT, BUT I GUESS I CAN TRY OUT THE WORDS ON IT!



NOW LET'S SEE... "OGGLE DOGGLE WOGGLE IBBIDY BIBBIDY SIBBIDY SAB- DICTIONARY DOWN THE FERRY- OUT GOES IPSO FACTO WITH THE FLOY-FLOY!"

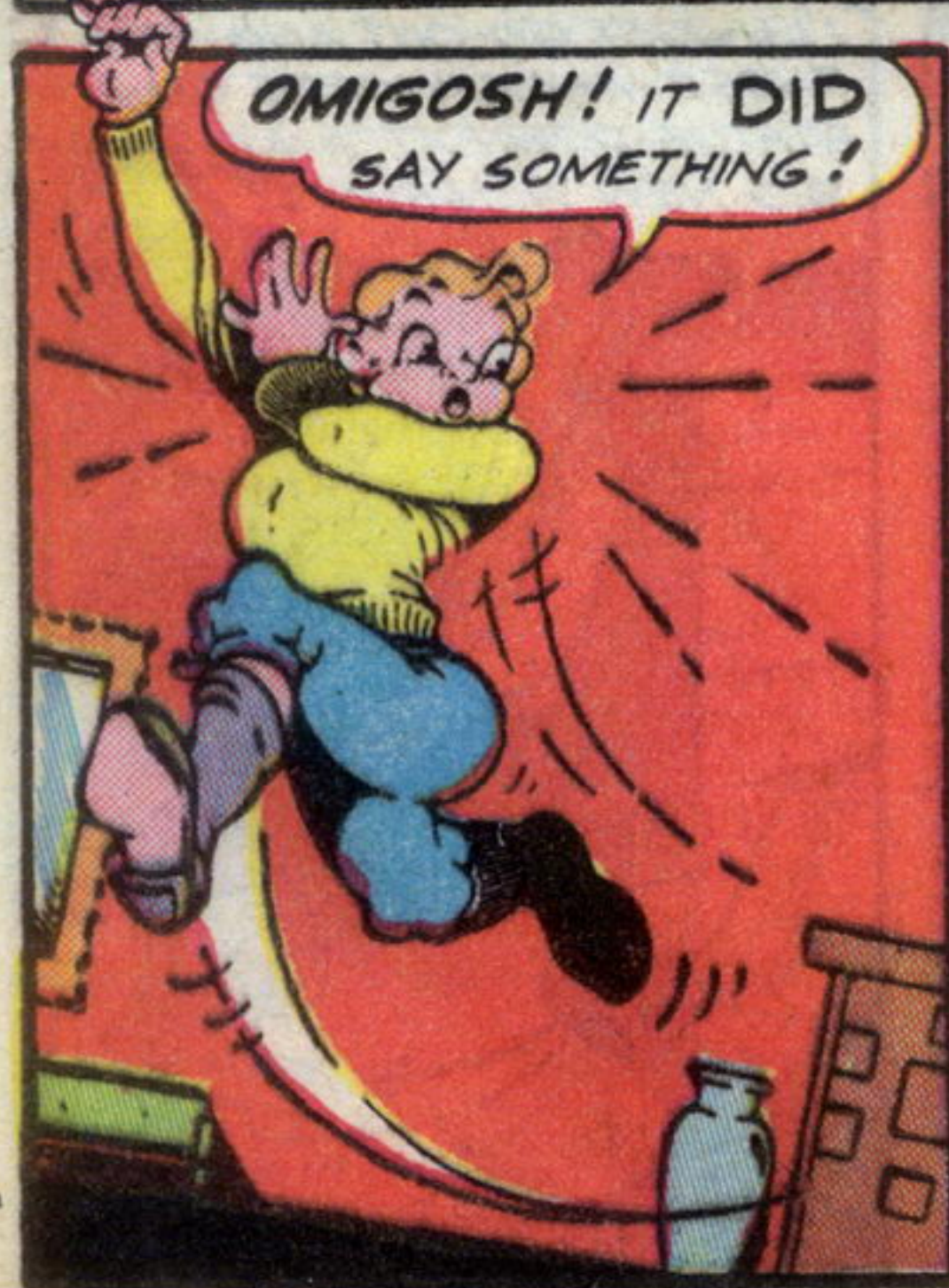


O.K. MR. BUDDHA, GO AHEAD AND MOVE! I KNEW THOSE WORDS WERE PHONEY! GO AHEAD AND SAY SOMETHING, I DARE YA!

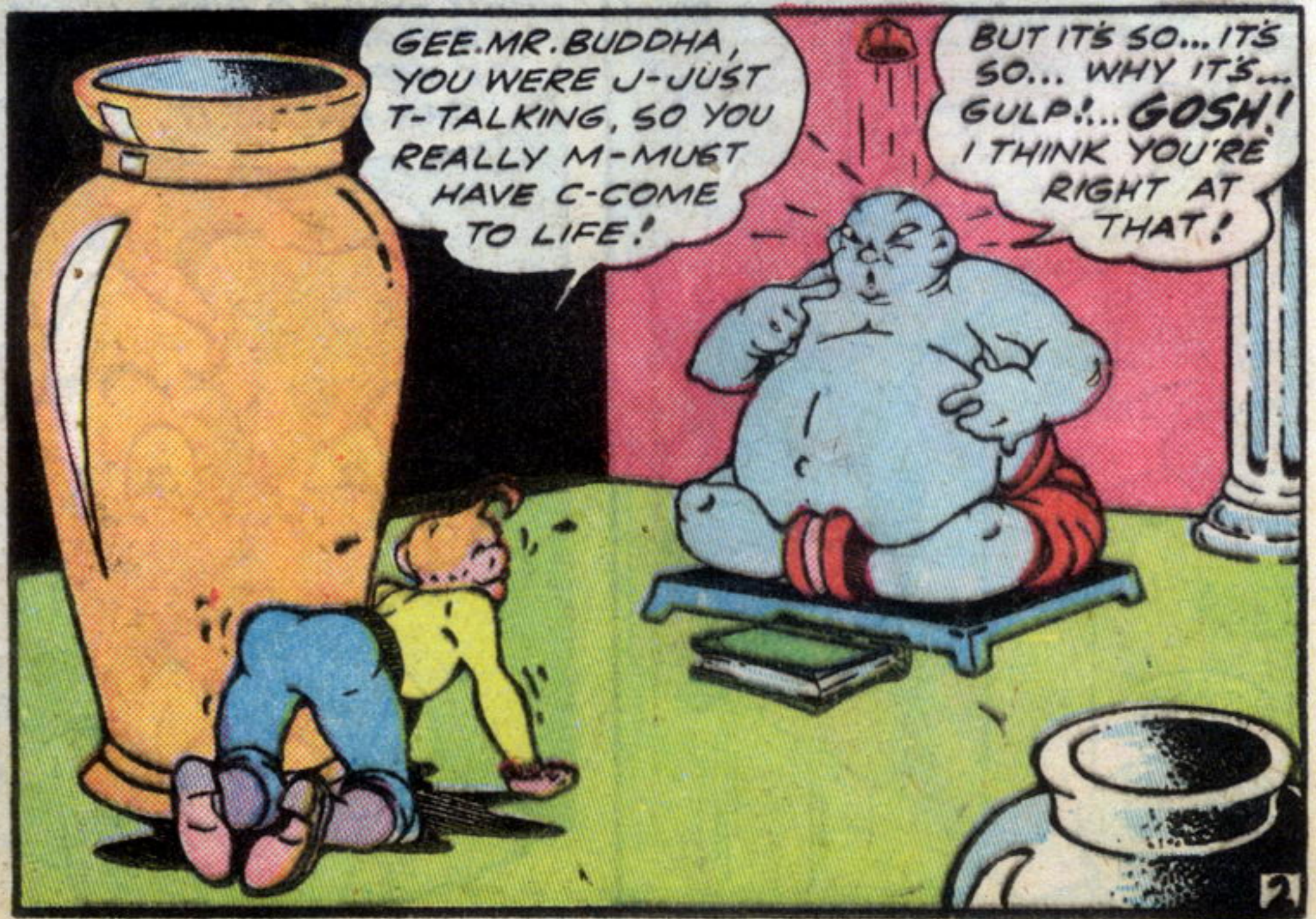


NOW ISN'T THAT SILLY? HOW CAN I SAY SOMETHING? I'M ONLY AN OLD STATUE...

OF COURSE! THAT'S JUST WHAT I WAS TRYING TO PROVE! THAT'S WHY! —



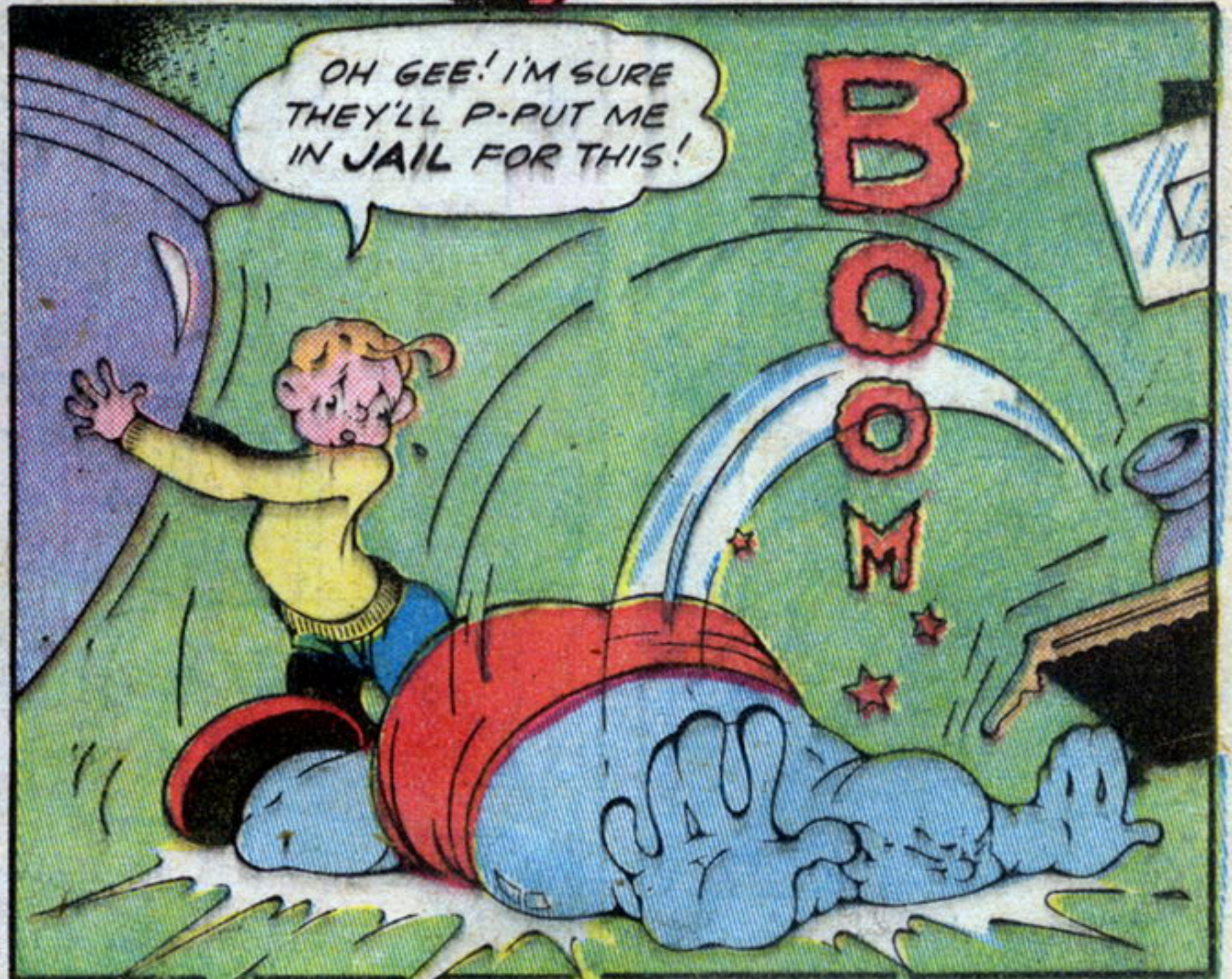
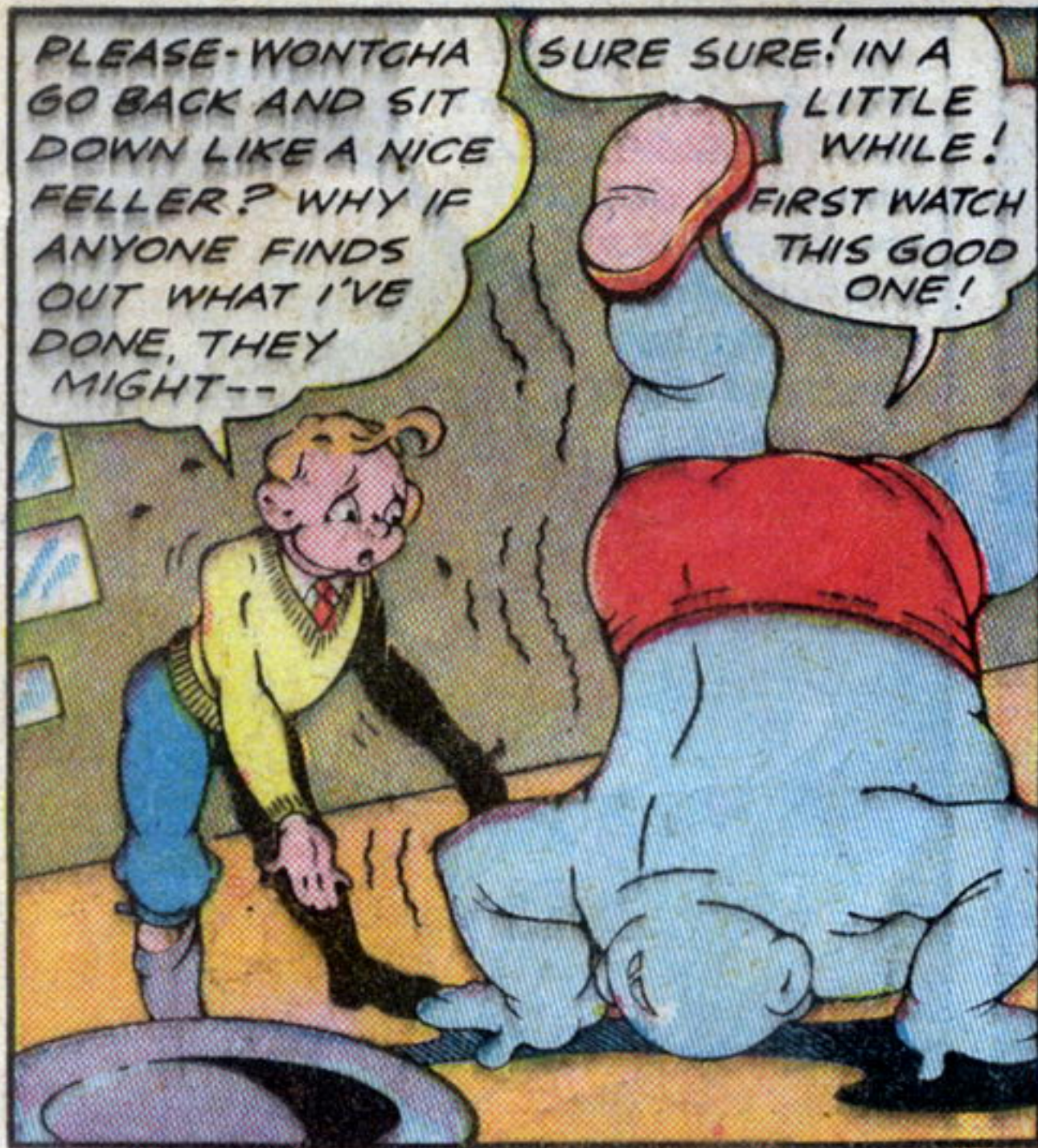
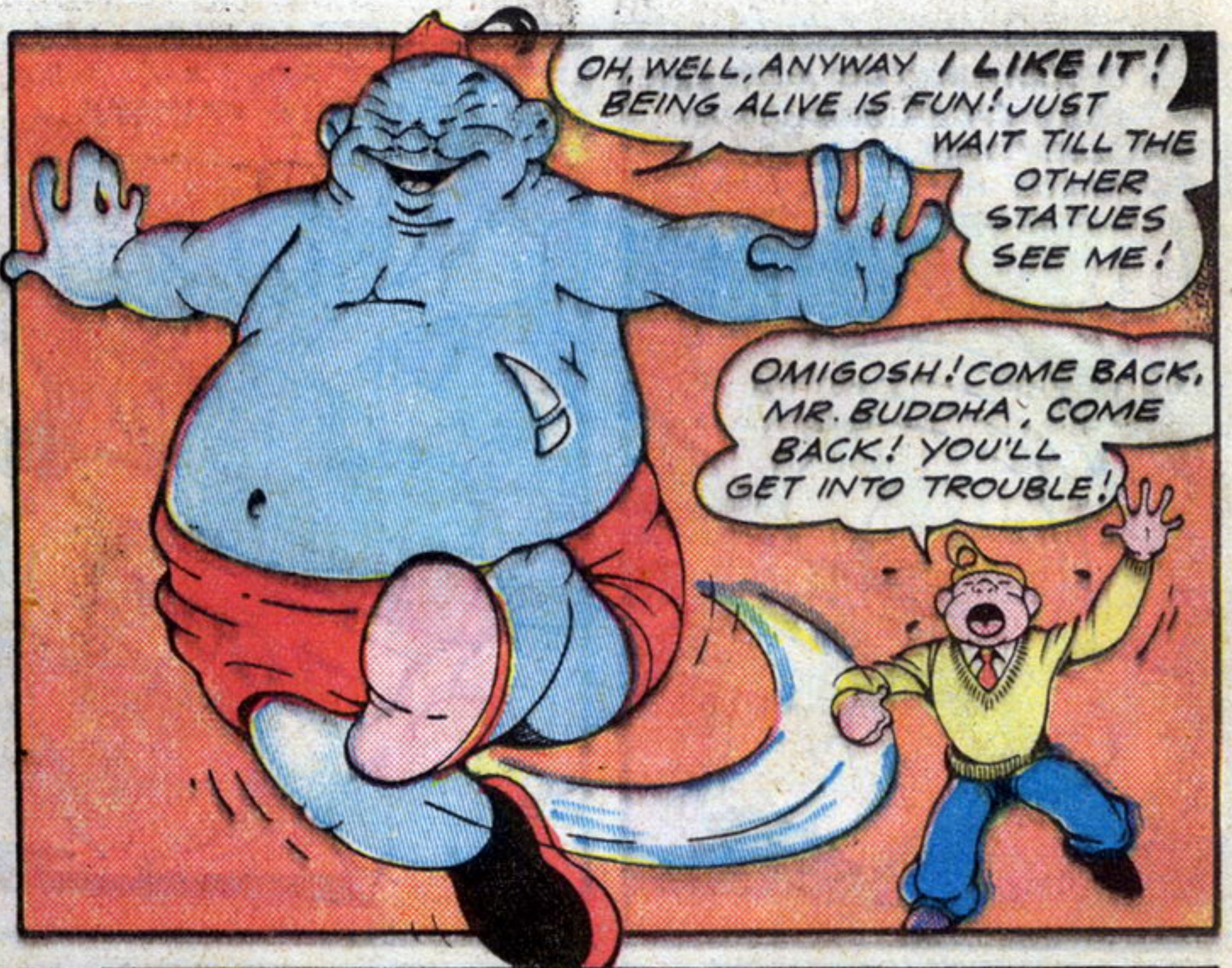
OMIGOSH! IT DID SAY SOMETHING!



GEE, MR. BUDDHA, YOU WERE J-JUST T-TALKING, SO YOU REALLY M-MUST HAVE C-COME TO LIFE!

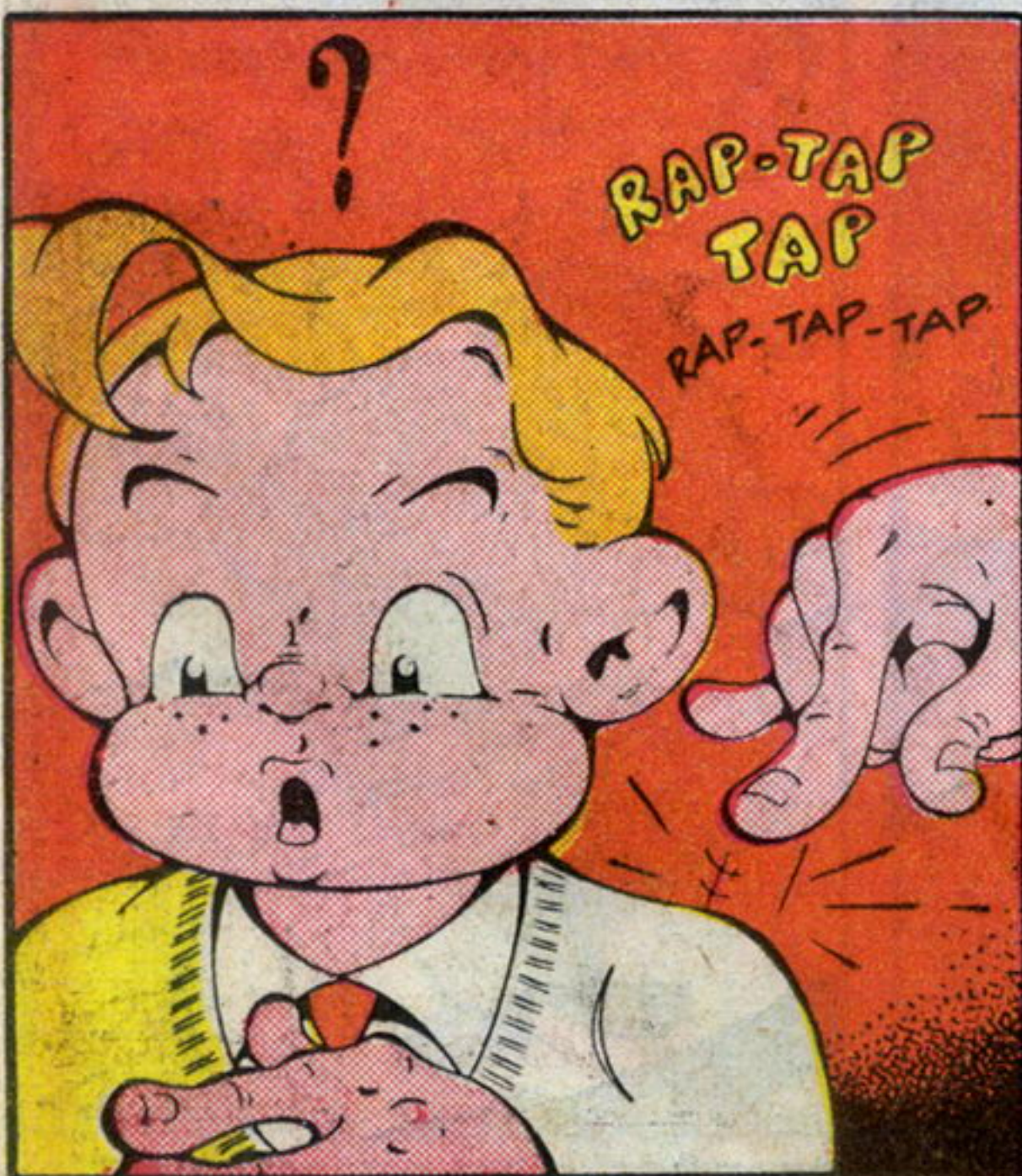
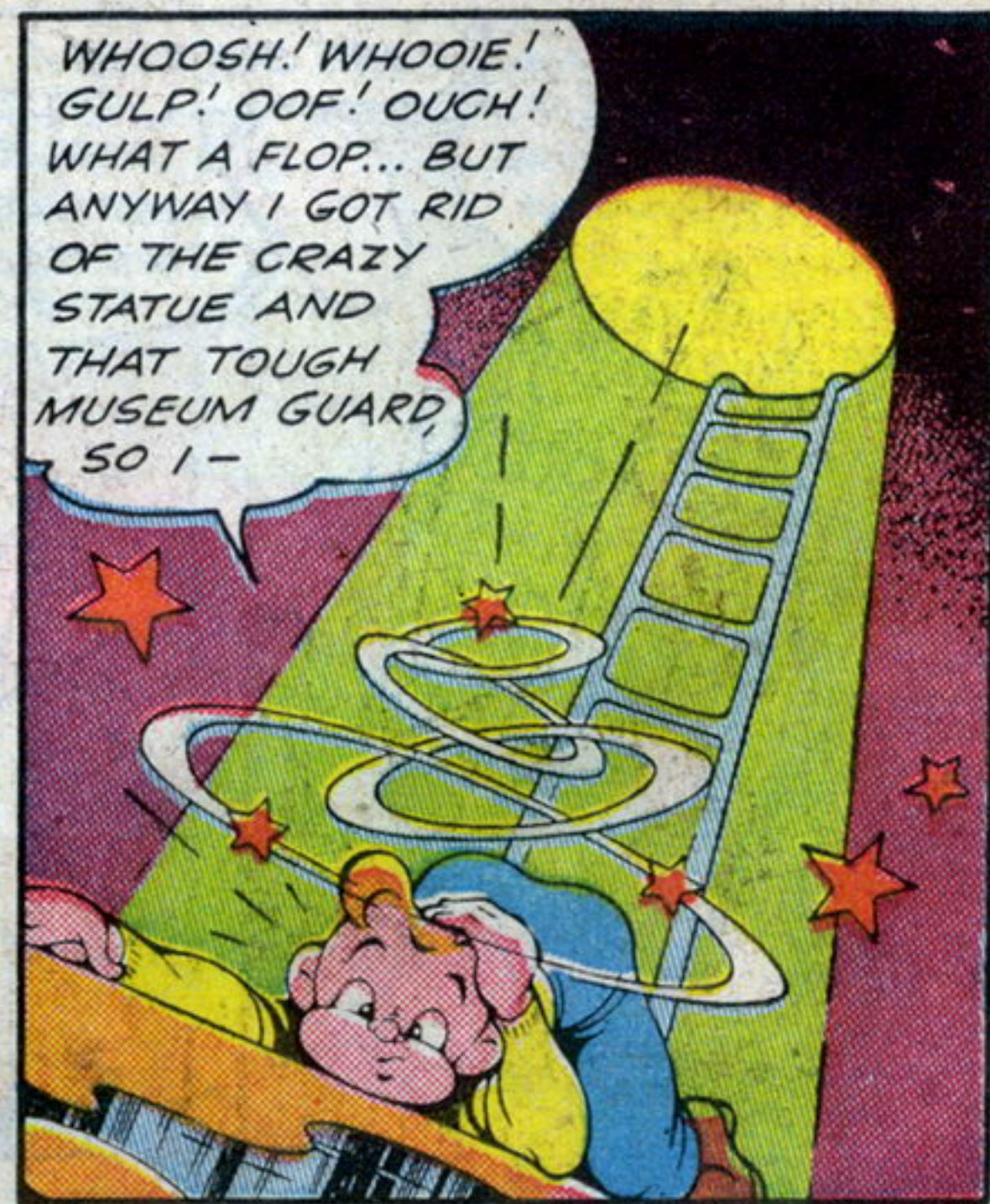
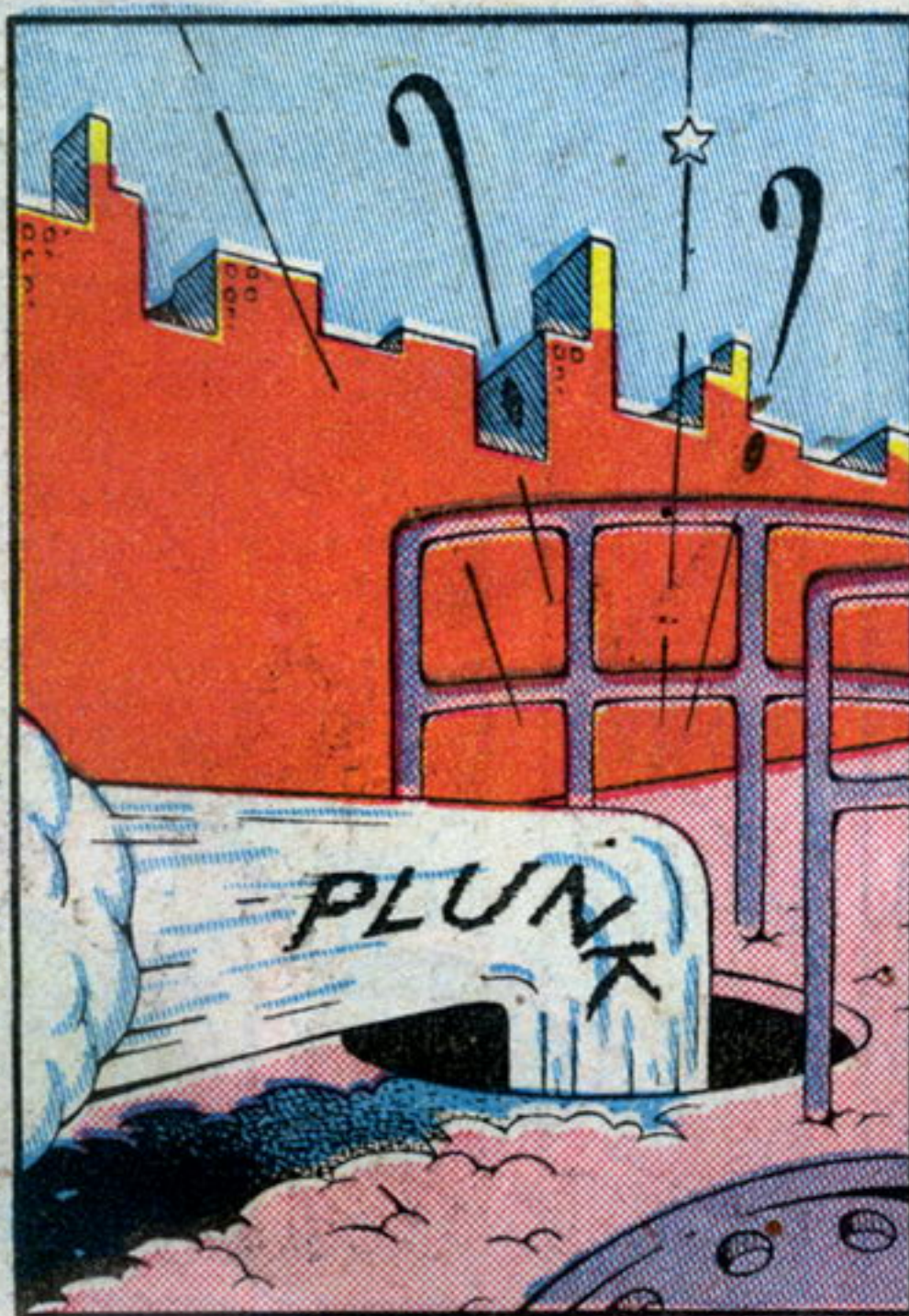
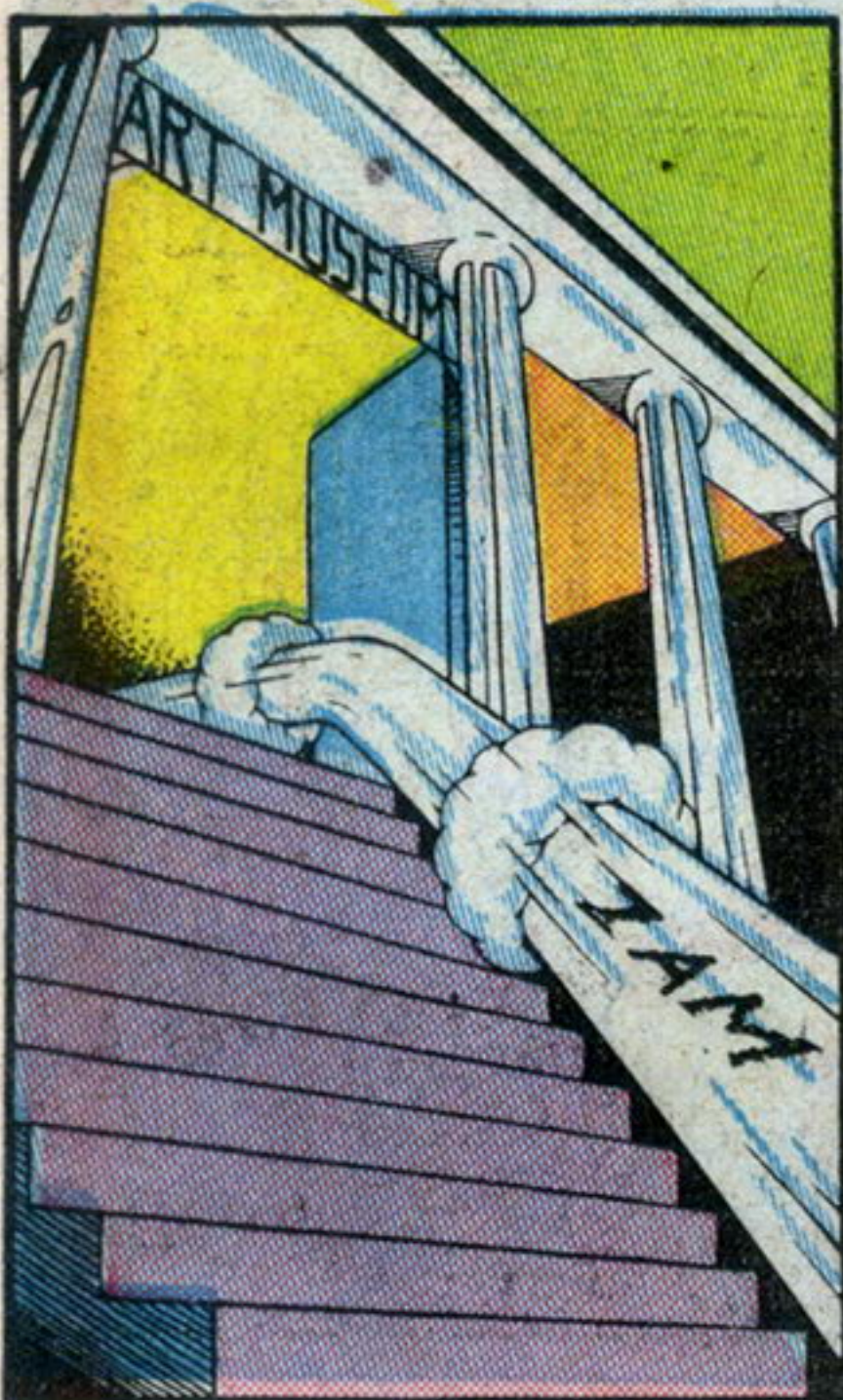
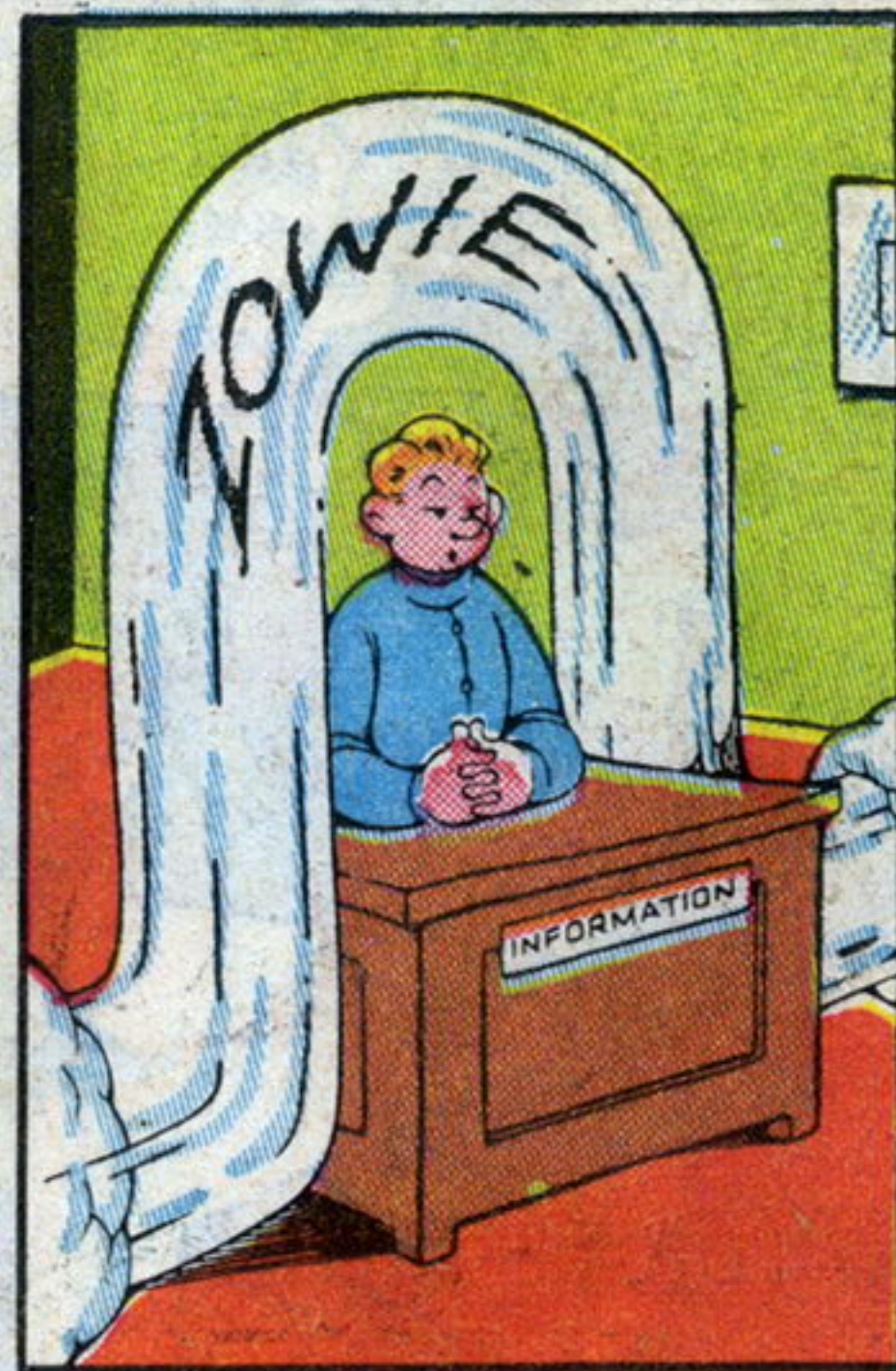
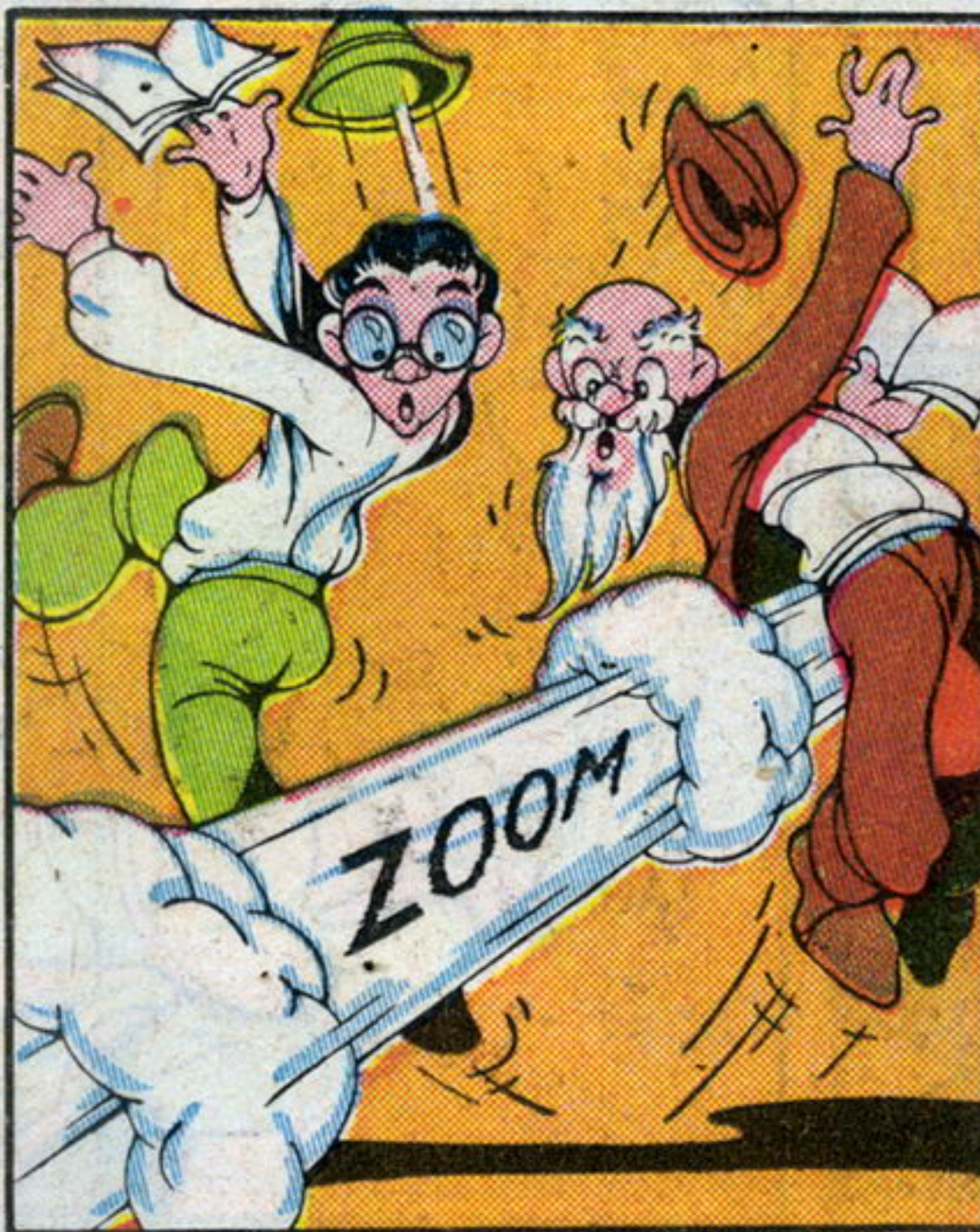
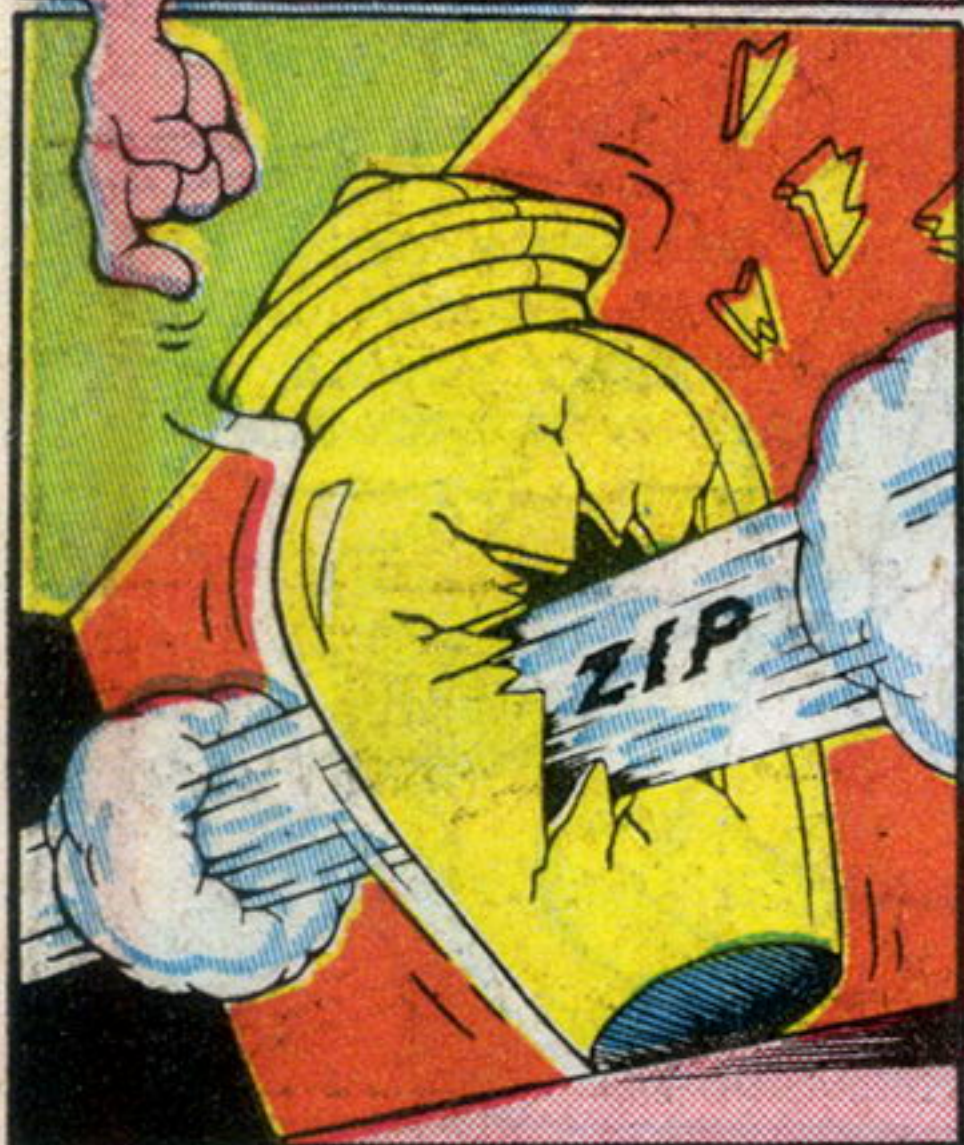
BUT IT'S SO... IT'S SO... WHY IT'S... GULP!... GOSH! I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT AT THAT!



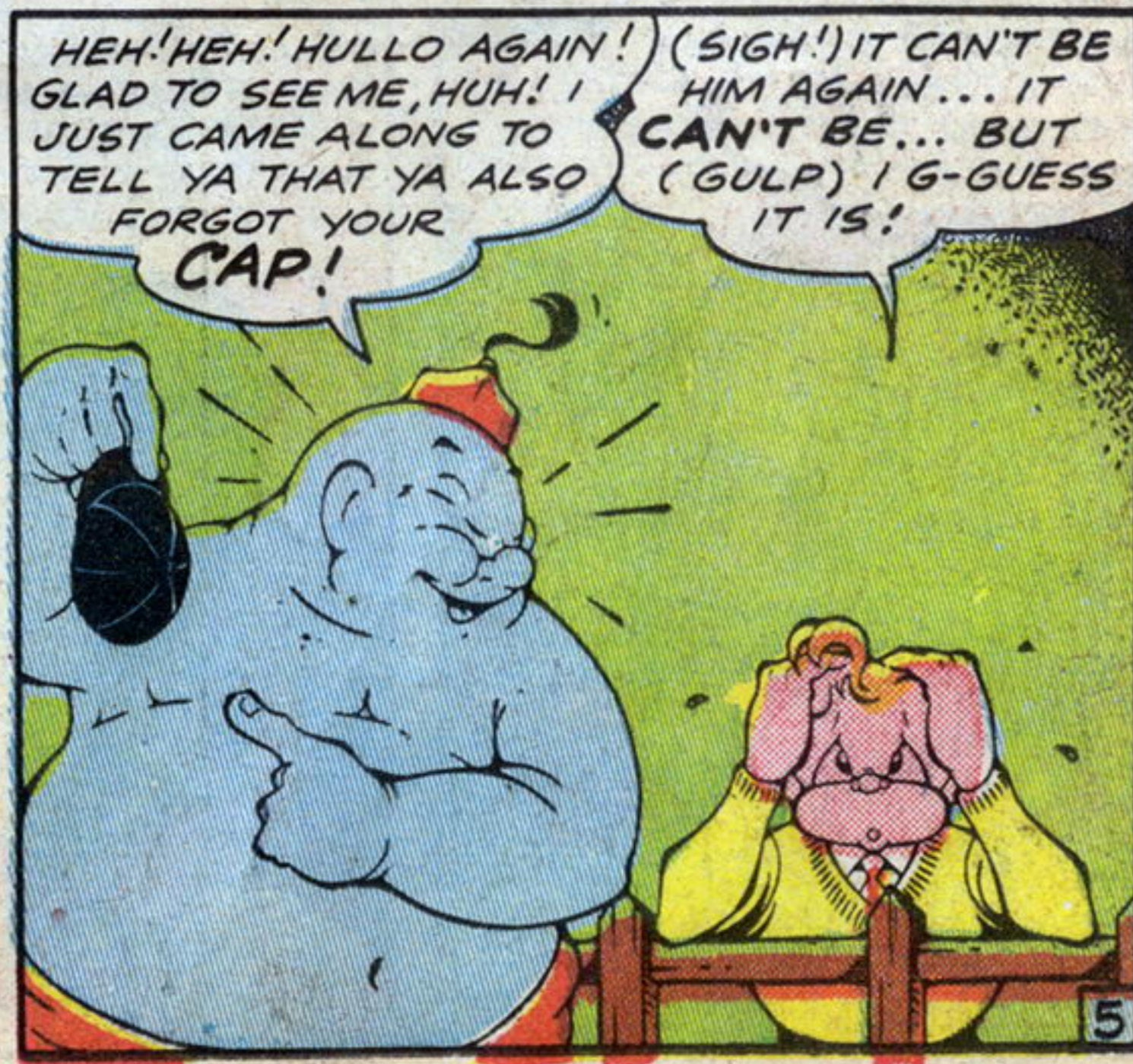
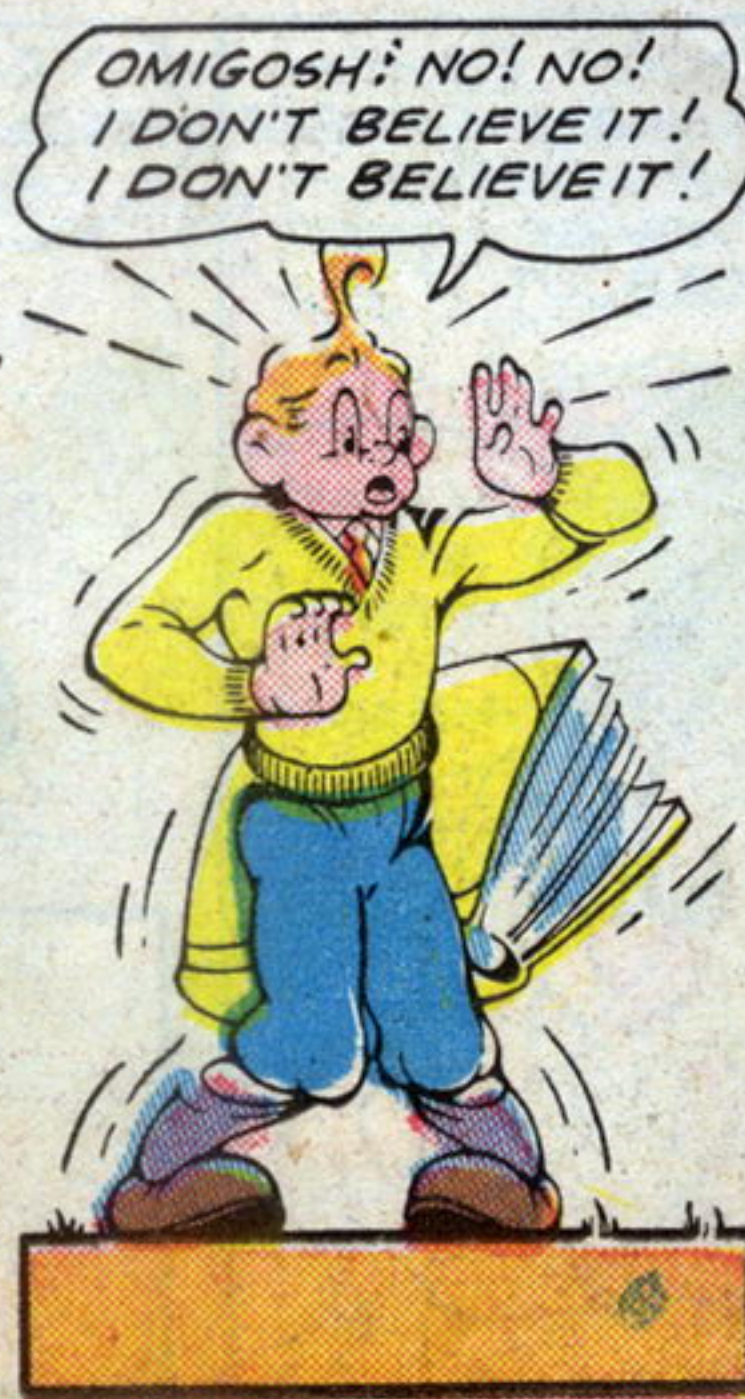
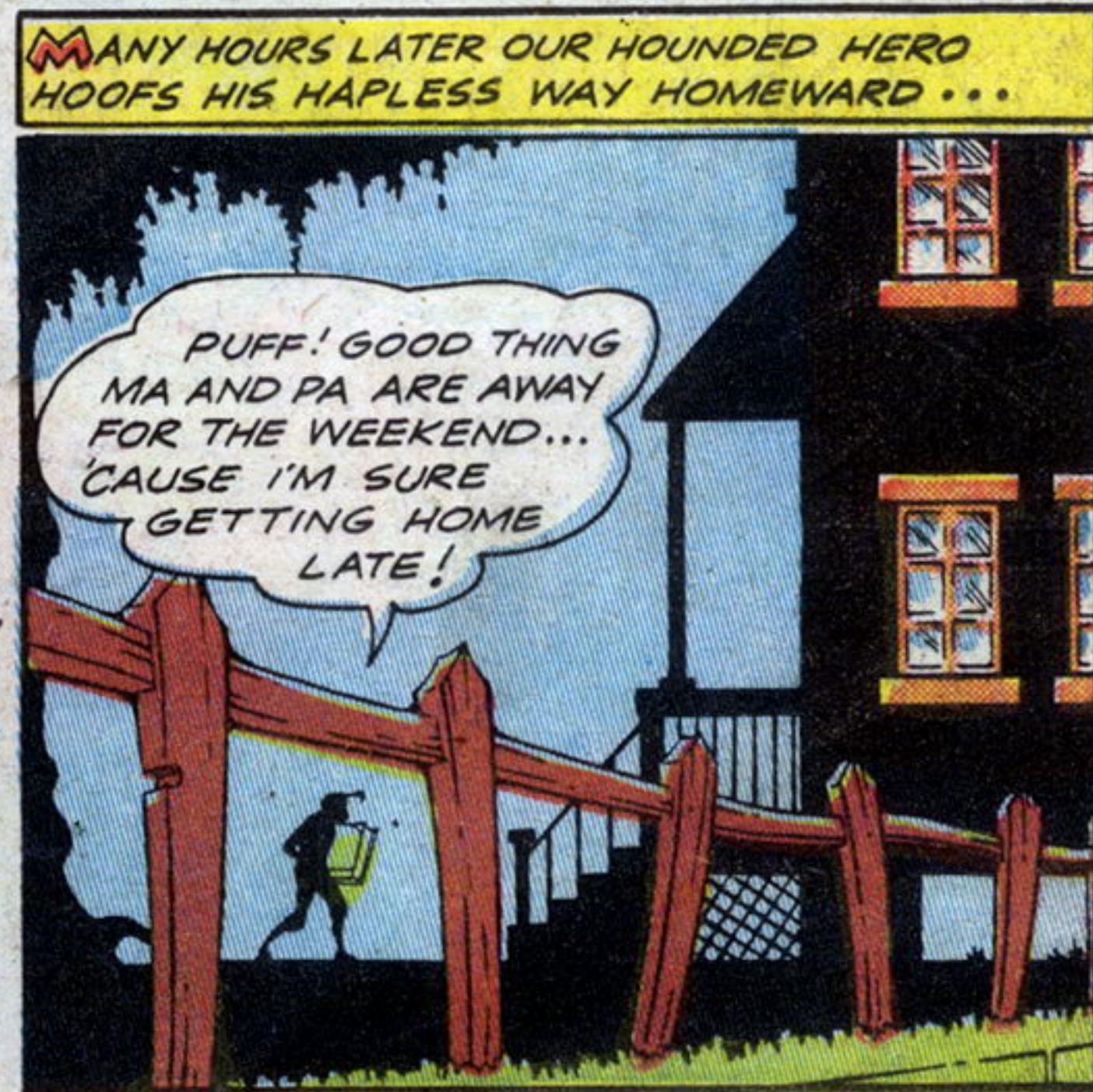
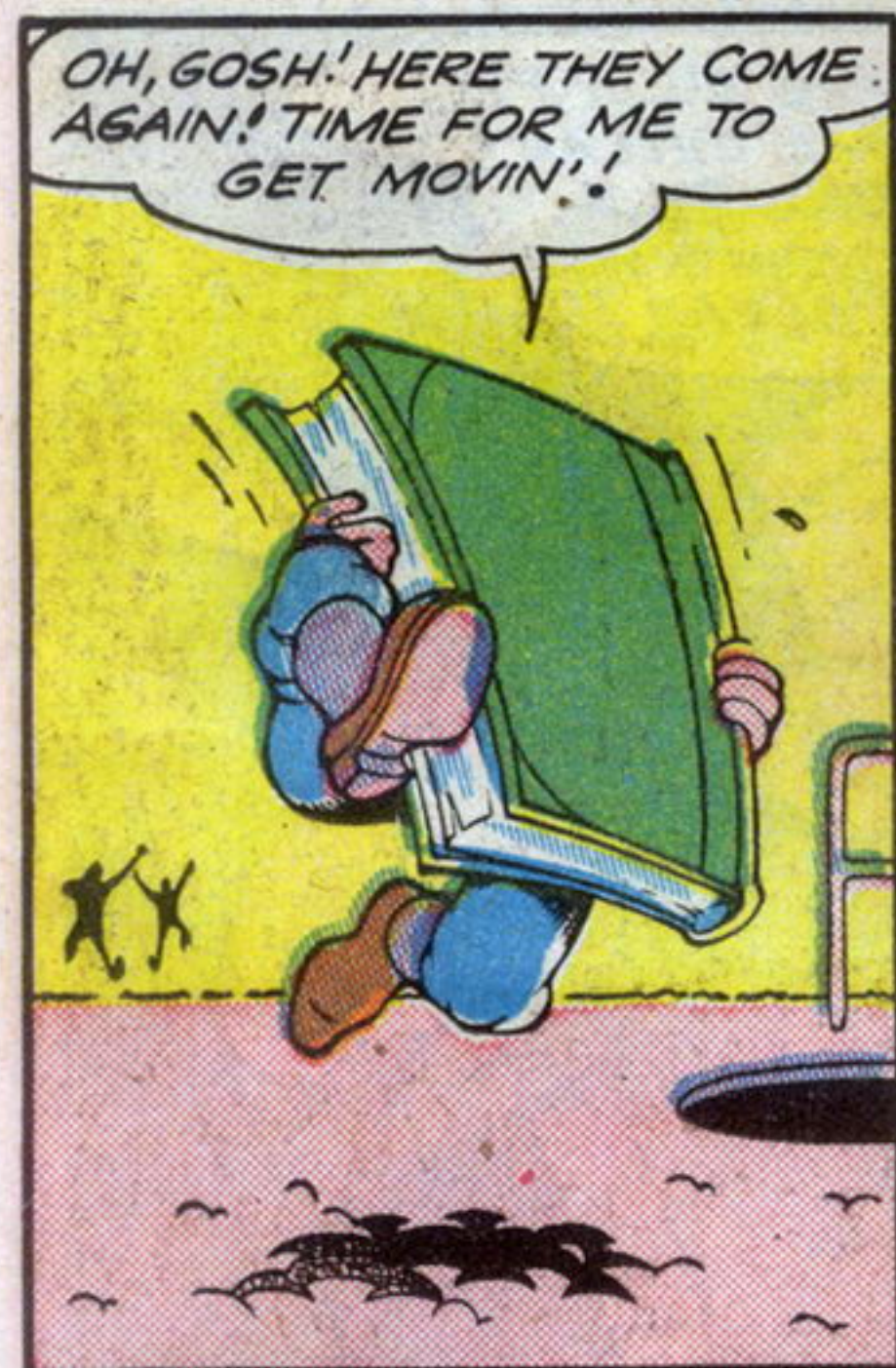
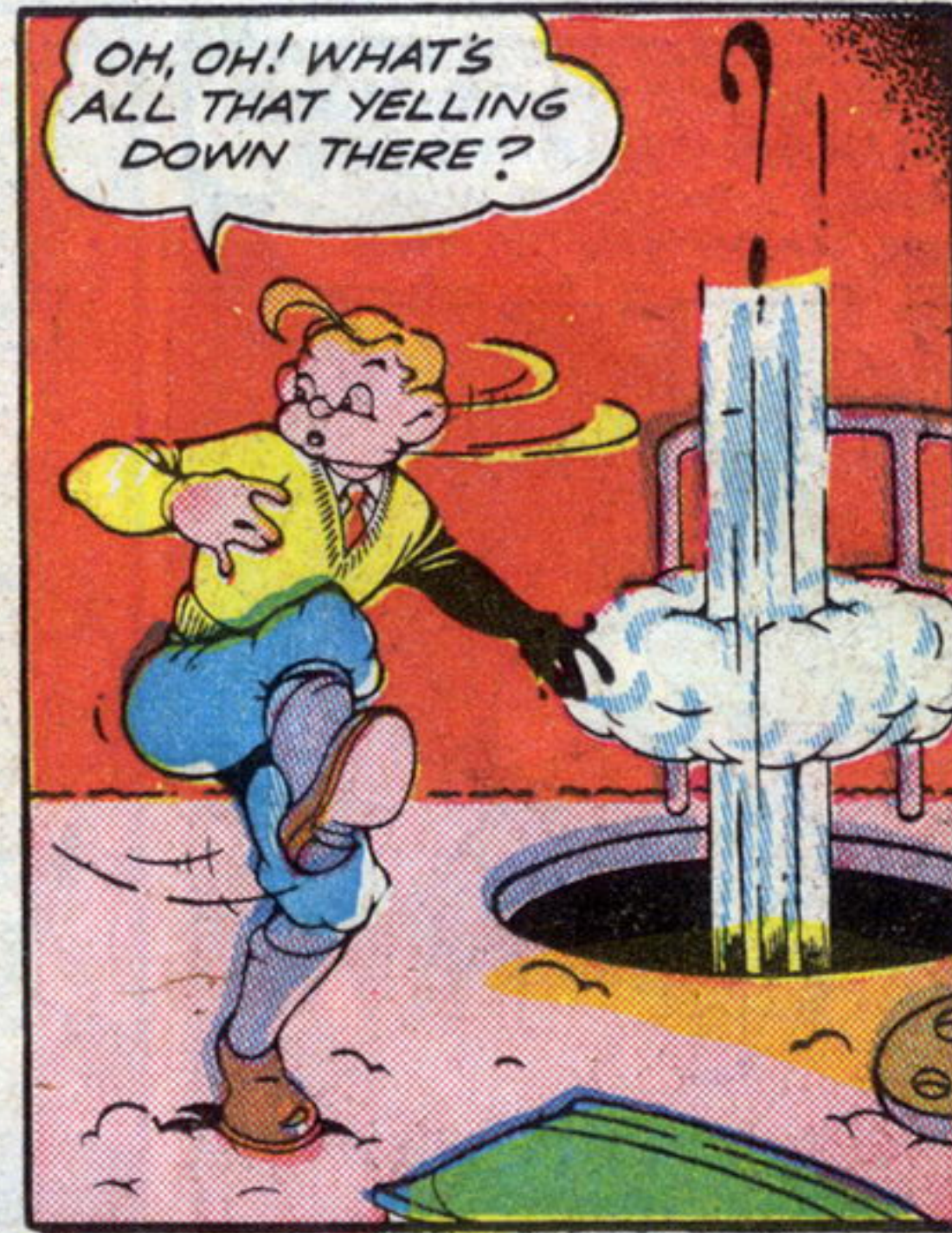




THE FELLOW YOU DO NOT SEE IS TABBY TYLER SHOOTING THROUGH THE MUSEUM AT 80 MILES AN HOUR.



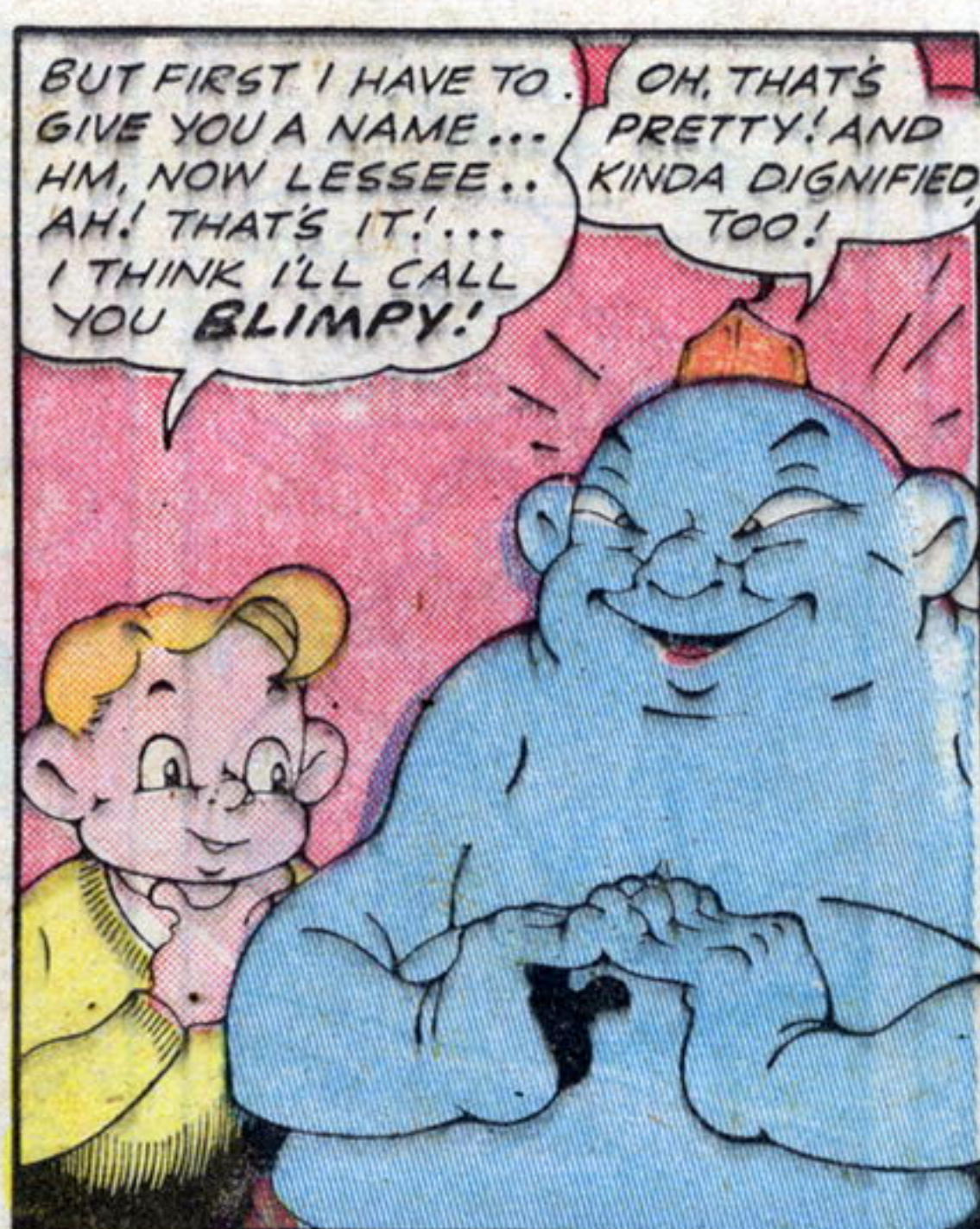








WELL, I GUESS I'M STUCK WITH YA, SO COME ON IN AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME, WHILE I THINK UP WHAT TO DO ABOUT THIS!



BUT FIRST I HAVE TO GIVE YOU A NAME... HM, NOW LESSEE... AH! THAT'S IT!... I THINK I'LL CALL YOU **BLIMPY!**

OH, THAT'S PRETTY! AND KINDA DIGNIFIED, TOO!



**BOOM! KA-BOOM!**  
**BANG!**



OPEN UP IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!

OMIGOSH!

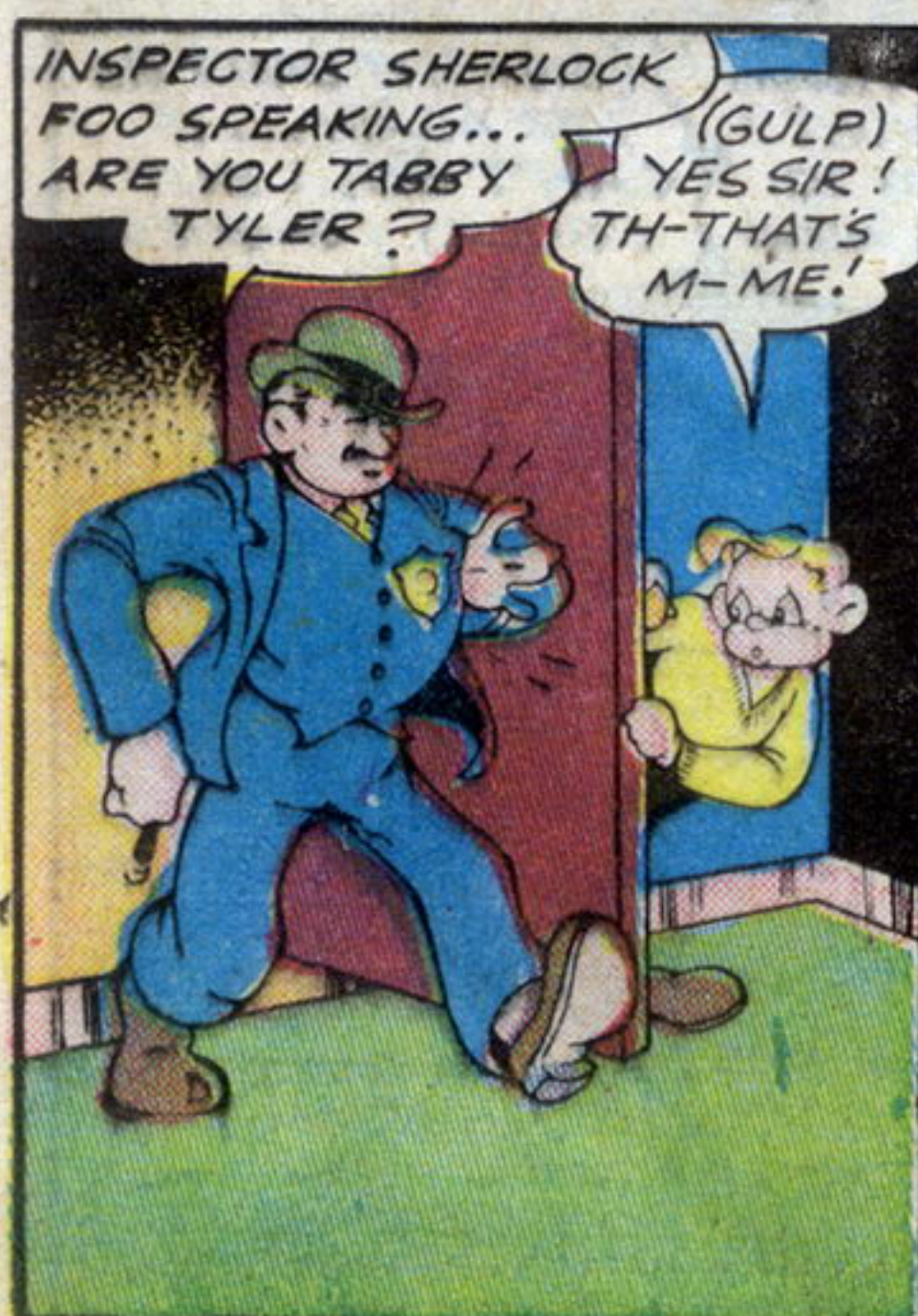
GULP!

GULP!

GULP!

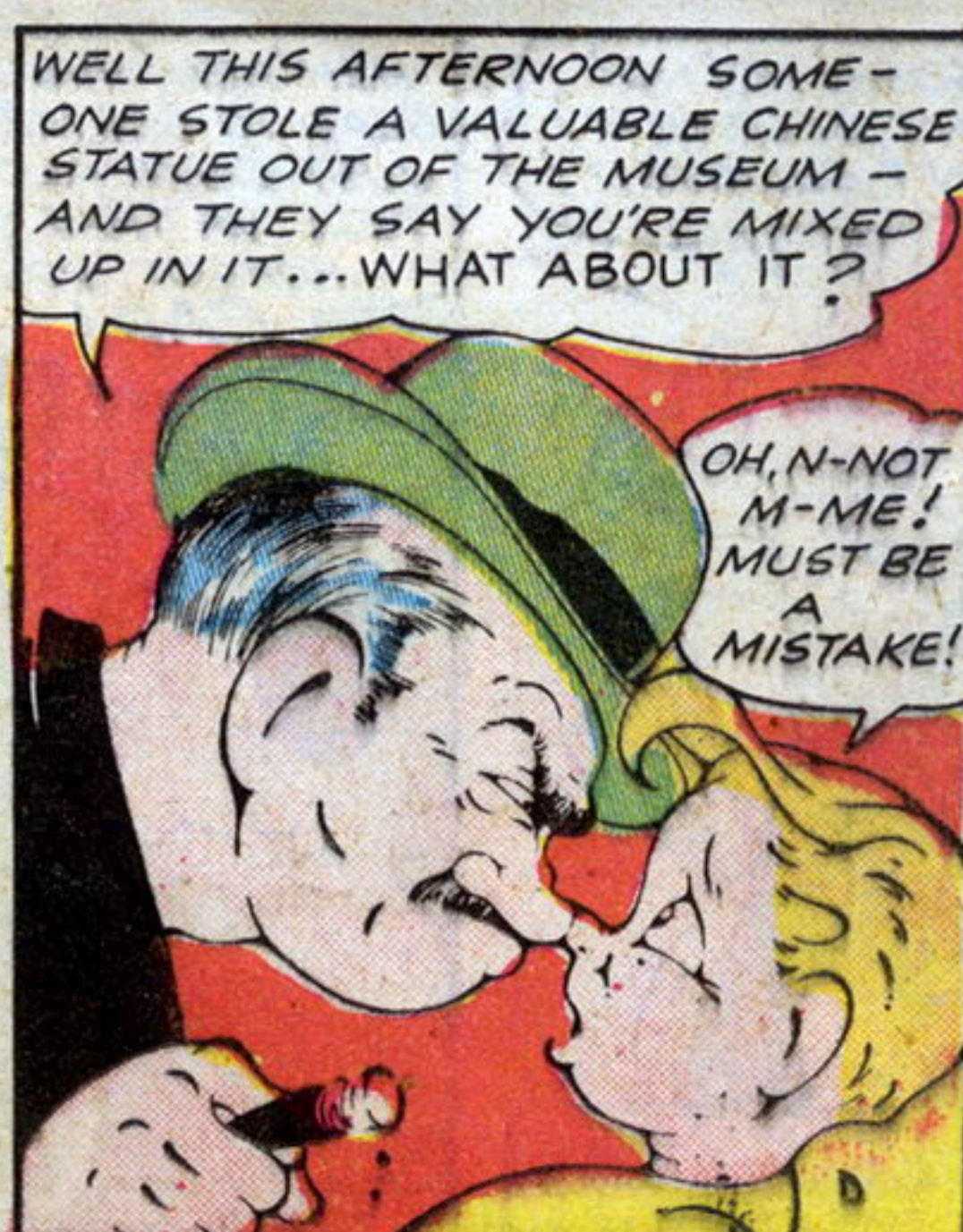


NO! NO! NOT THERE, BLIMPY, GET DOWN IN THE CELLAR! HIDE IN THE COAL PILE, I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR!



INSPECTOR SHERLOCK FOO SPEAKING... ARE YOU TABBY TYLER?

(GULP) YES SIR! TH-THAT'S M-ME!



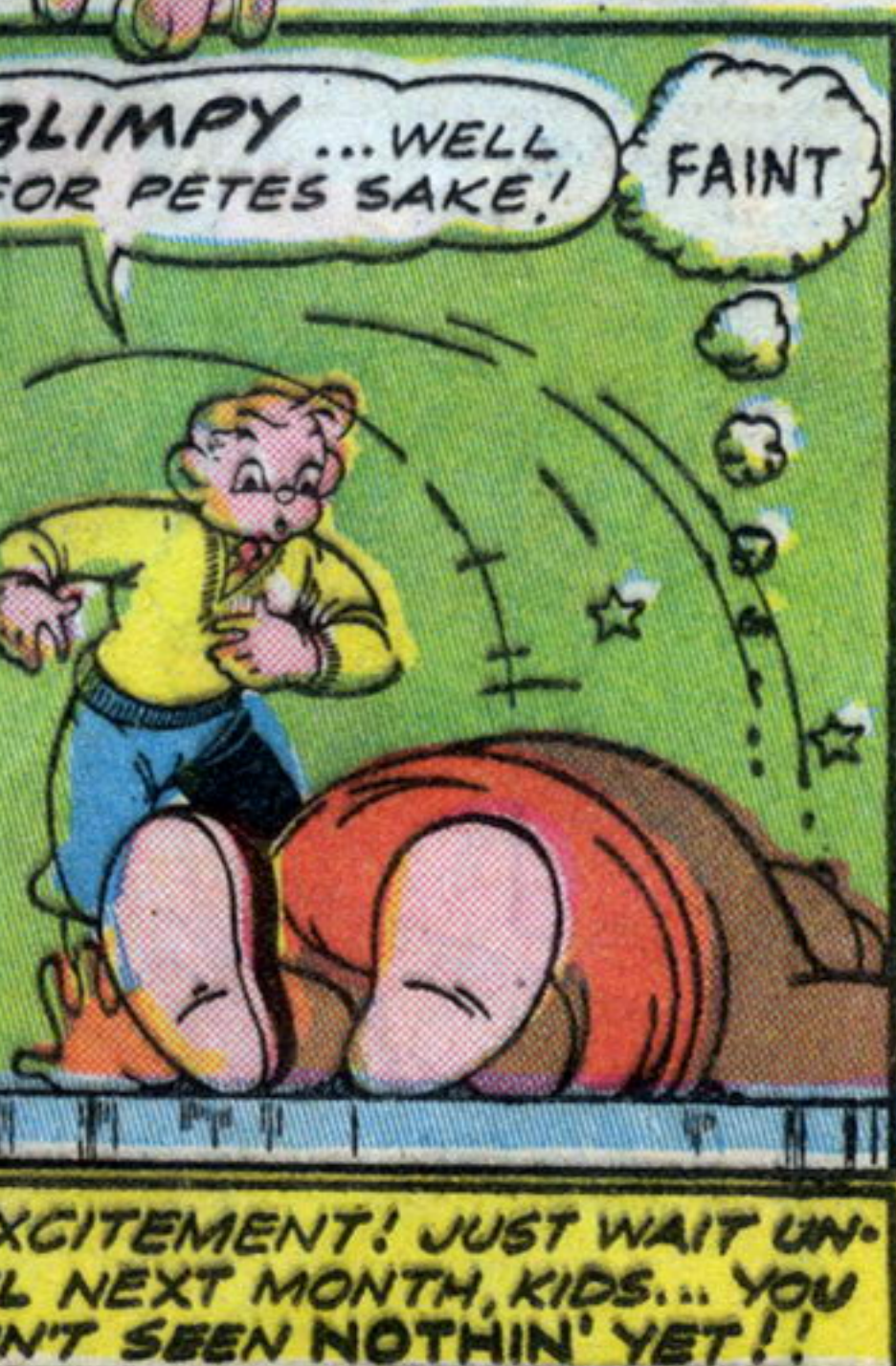
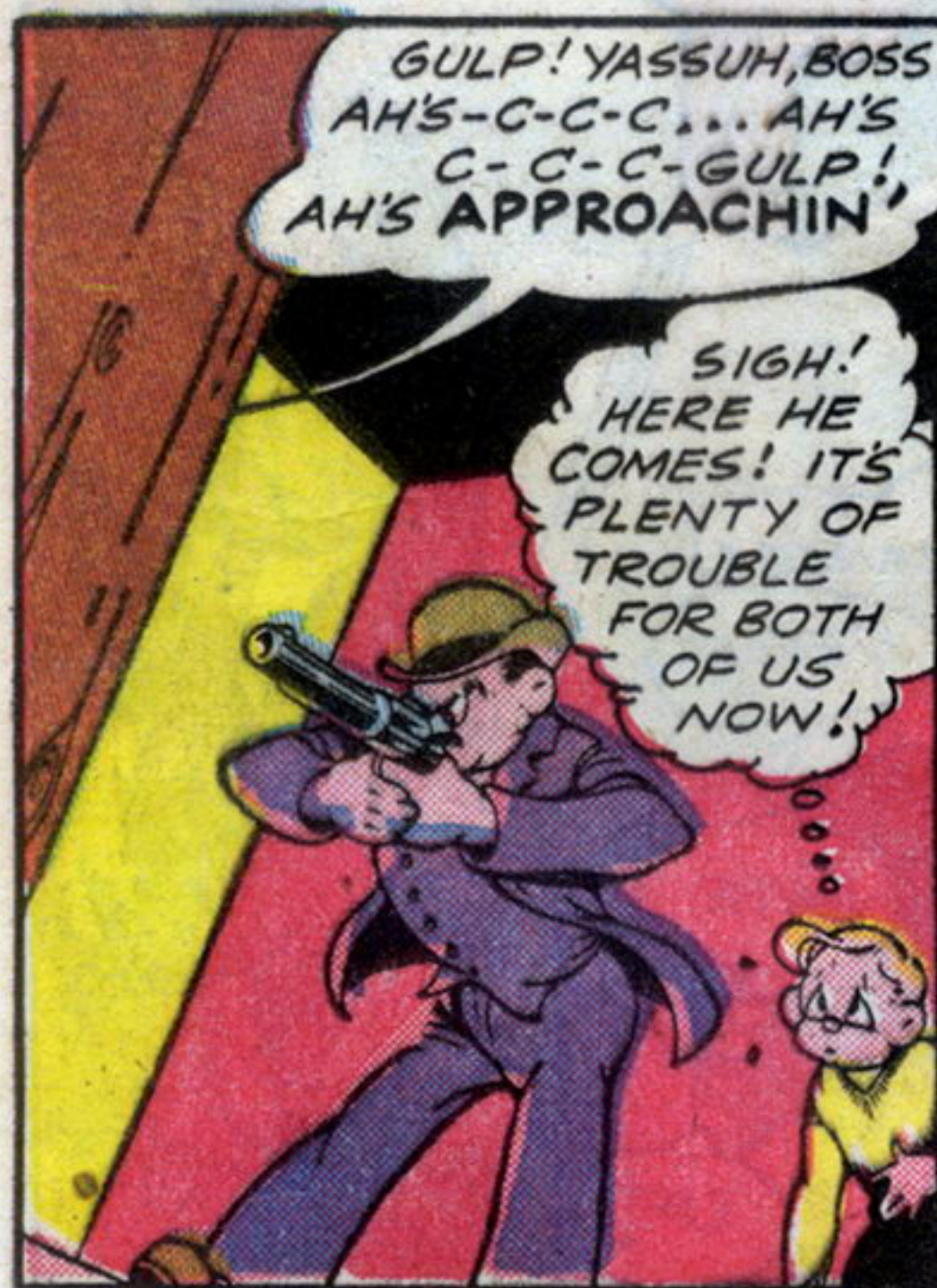
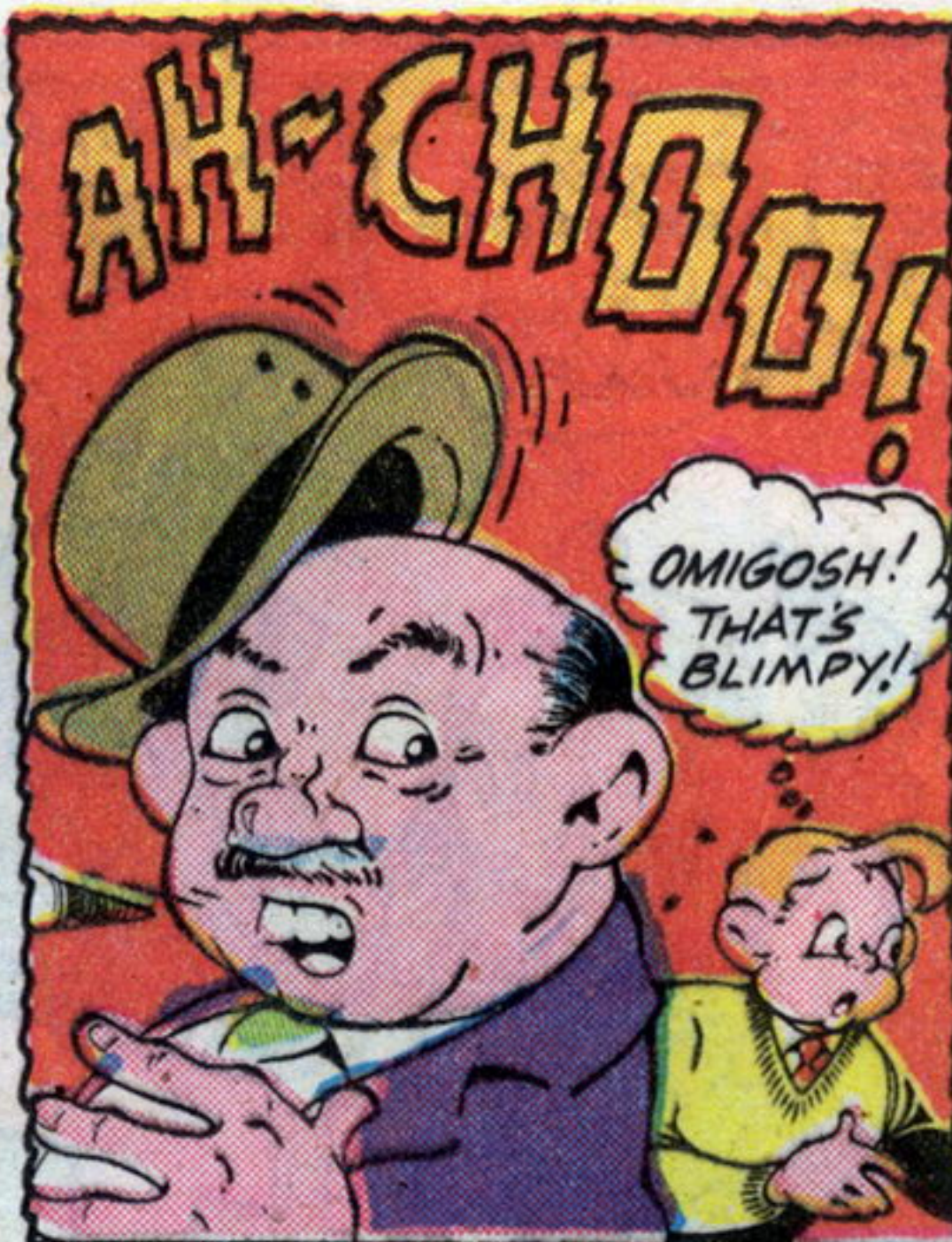
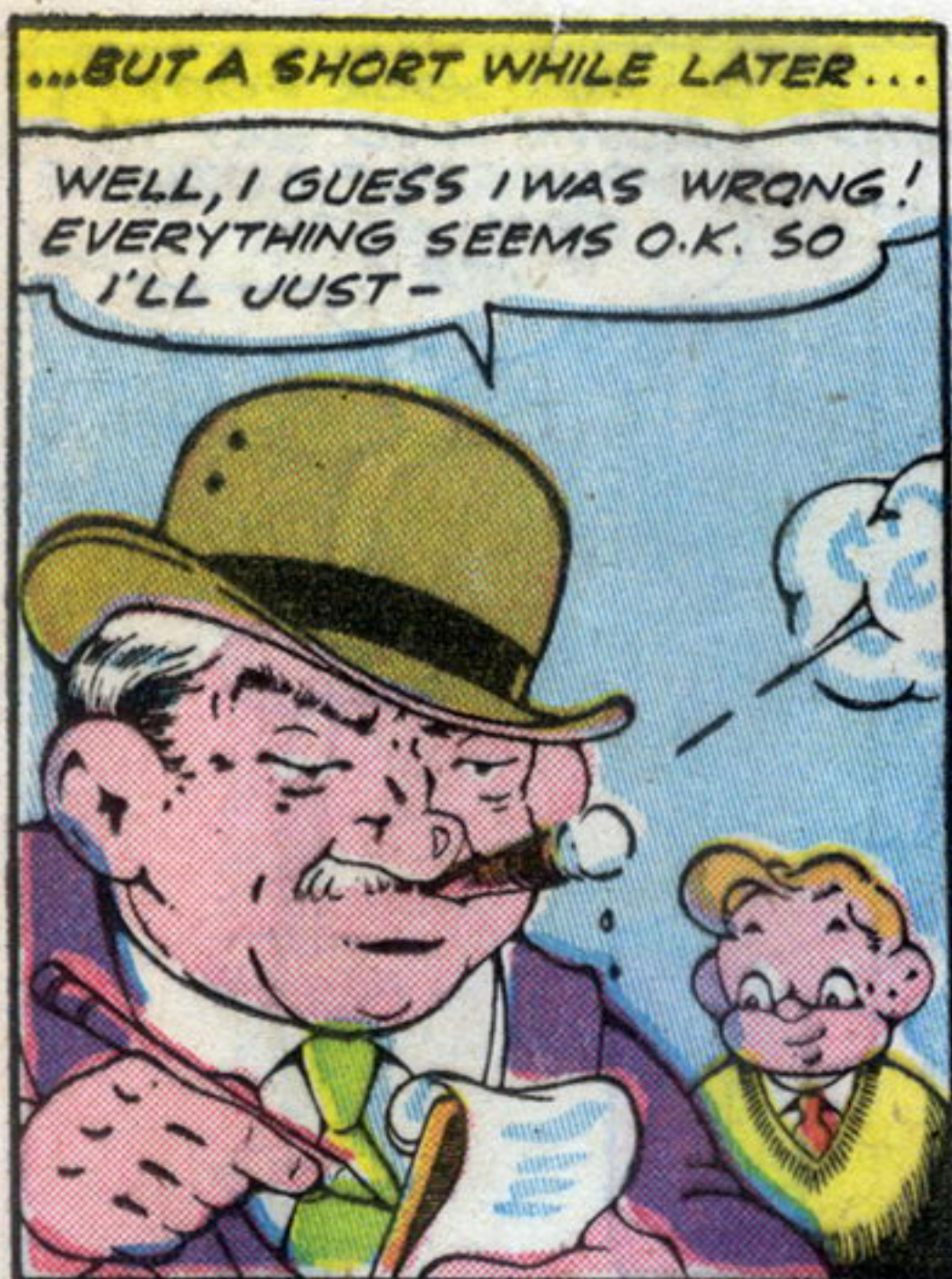
WELL THIS AFTERNOON SOMEONE STOLE A VALUABLE CHINESE STATUE OUT OF THE MUSEUM - AND THEY SAY YOU'RE MIXED UP IN IT...WHAT ABOUT IT?

OH, N-NOT M-ME! MUST BE A MISTAKE!



YEAH? WELL ANYWAY I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND - JUST IN **CASE!**









AHEM!  
HOW TO  
BE A SUPER  
SALESMAN...!

TO START  
WITH, YOU  
HAVE TO BE  
A MAN!

POWER IS  
WHAT MAKES  
A  
SALESMAN  
GULP!

BE  
DYNAMIC!

PUT YOUR FOOT  
DOWN AND SAY TO  
YOURSELF-NOTHING  
CAN STOP  
ME!

KEEP  
YOURSELF FIT...  
STAMINA... PERSEVERANCE!

NEVER

GIVE

UP!

BE SURE  
OF YOURSELF -  
NEVER MAKE A  
SLIP!

BE A  
CLIMBER -  
NEVER STAY  
AT THE  
BOTTOM!

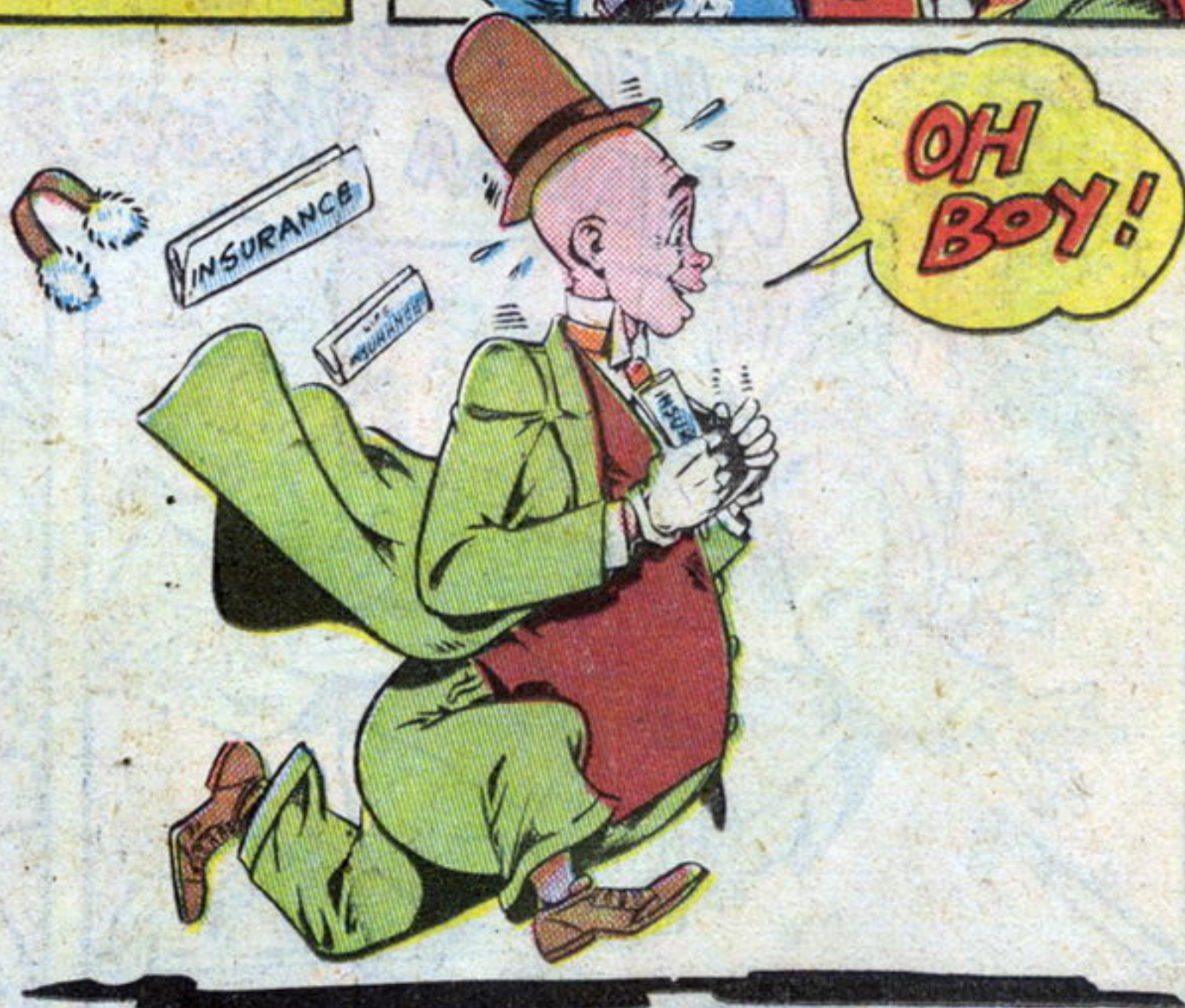
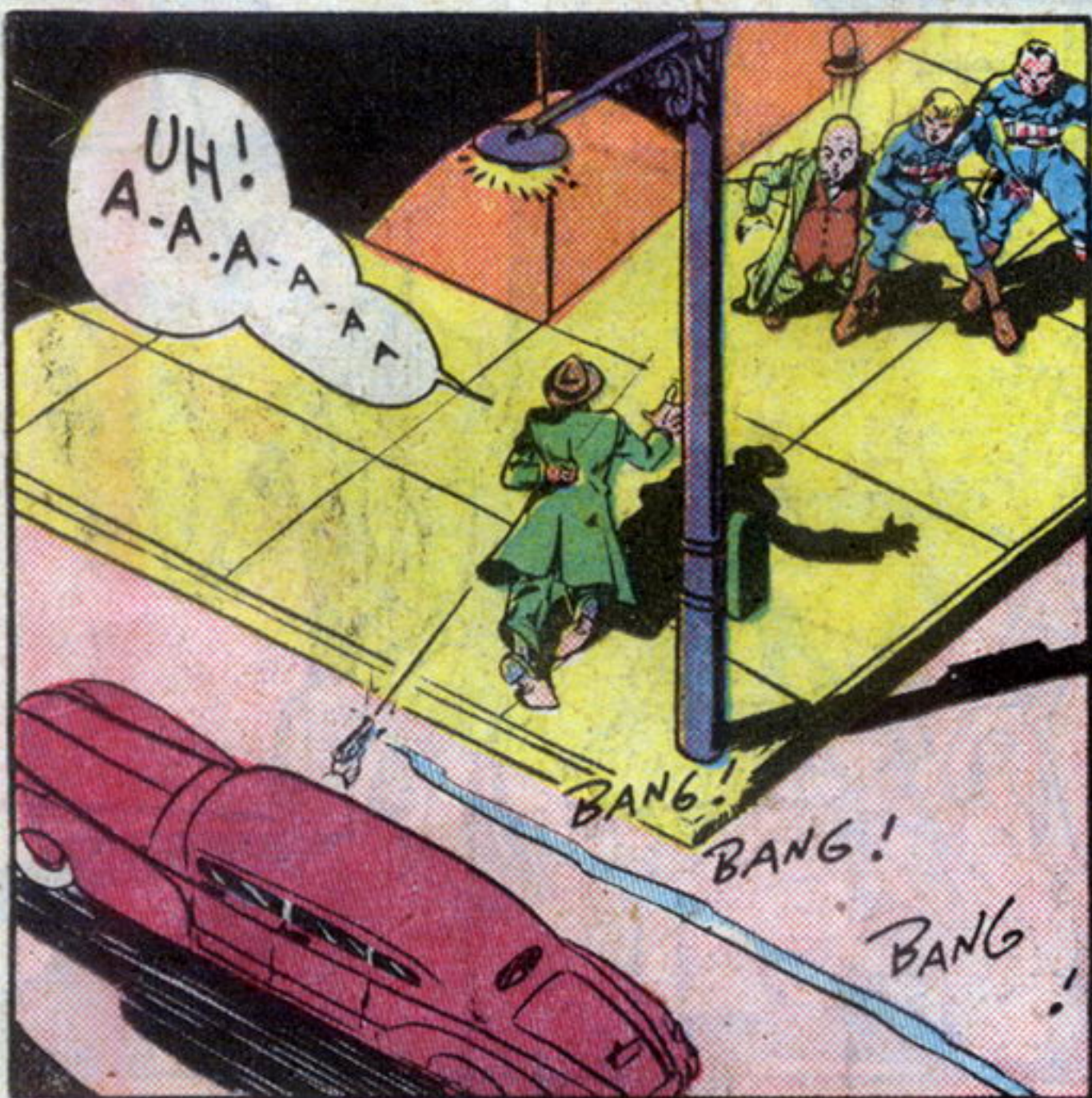
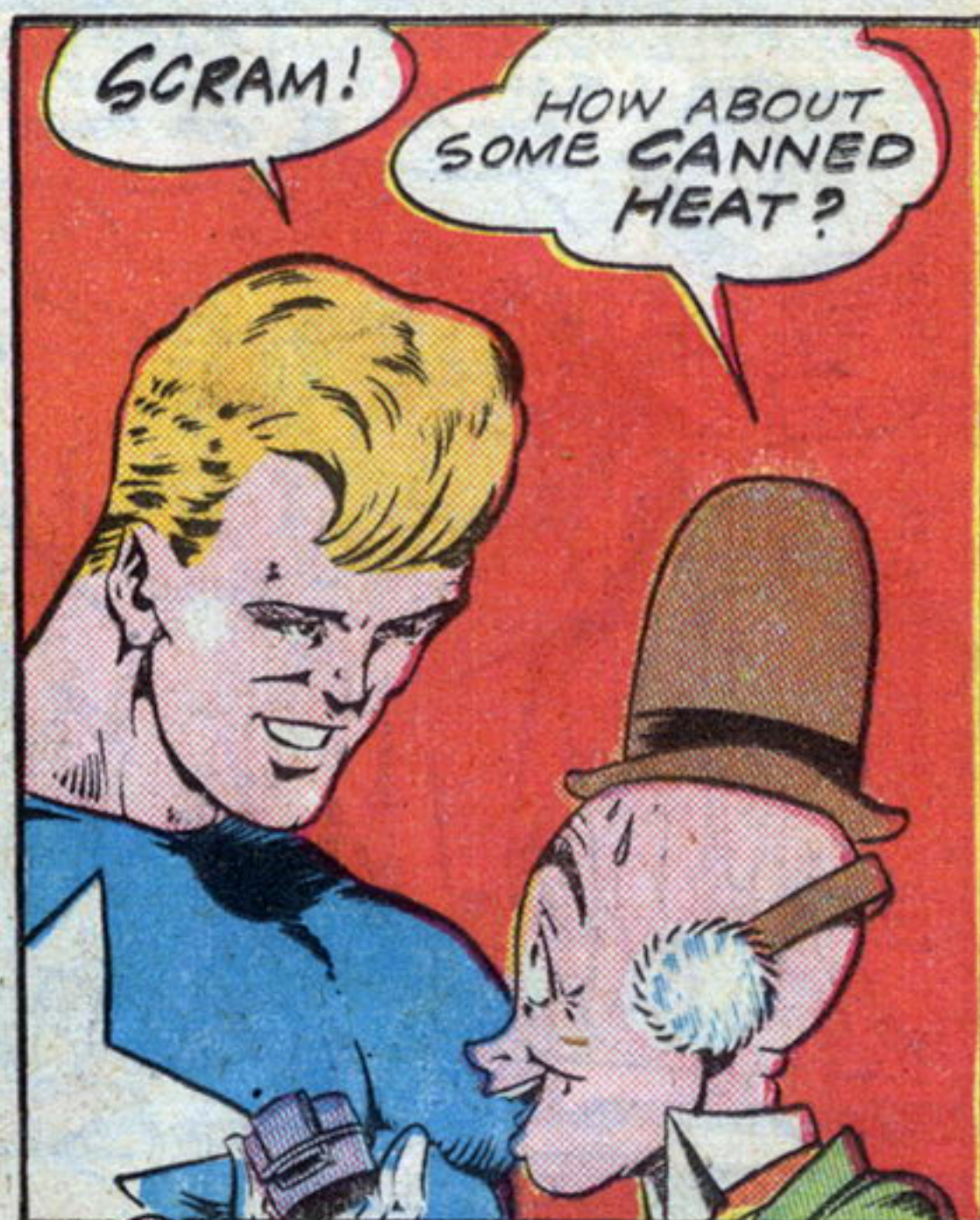
And the **BOYVILLE  
BRIGADIERS**

By  
PAUL GUSTAVSON

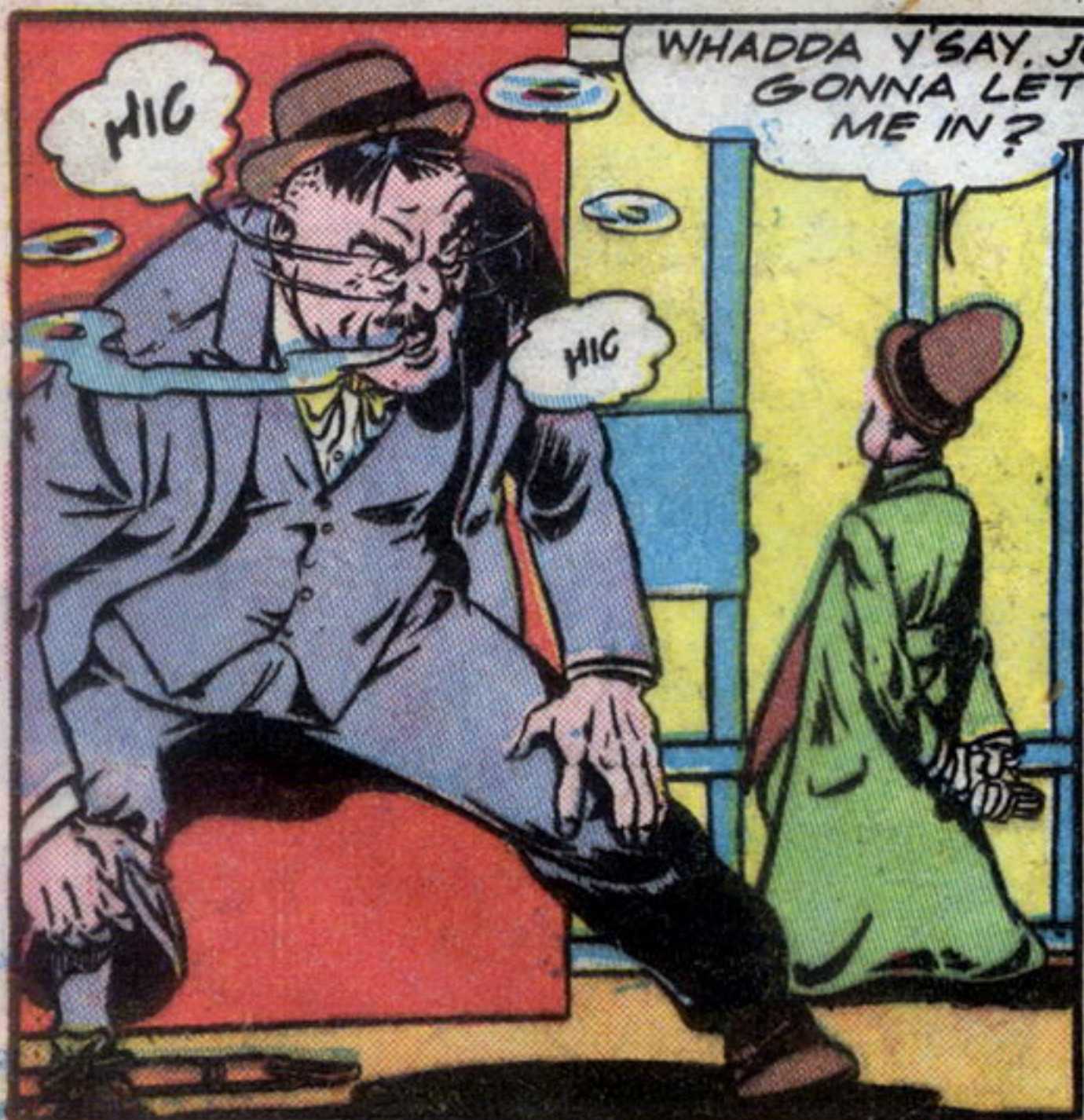
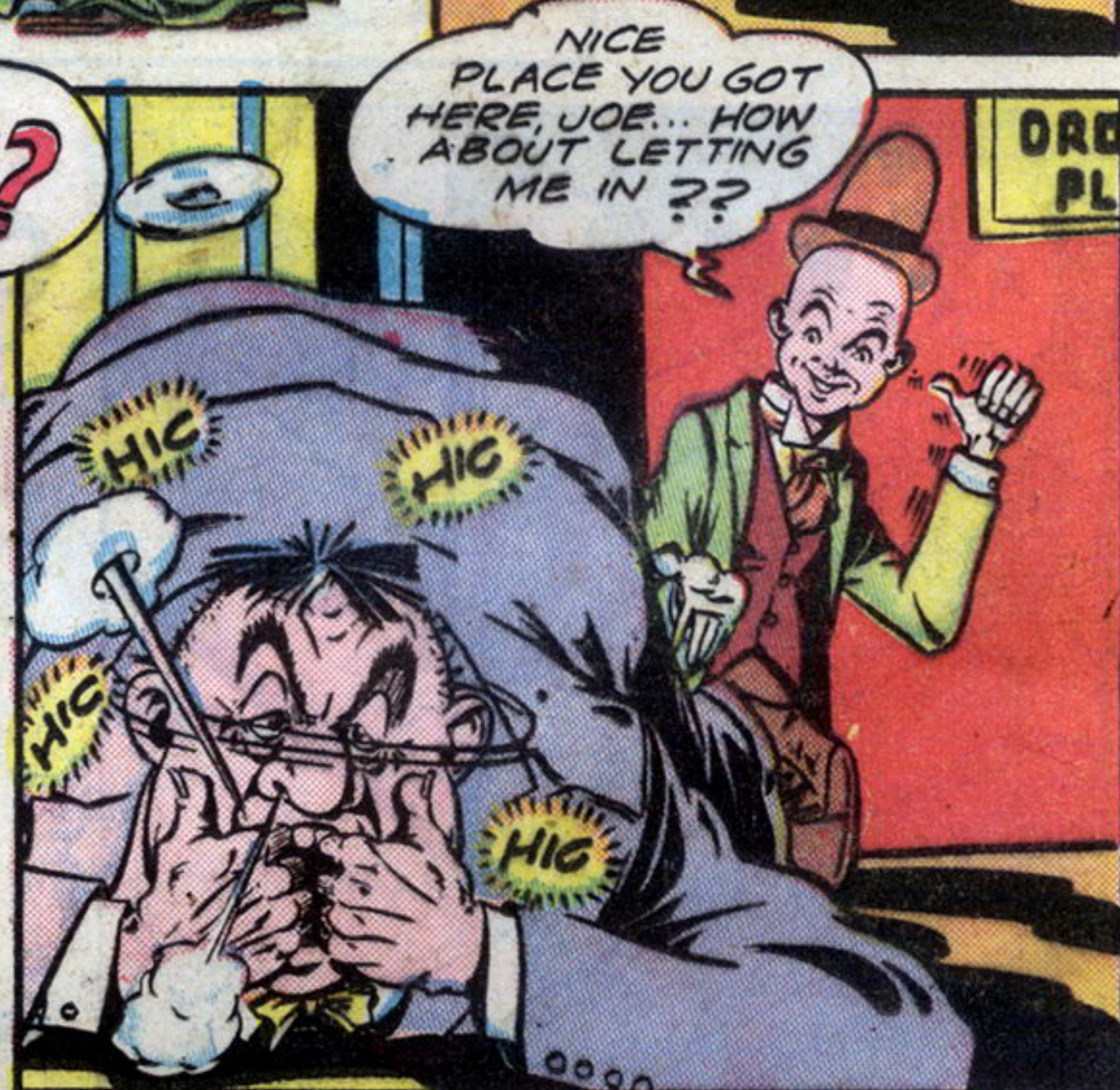
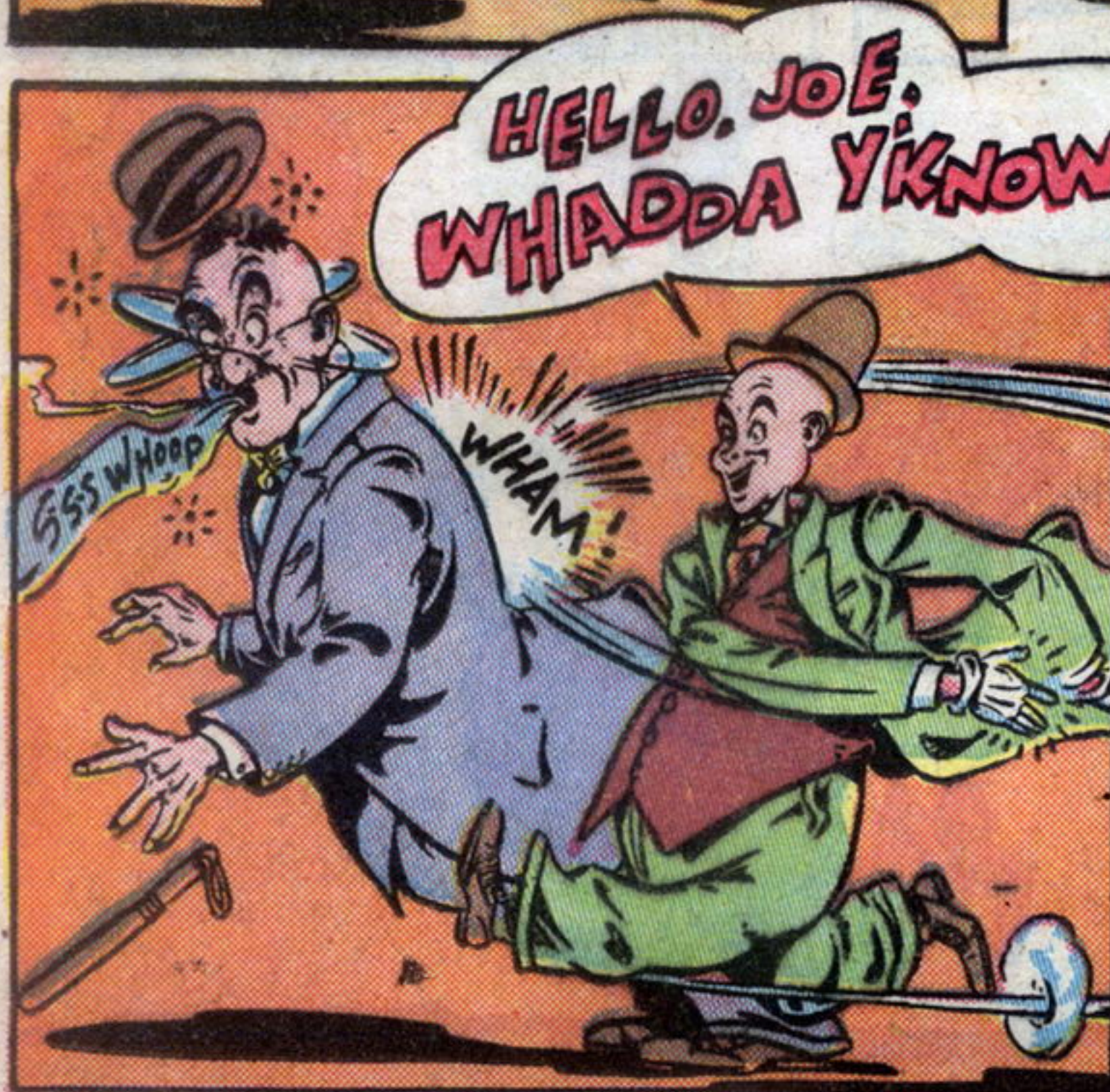
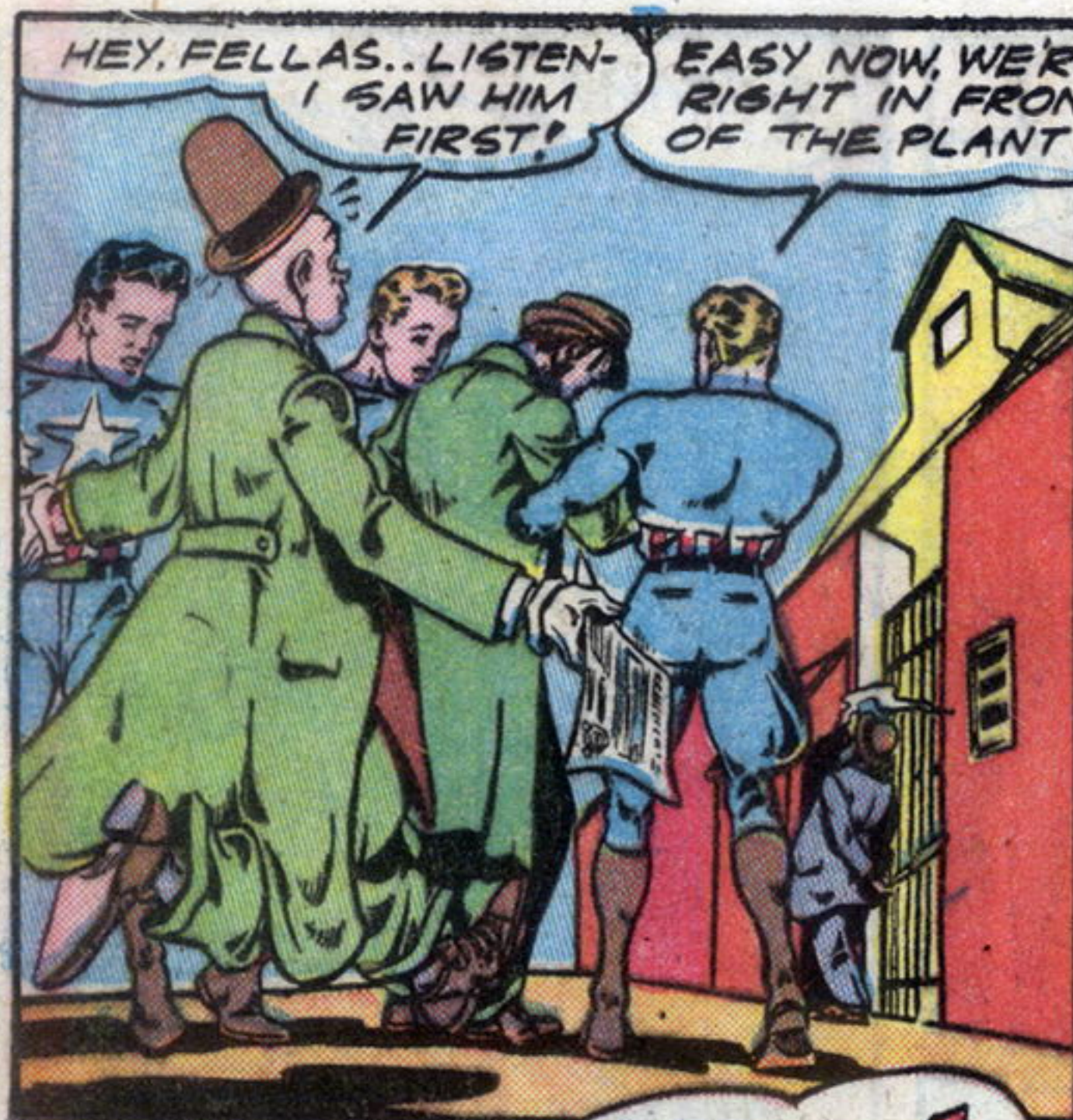
**PLOP**



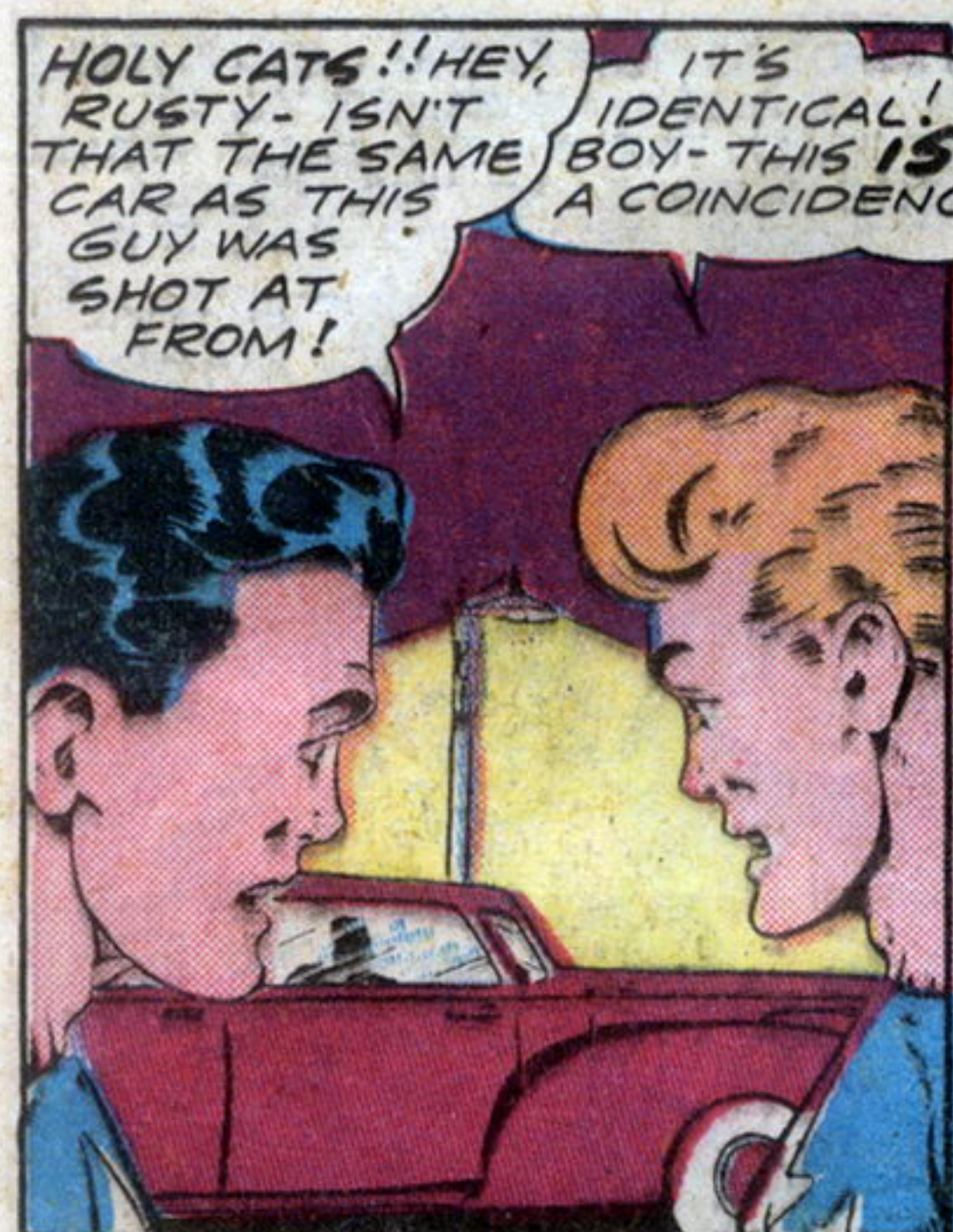
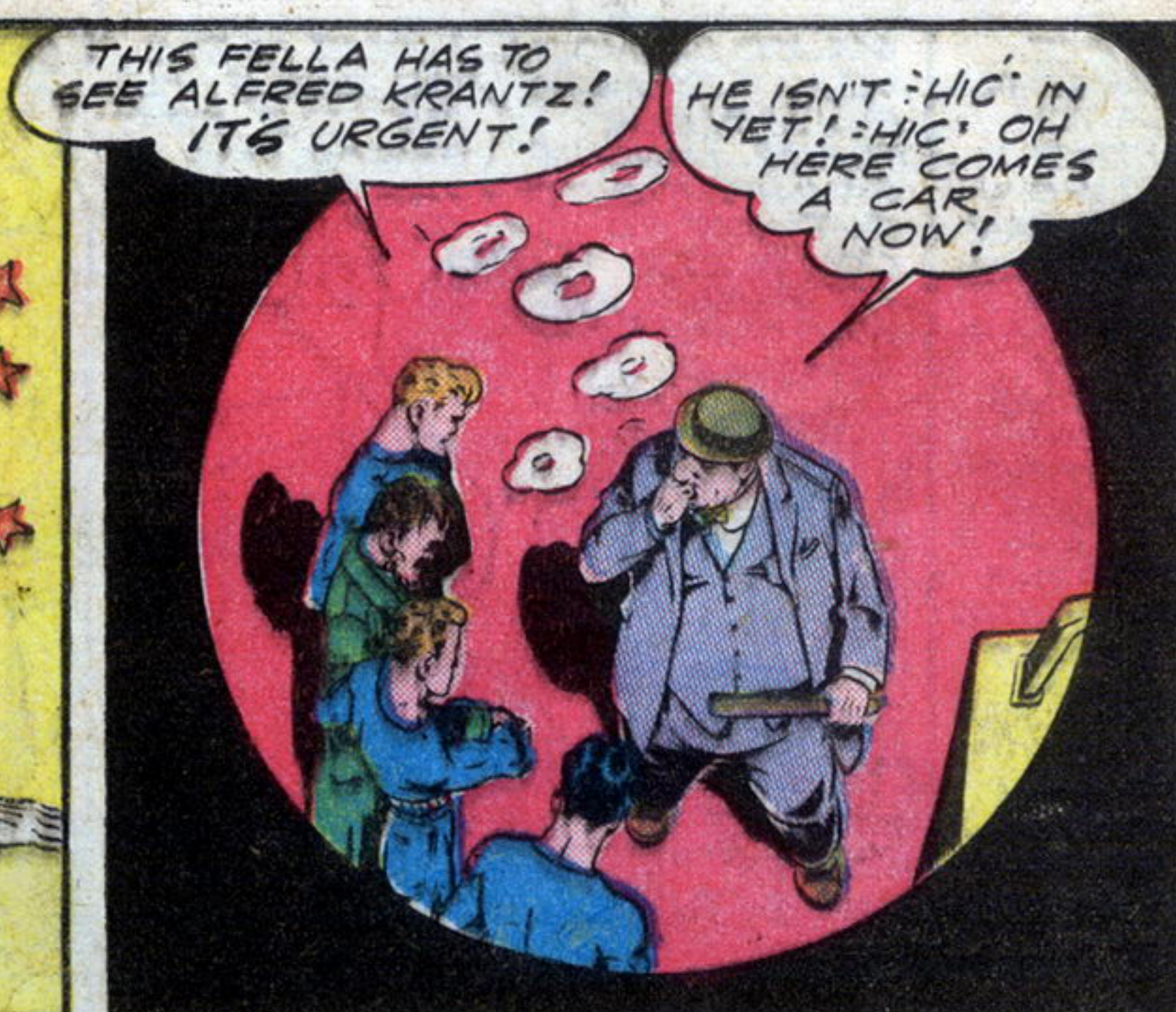
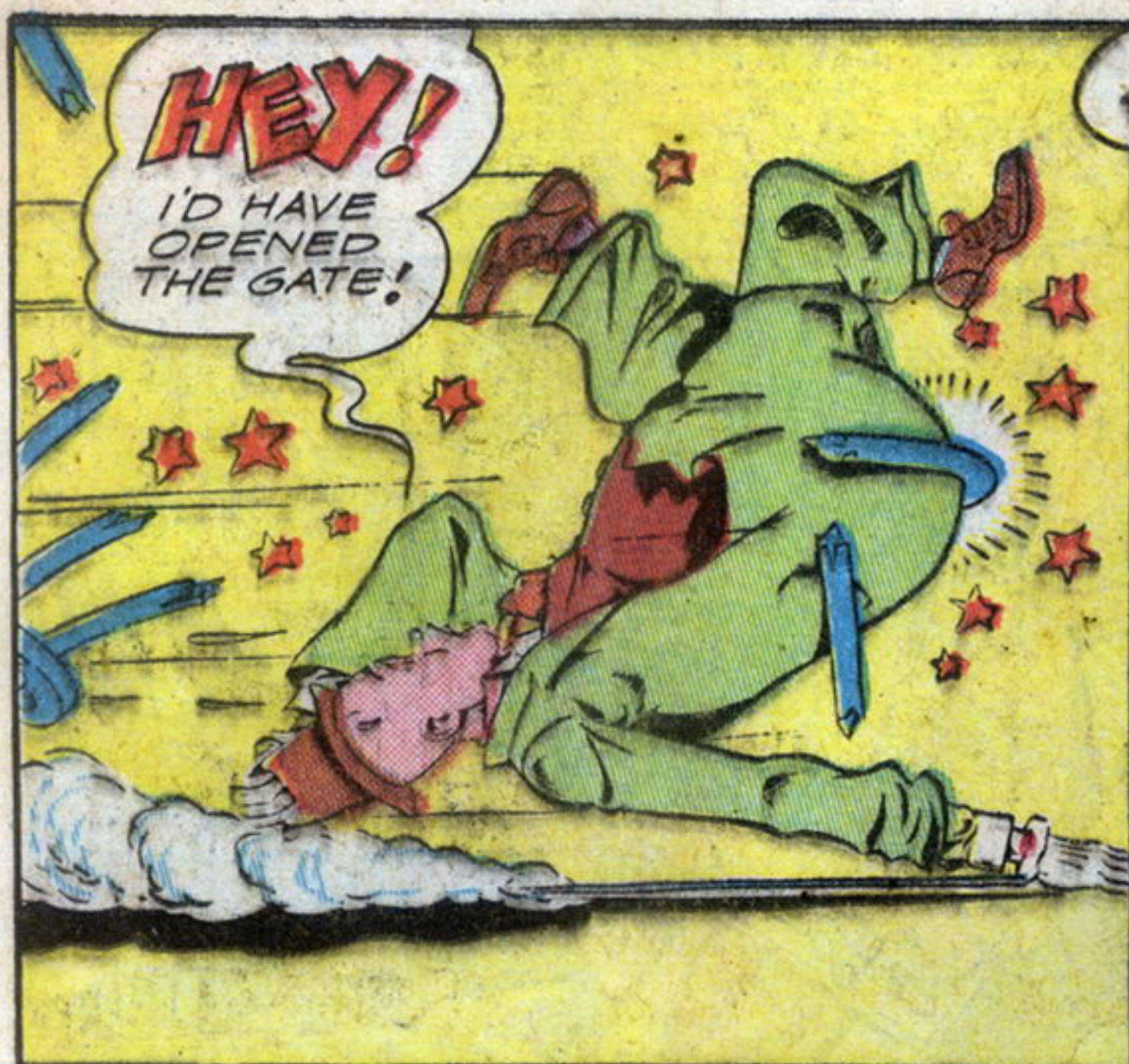
THAT LITTLE MAN LEARNING TO BE A SUPER SALESMAN IS WILBERT T. THUMP! LITTLE DOES HE KNOW HE'S HEADED FOR A HECTIC CAREER HE HADN'T PLANNED! WE FIND HIM...



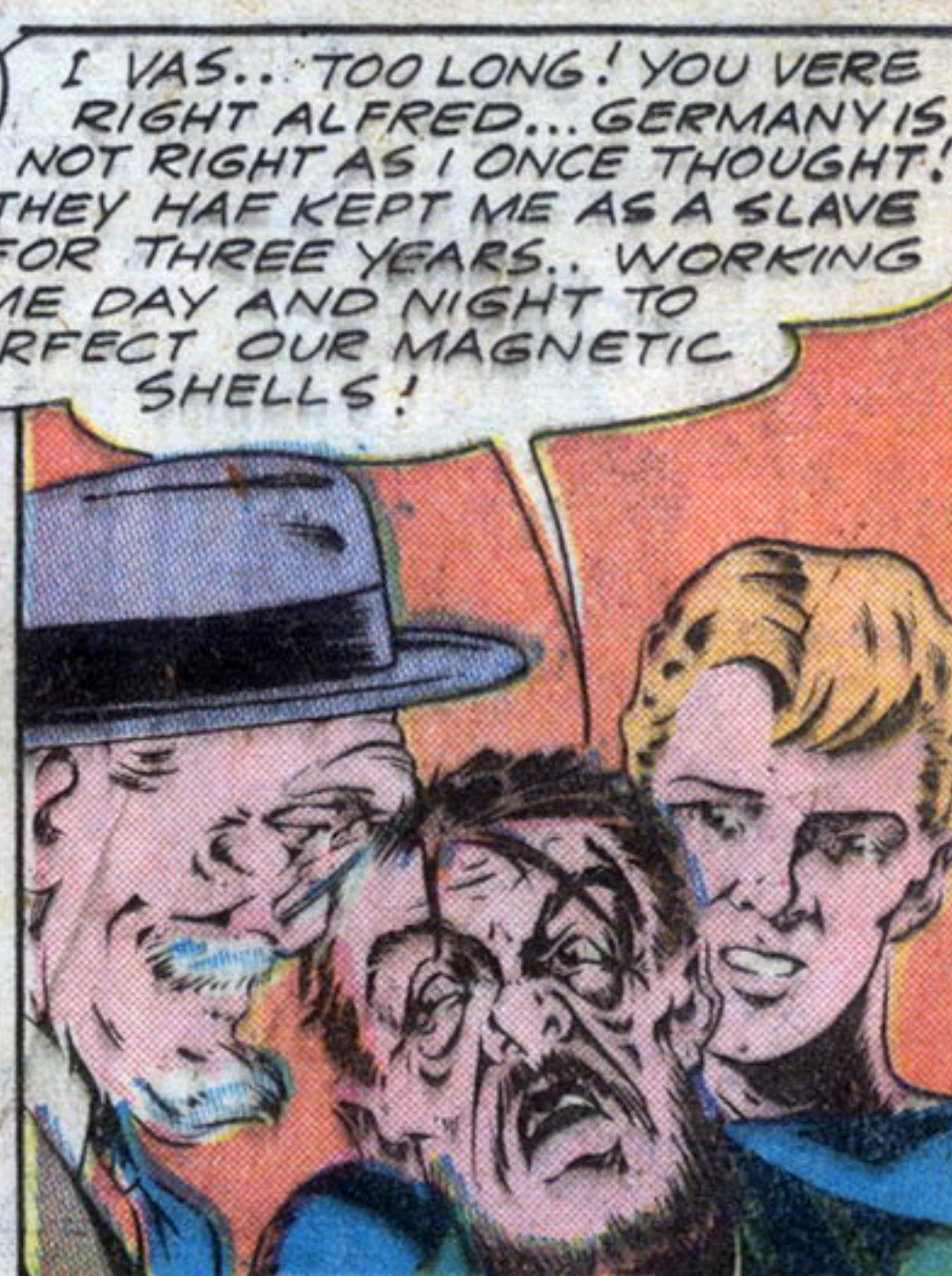




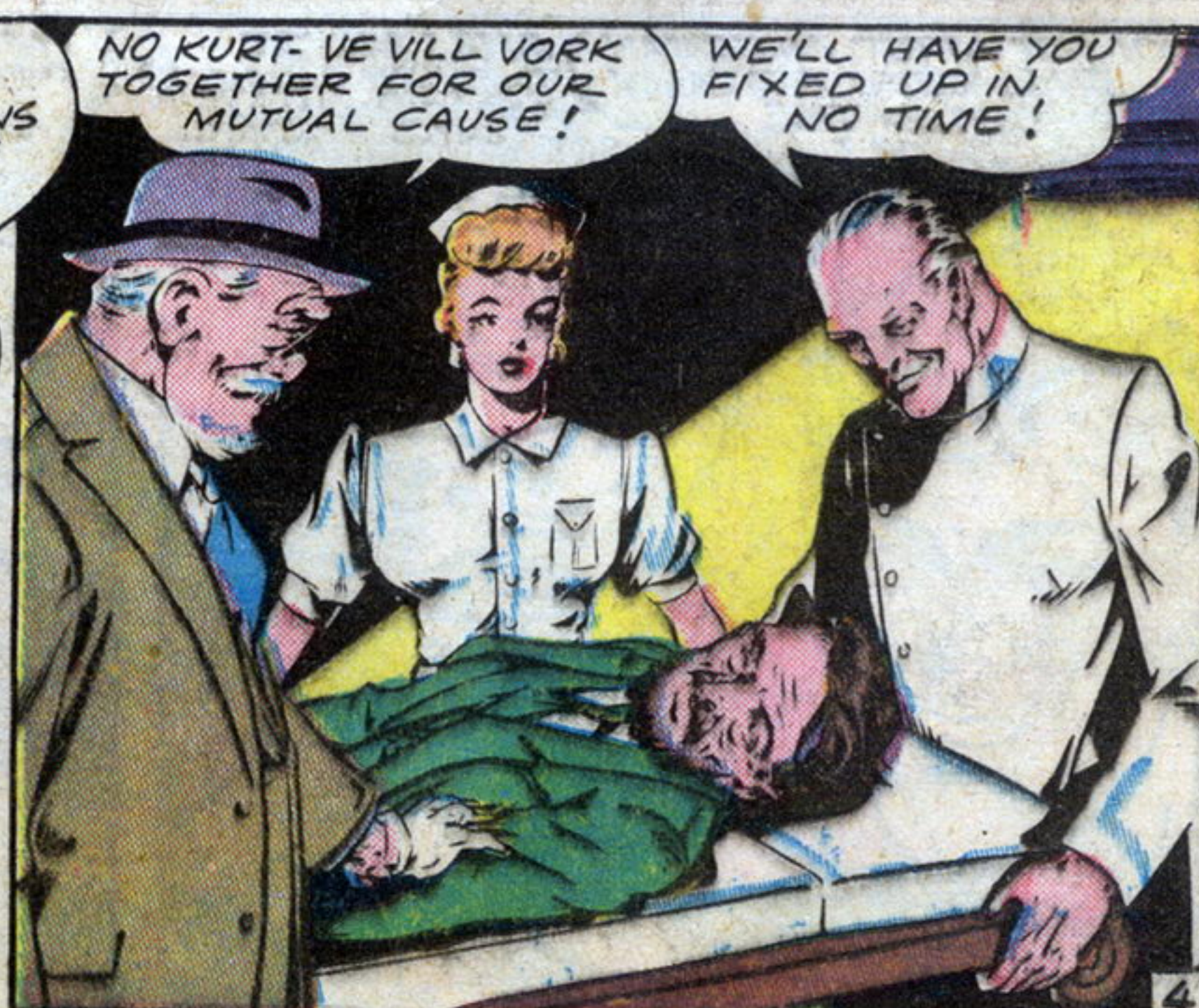




IT'S IDENTICAL! BOY- THIS IS A COINCIDENCE!



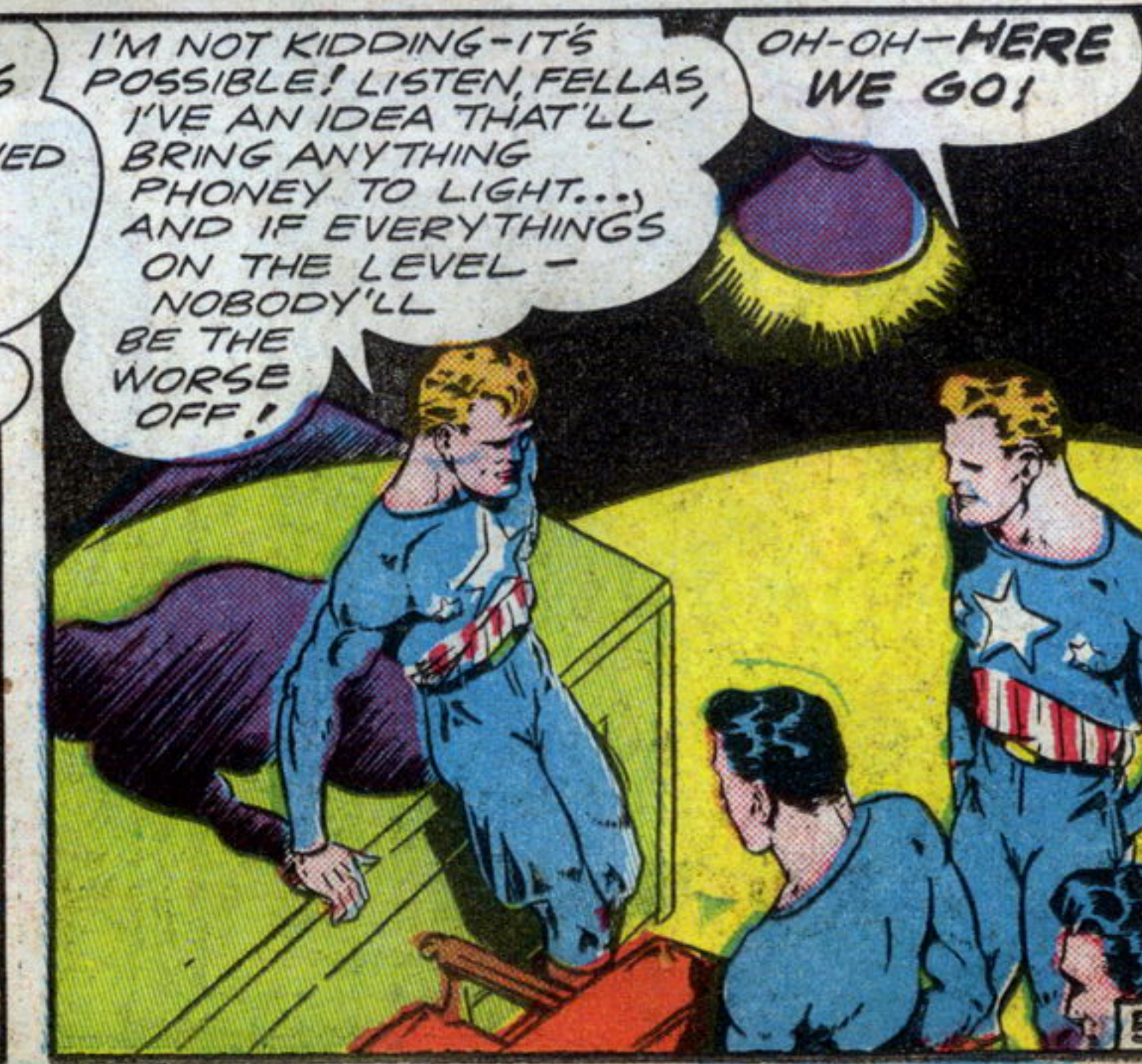
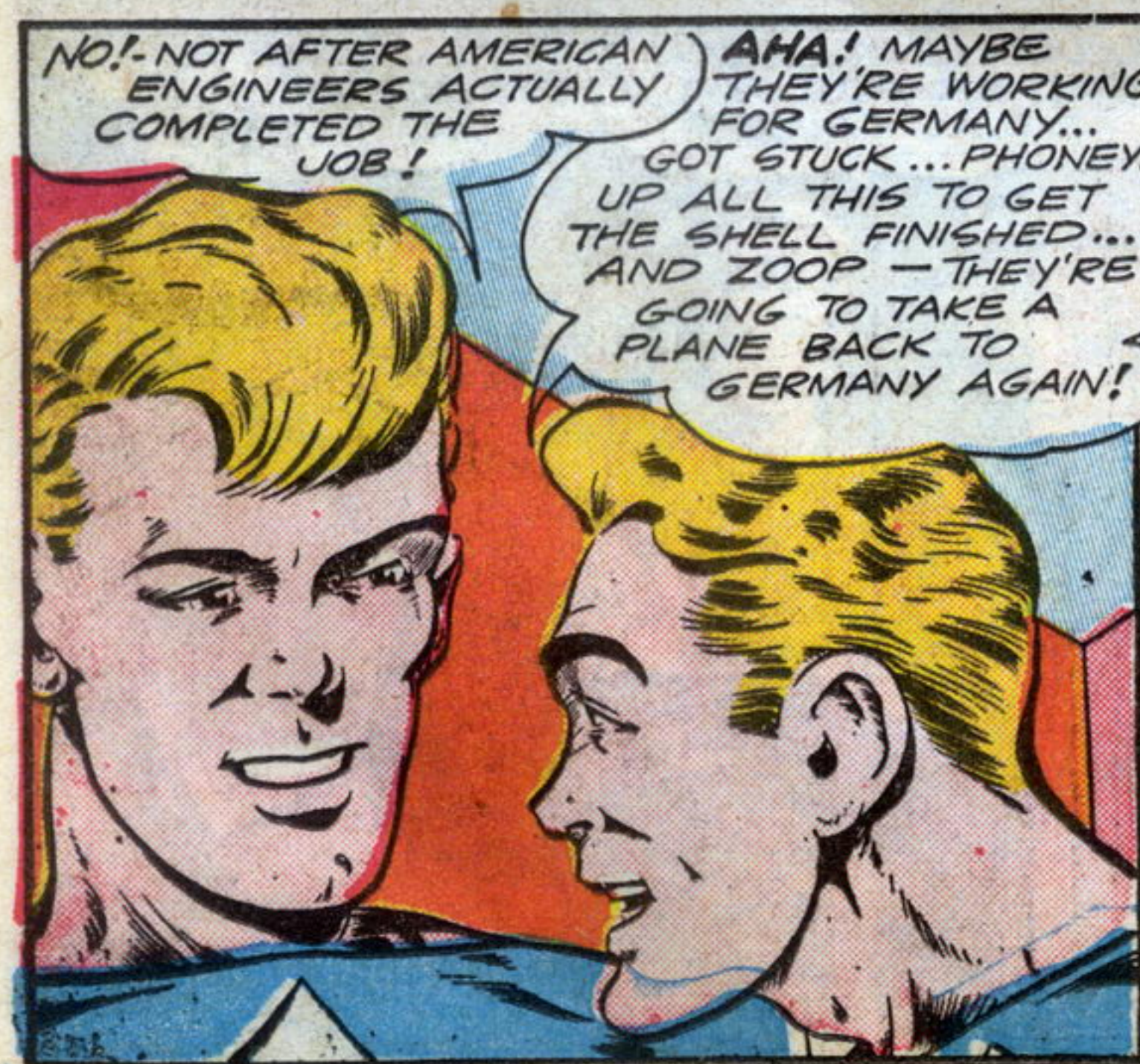
NO, ALFRED- I COULD NOT FIGURE IT OUT... THE PART OF THE PLANS YOU ALONE KNOW!! I HAF COME HERE TO GIVE YOU MY SECRET AND LET YOU COMPLETE IT FOR THE GLORIOUS ALLIES OF FREEDOM!



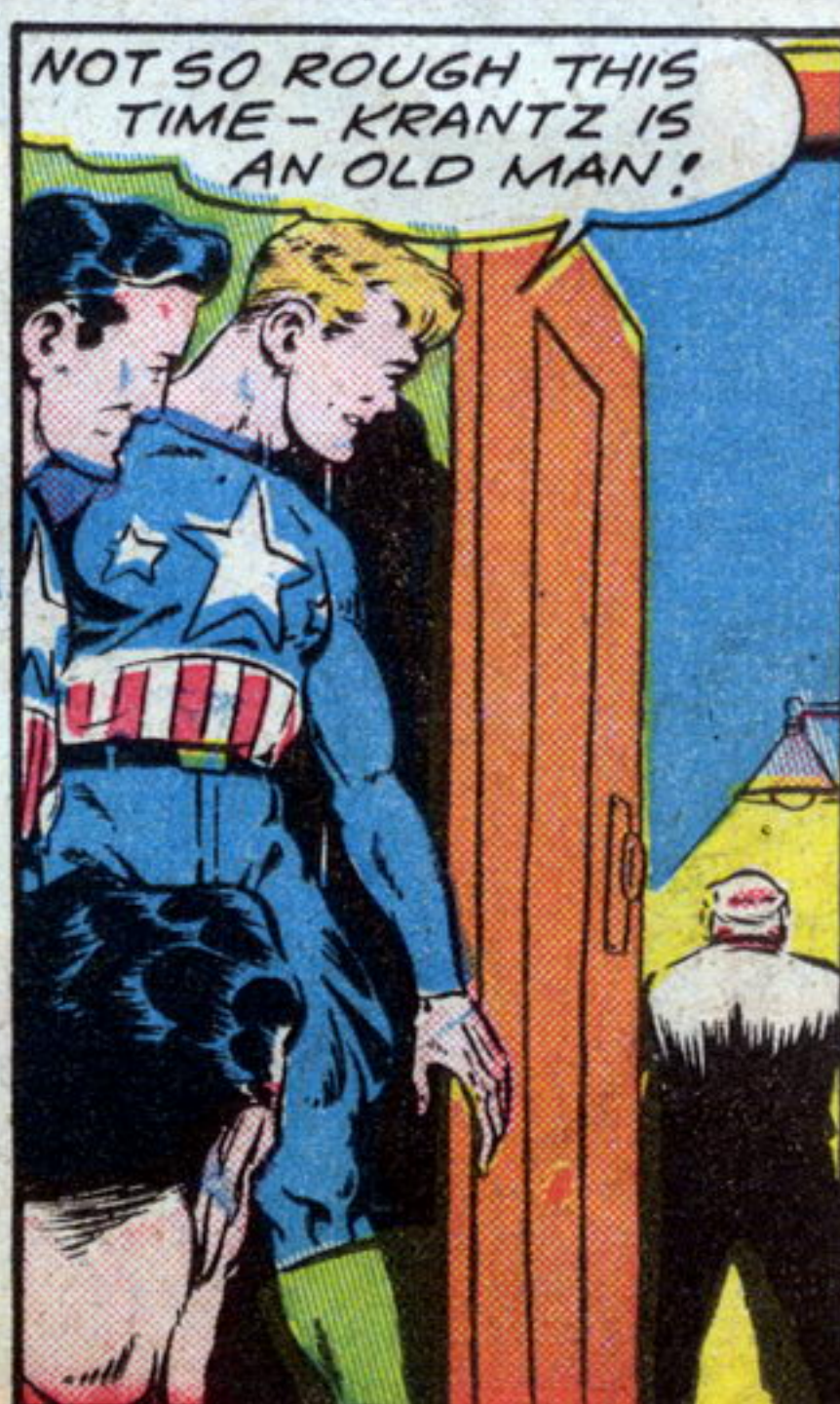
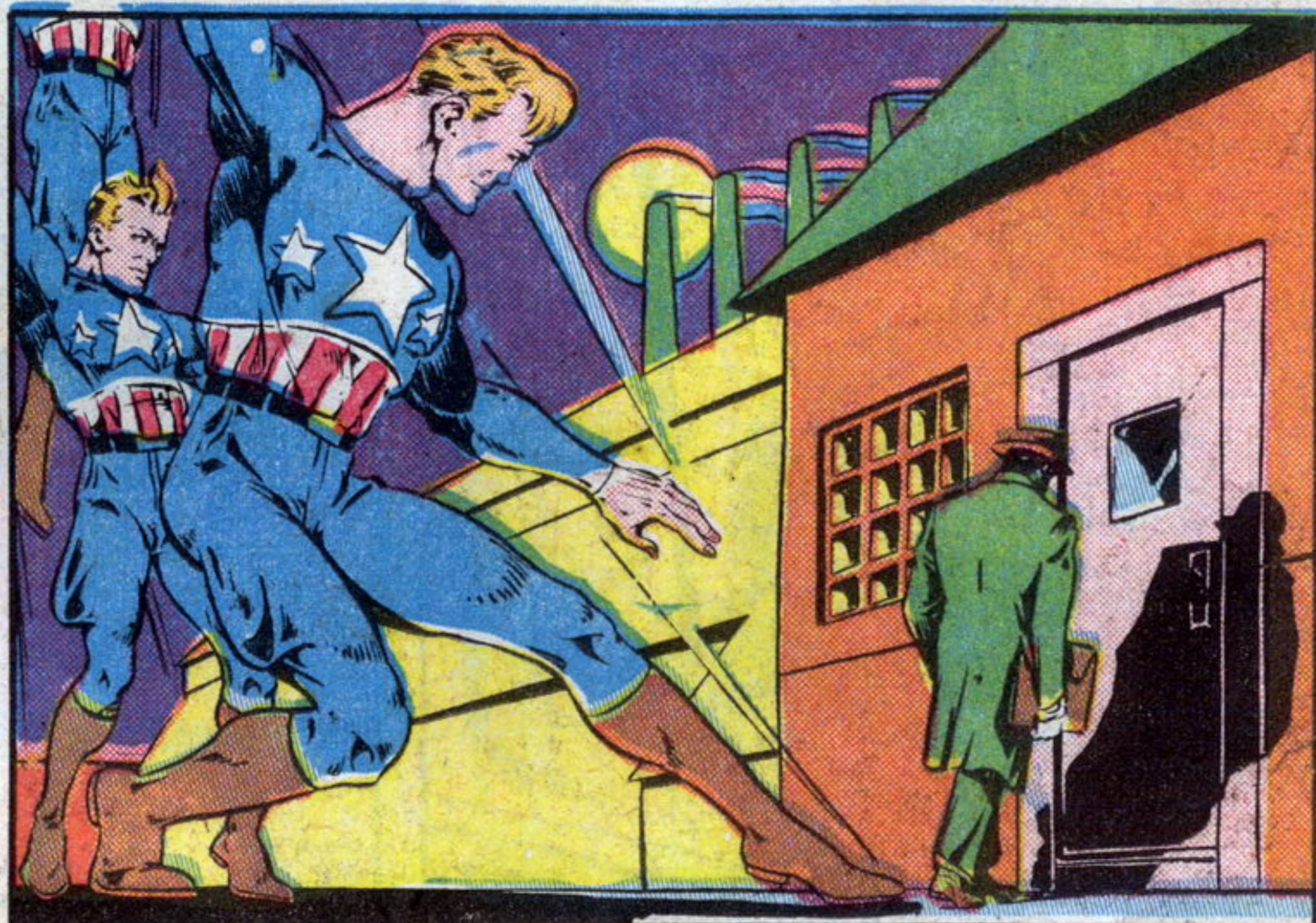
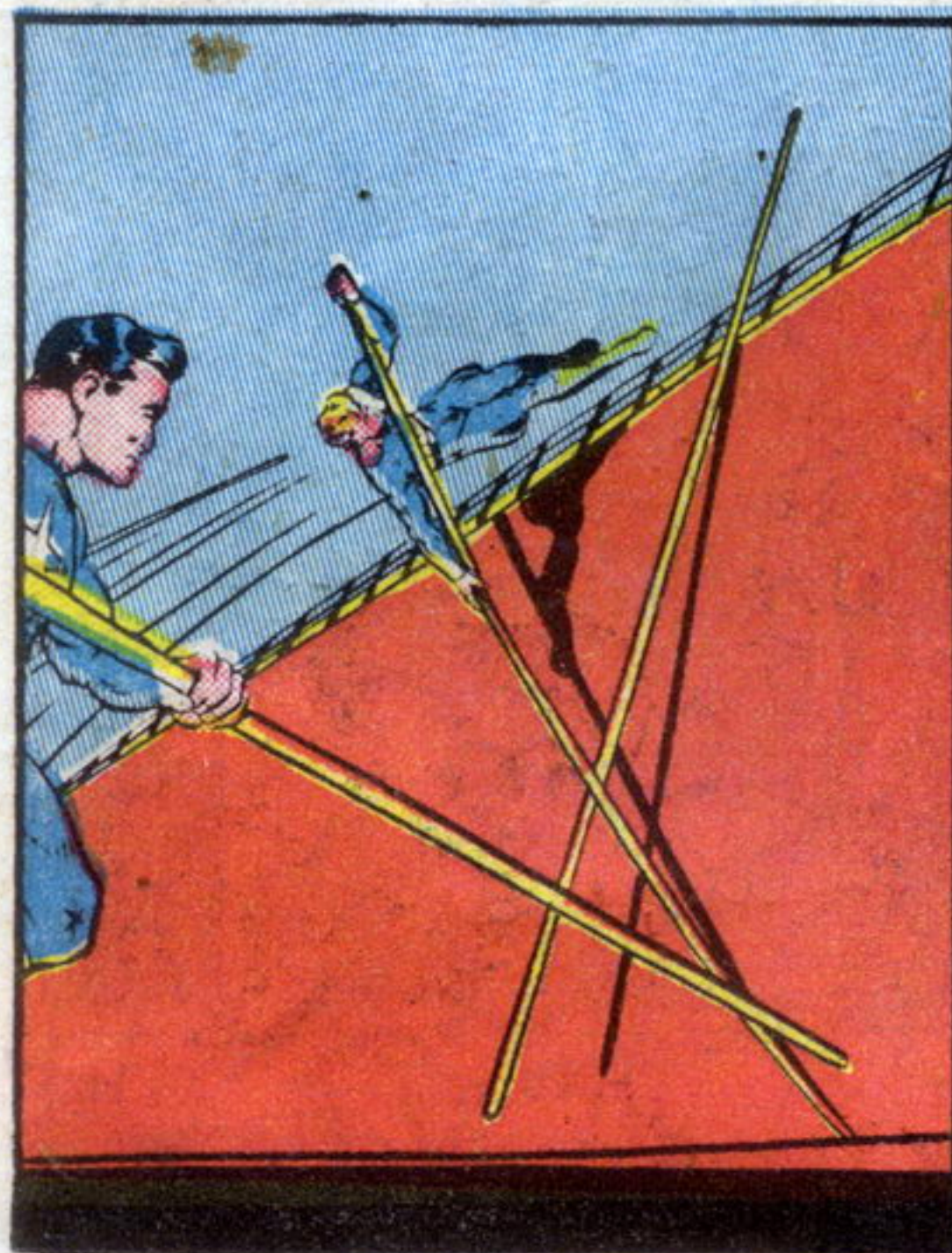
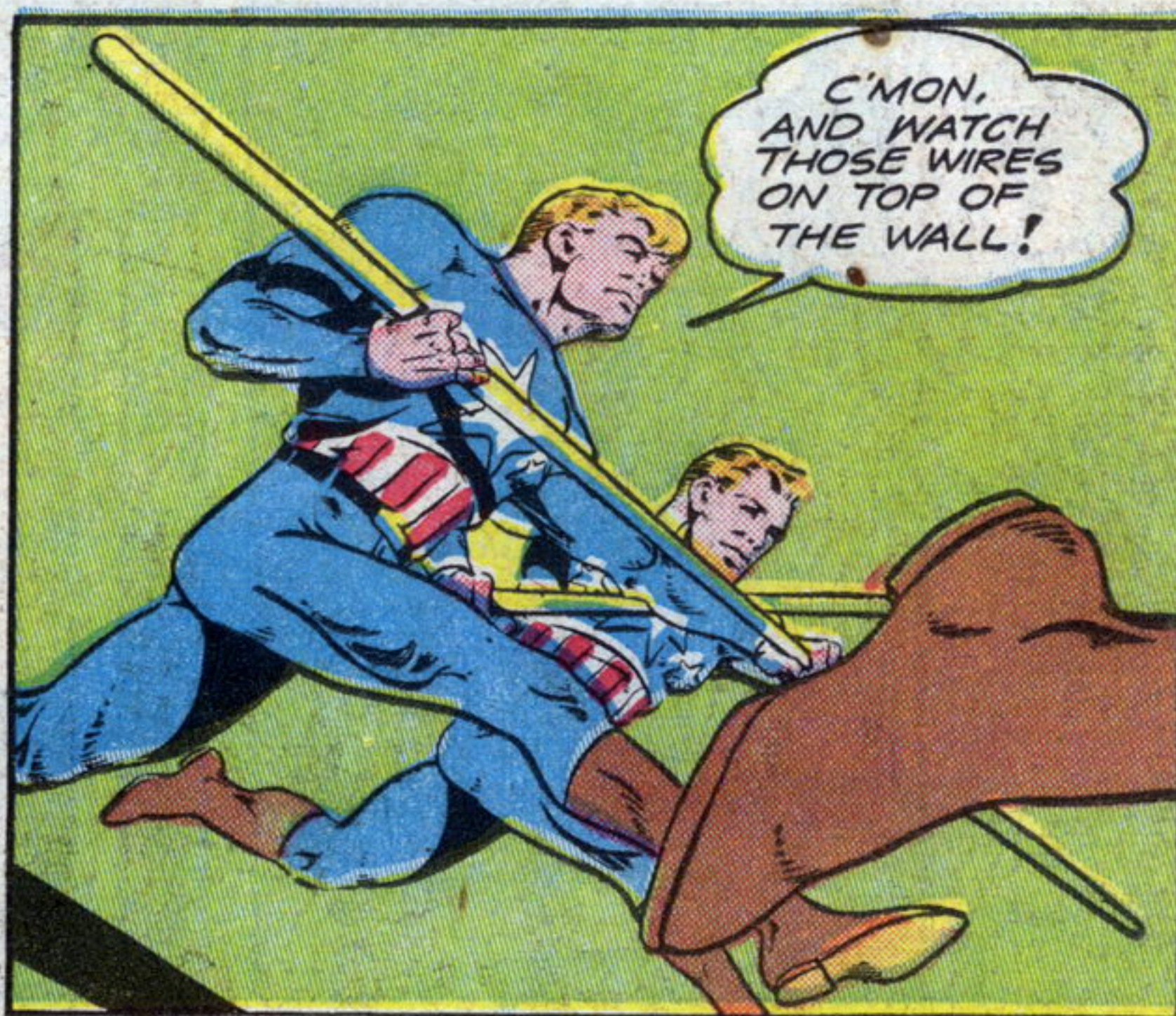
WE'LL HAVE YOU FIXED UP IN. NO TIME!



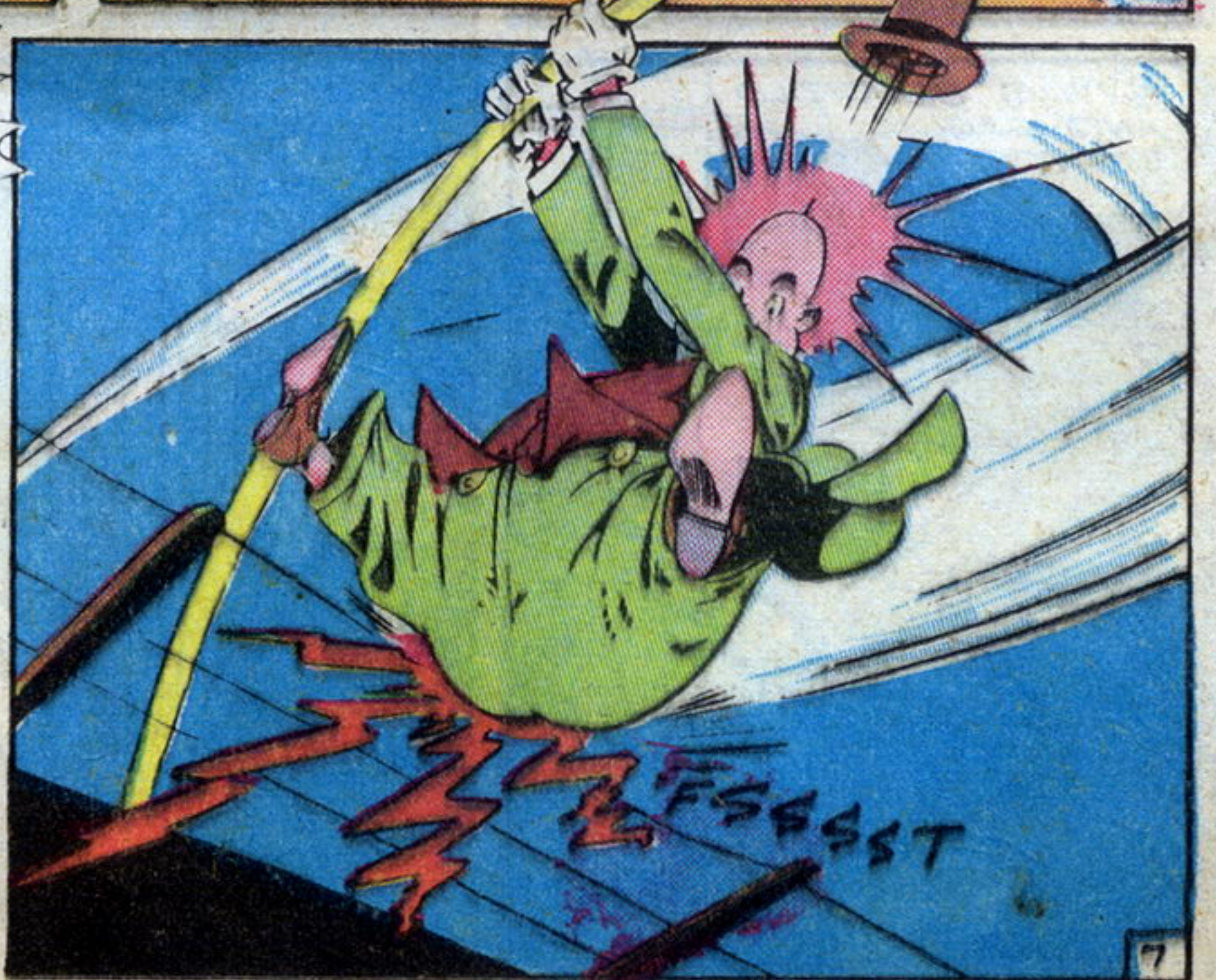
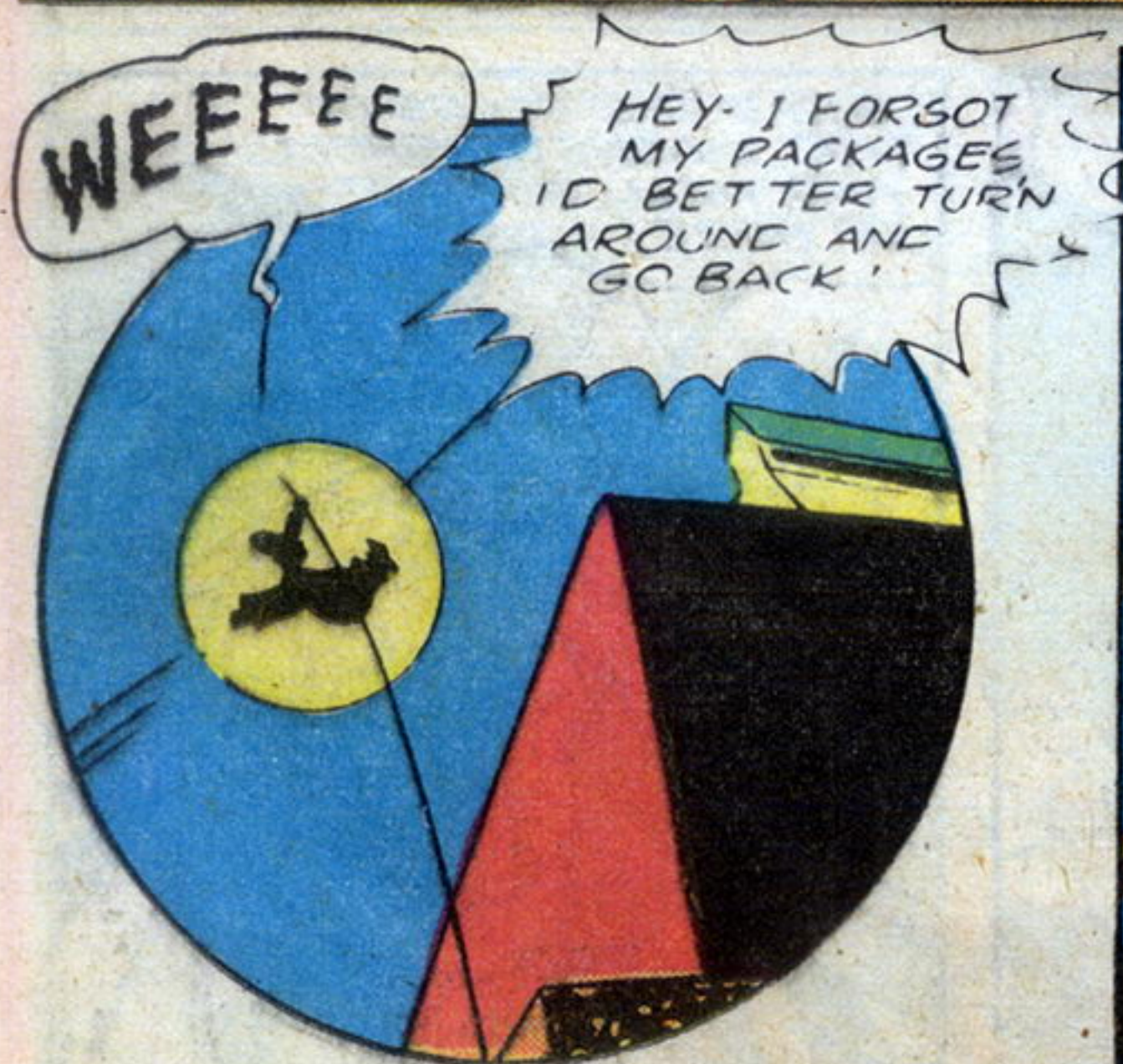
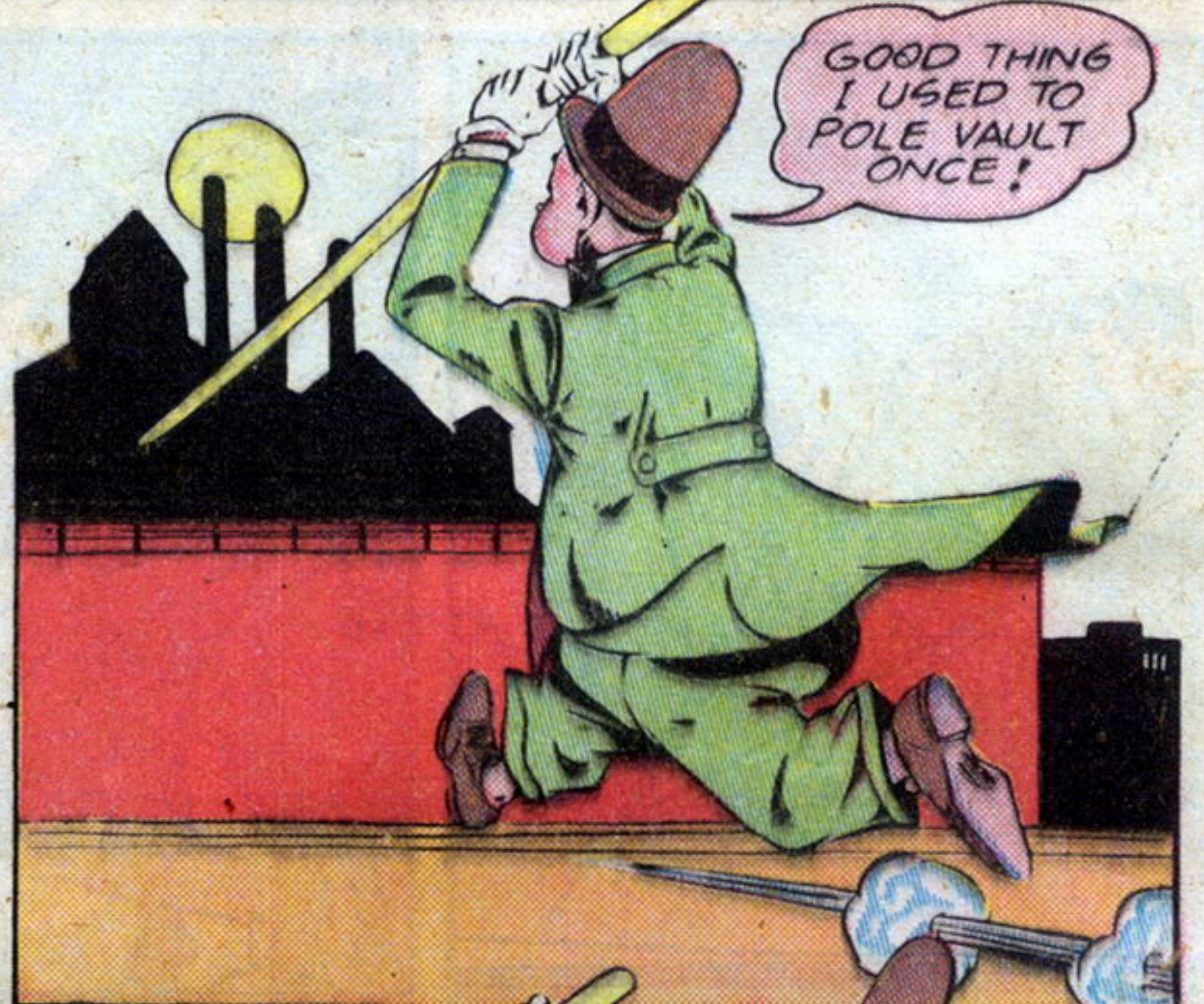
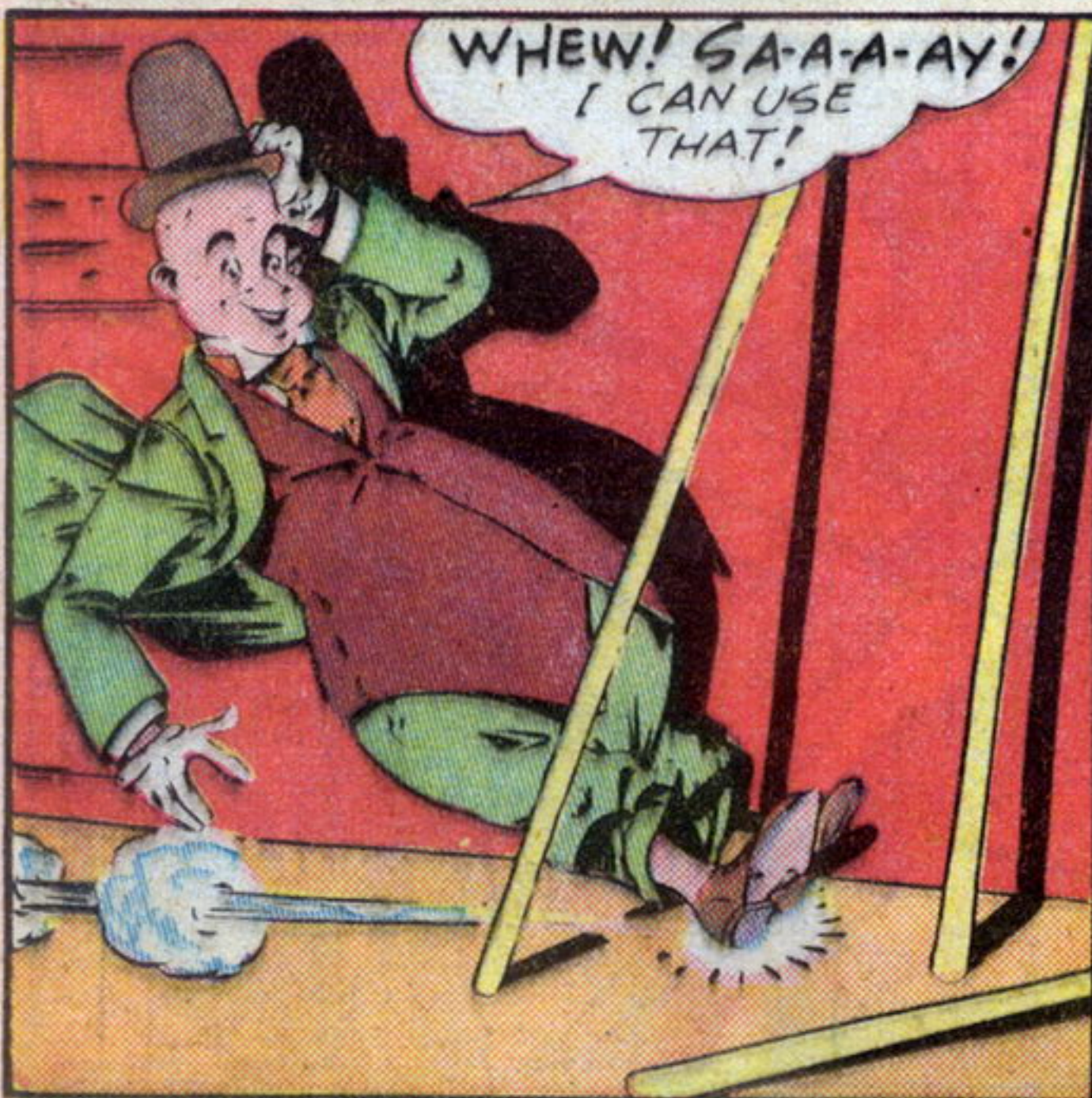
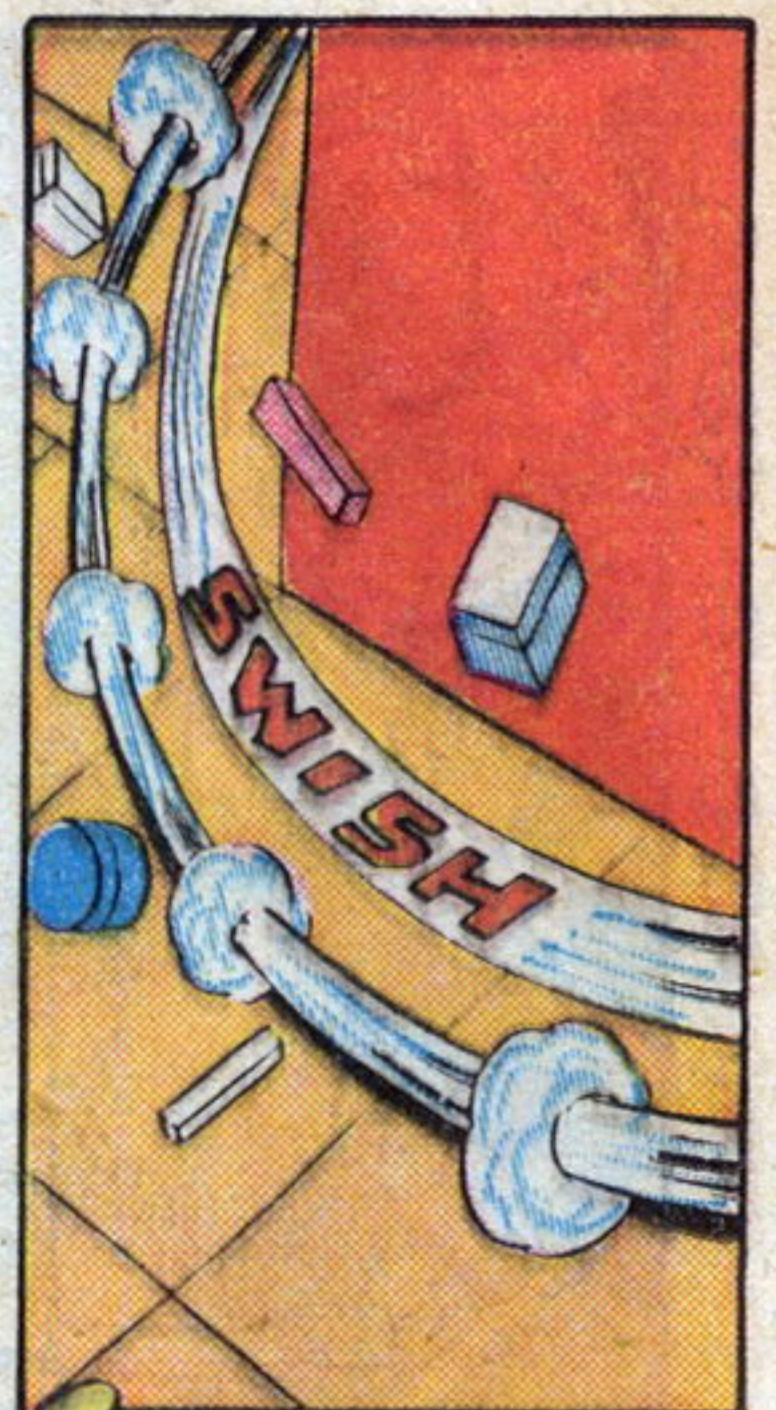
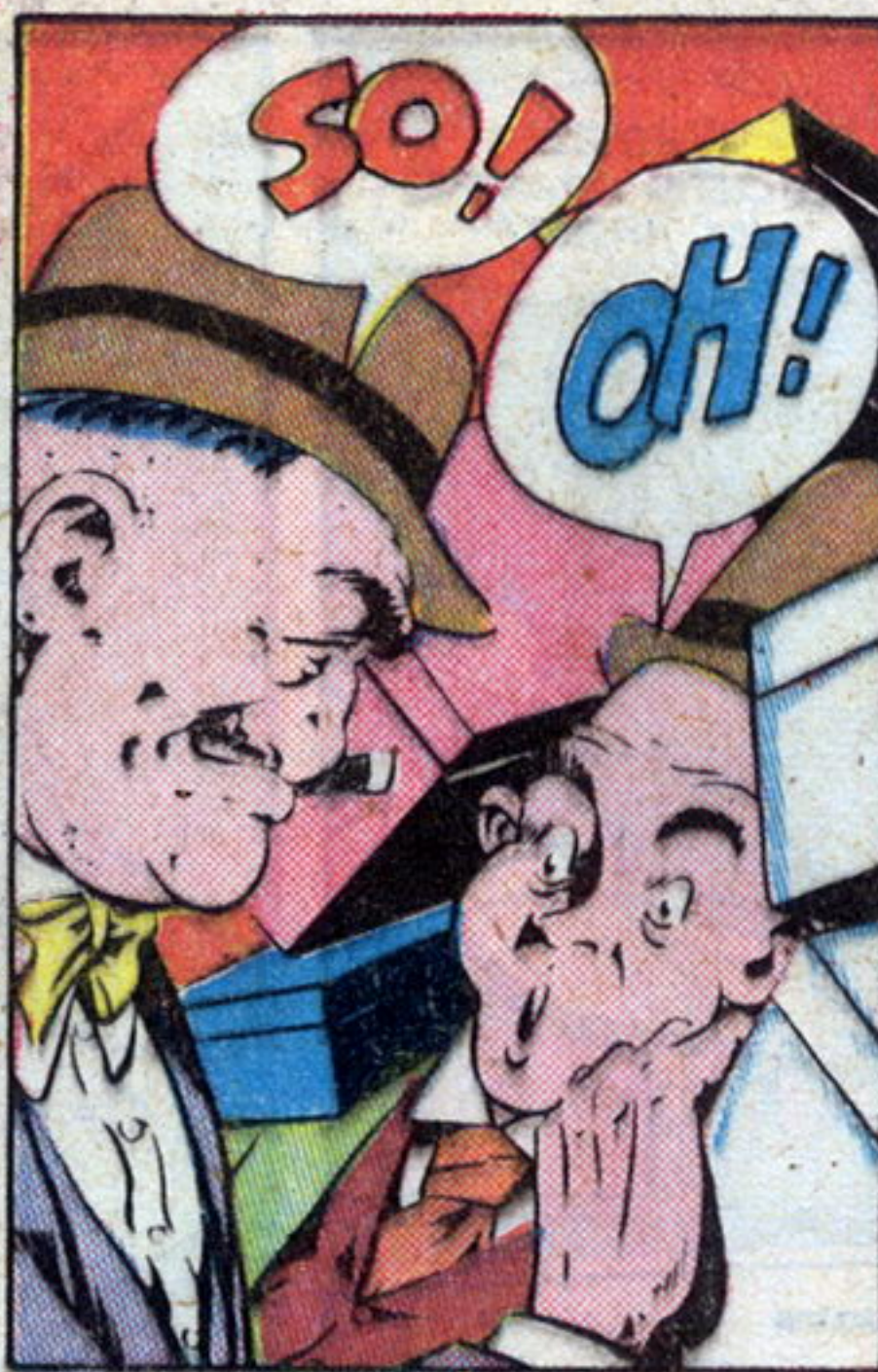
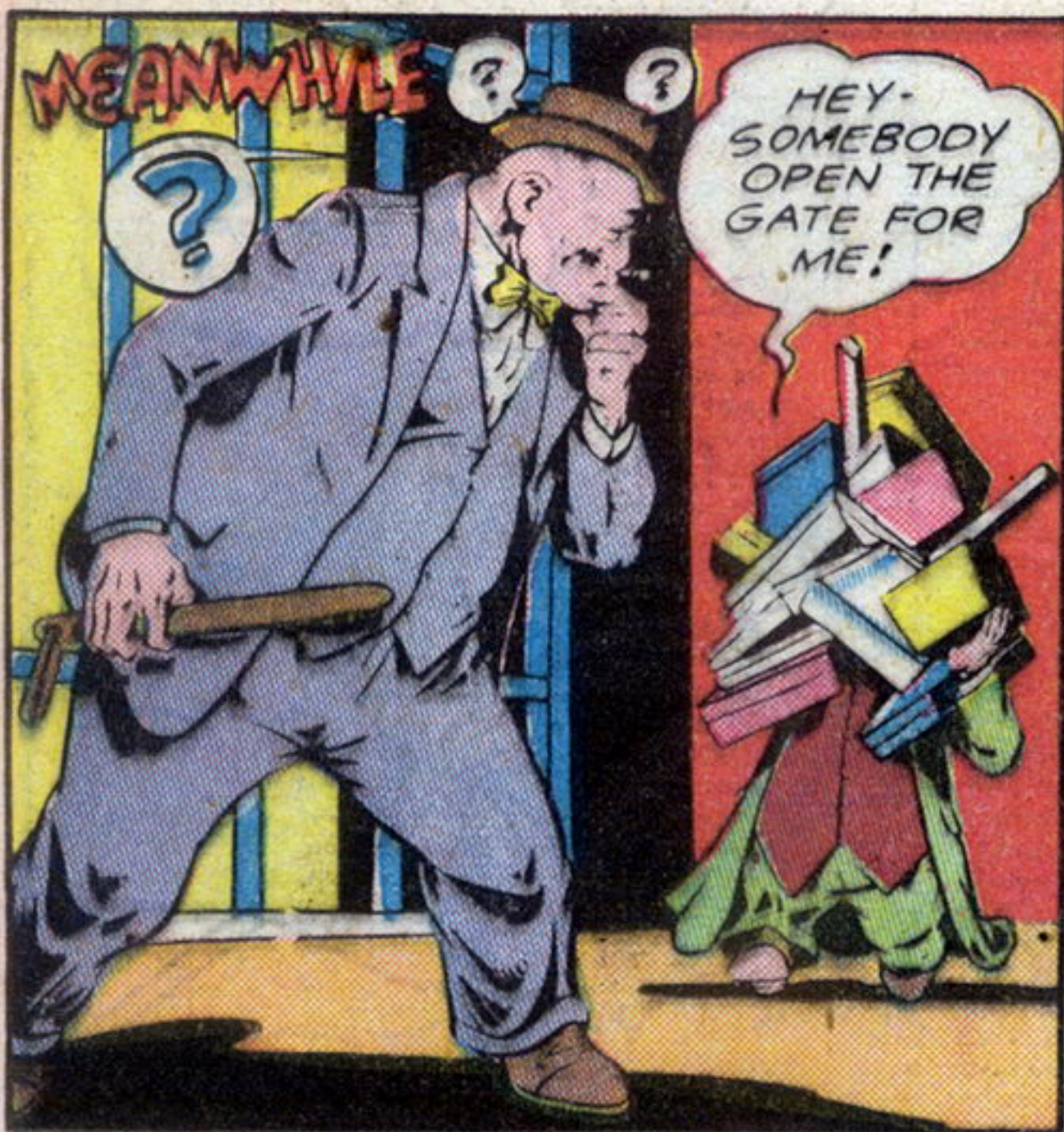
TIME PASSES, AND THE TWO GERMAN ENGINEERS WORK FEVERISHLY IN PIECING TOGETHER THEIR PLANS OF THE MAGNETIC SHELLS ....







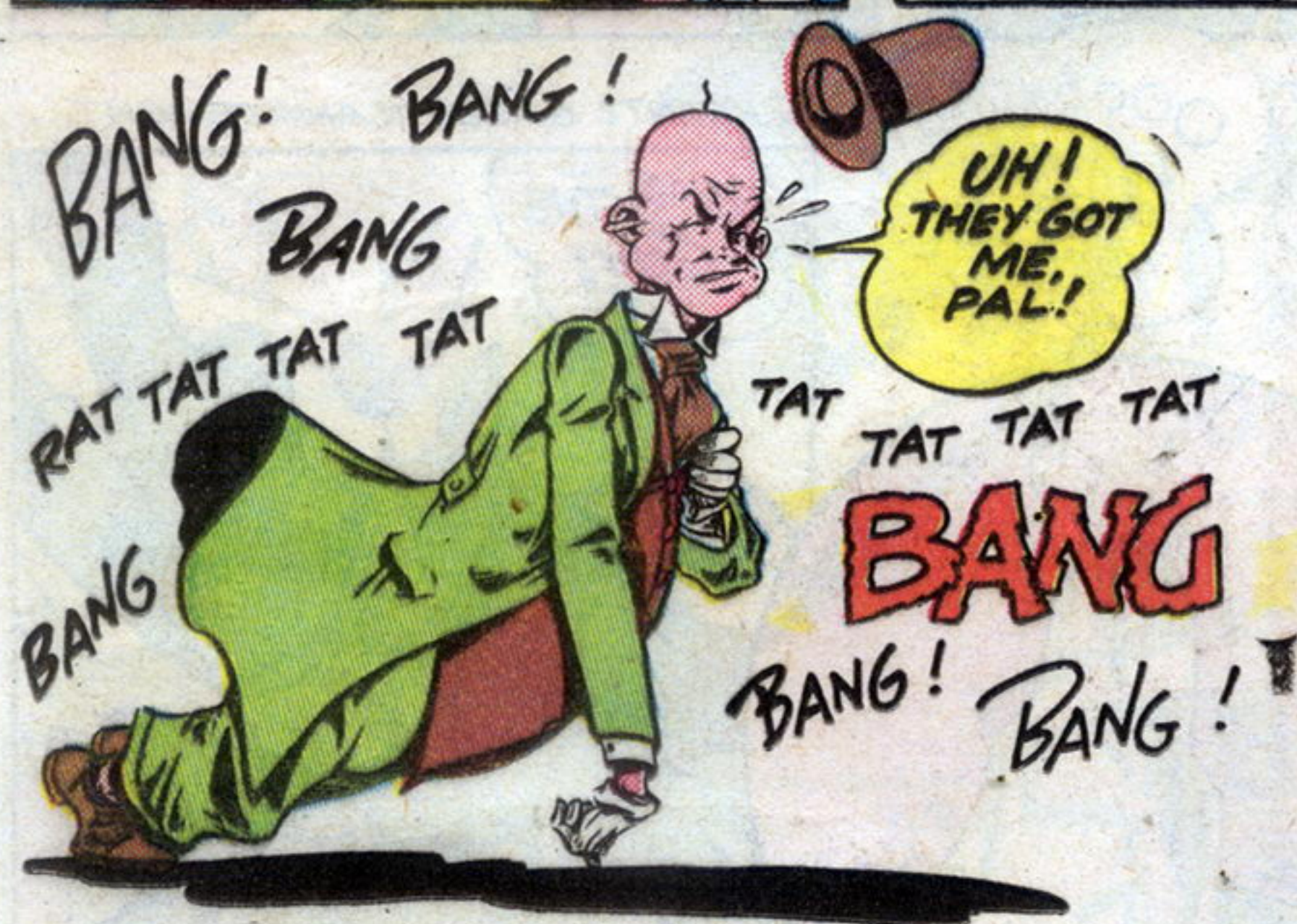
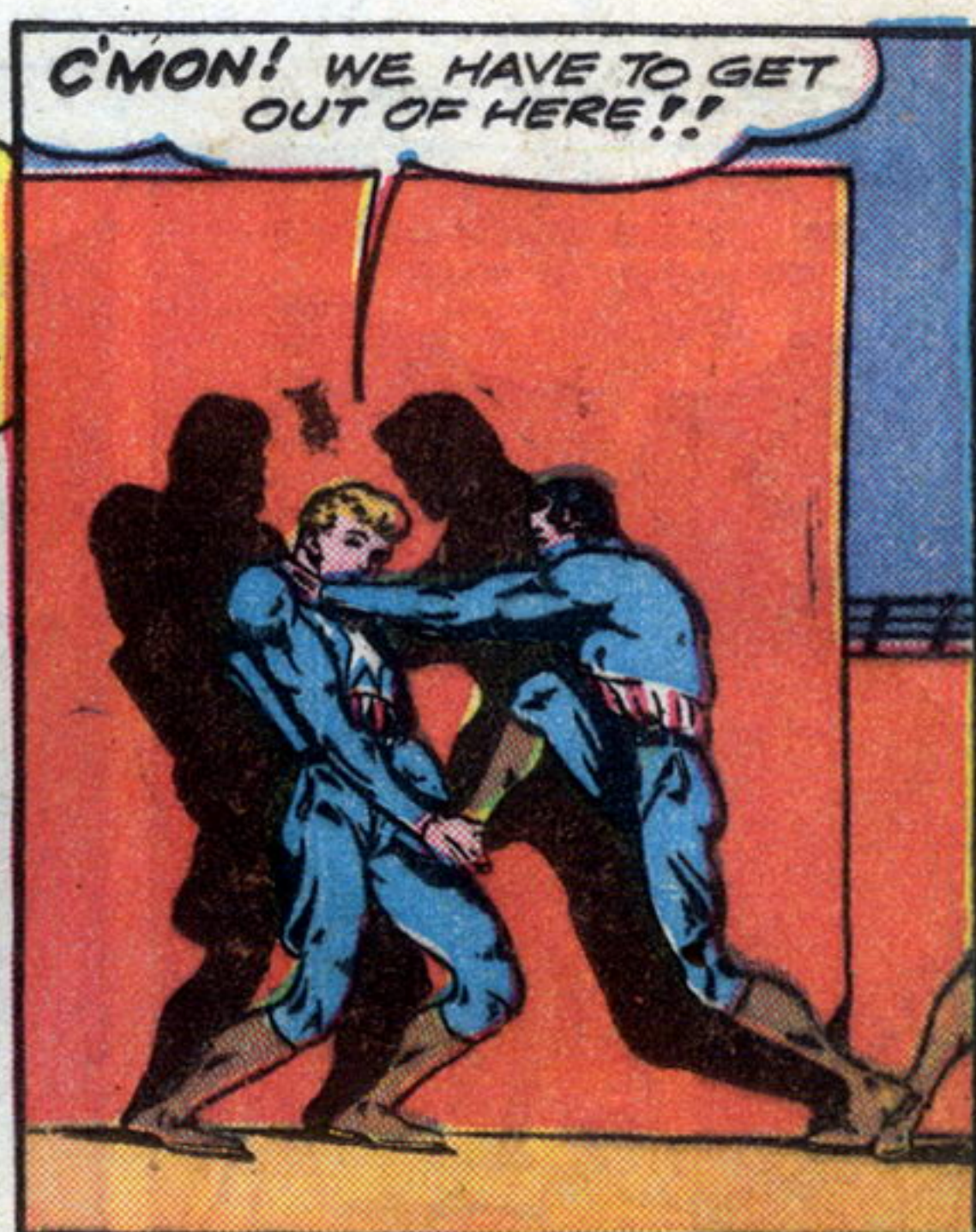






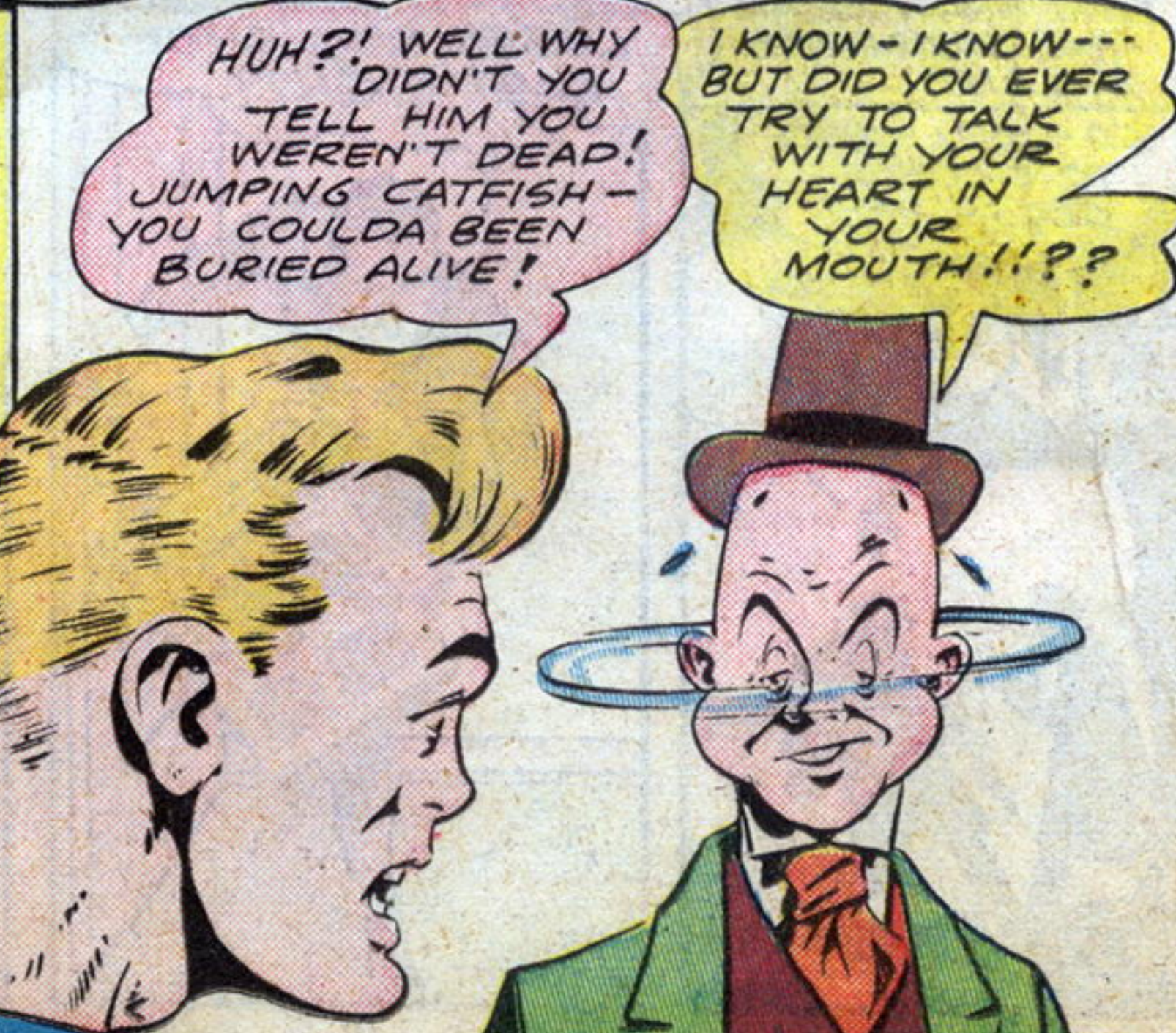
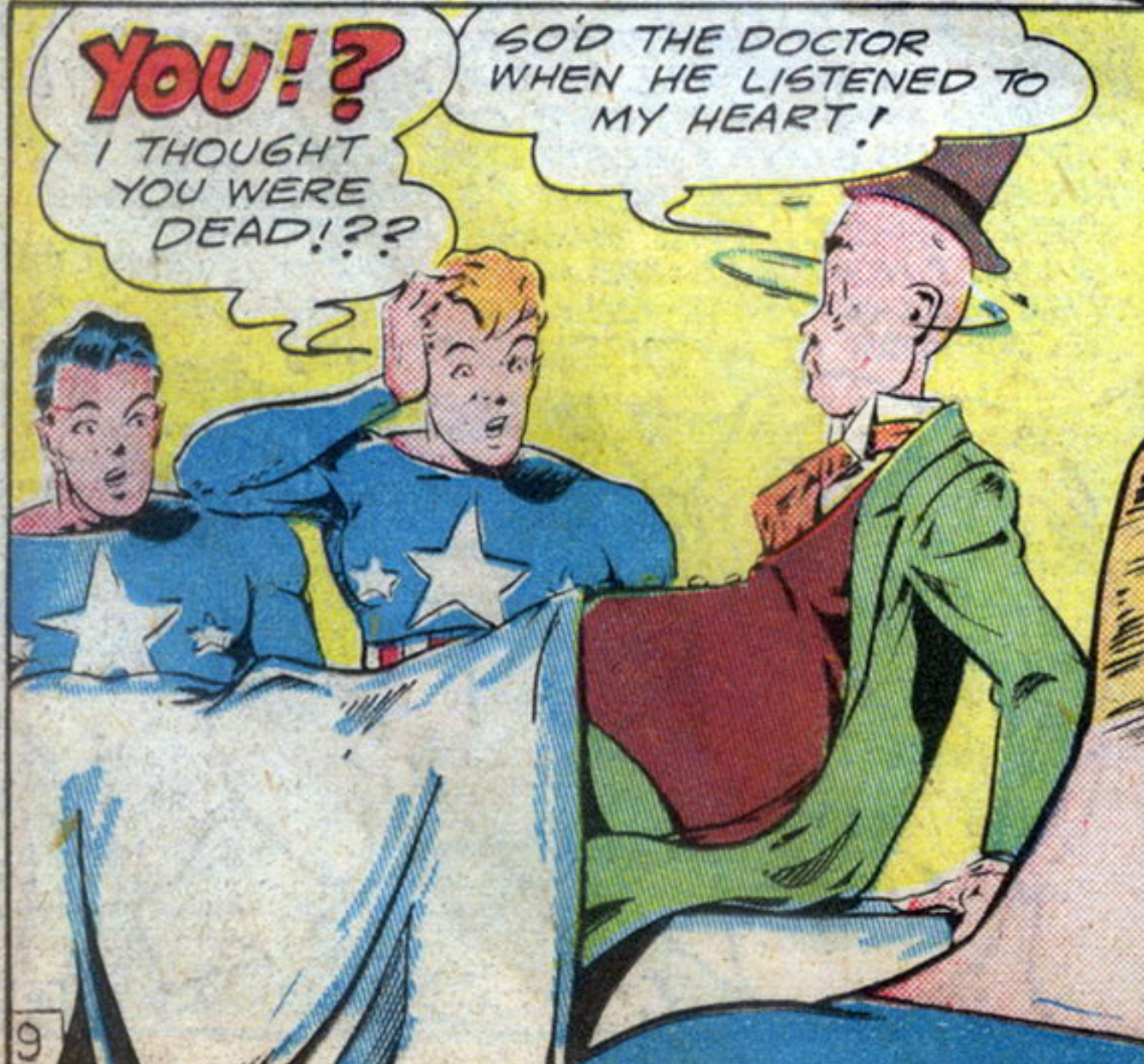
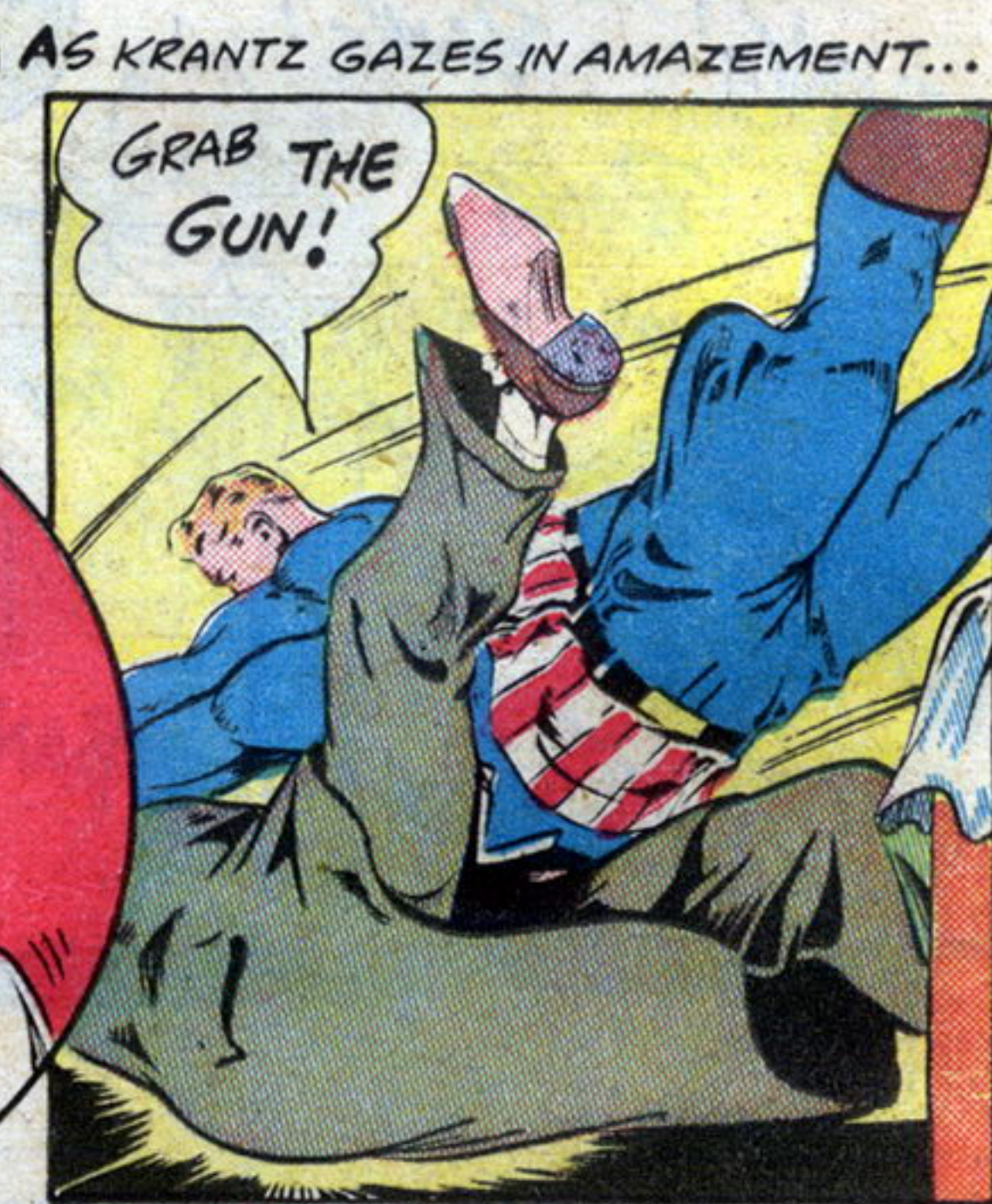
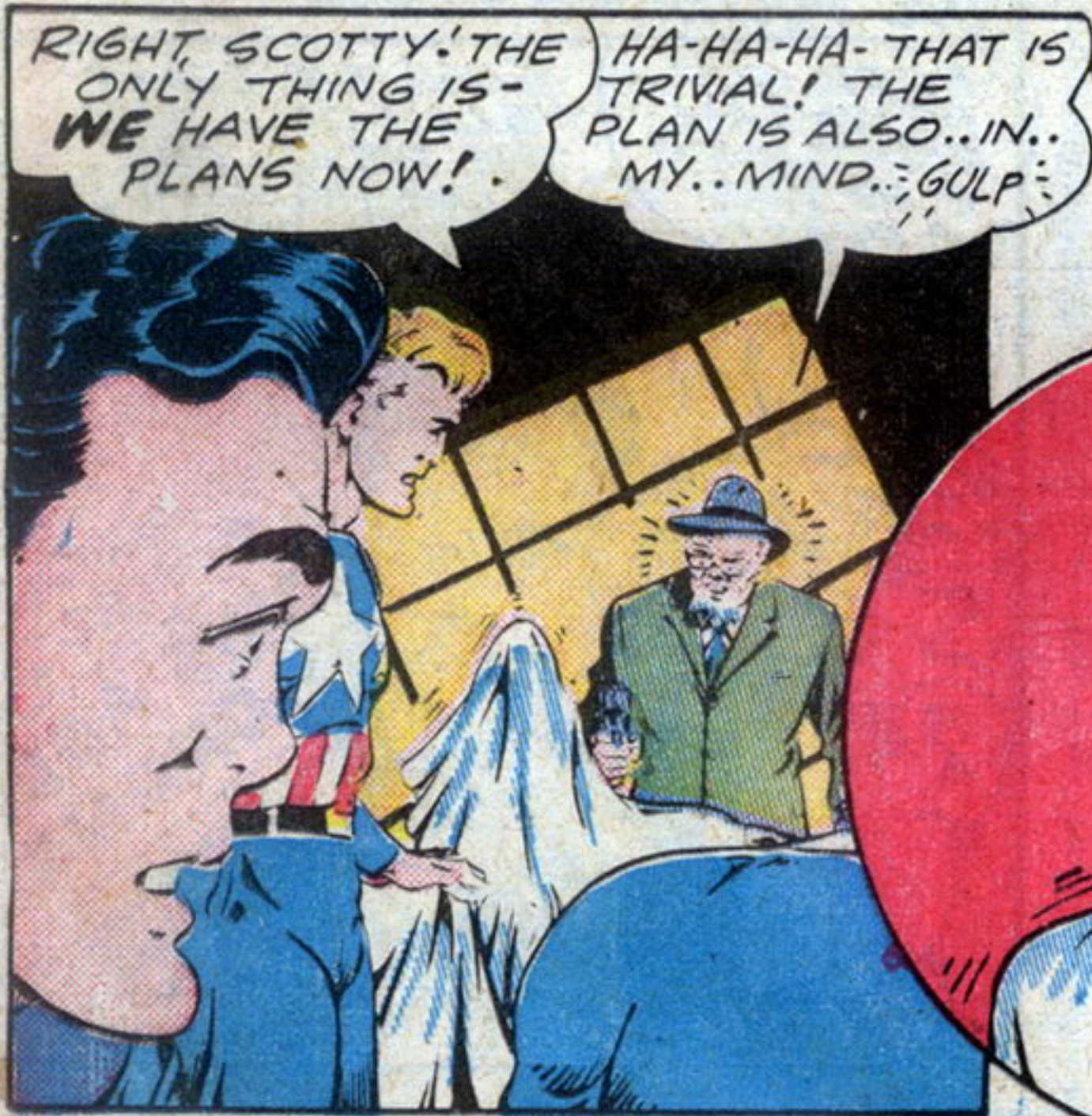
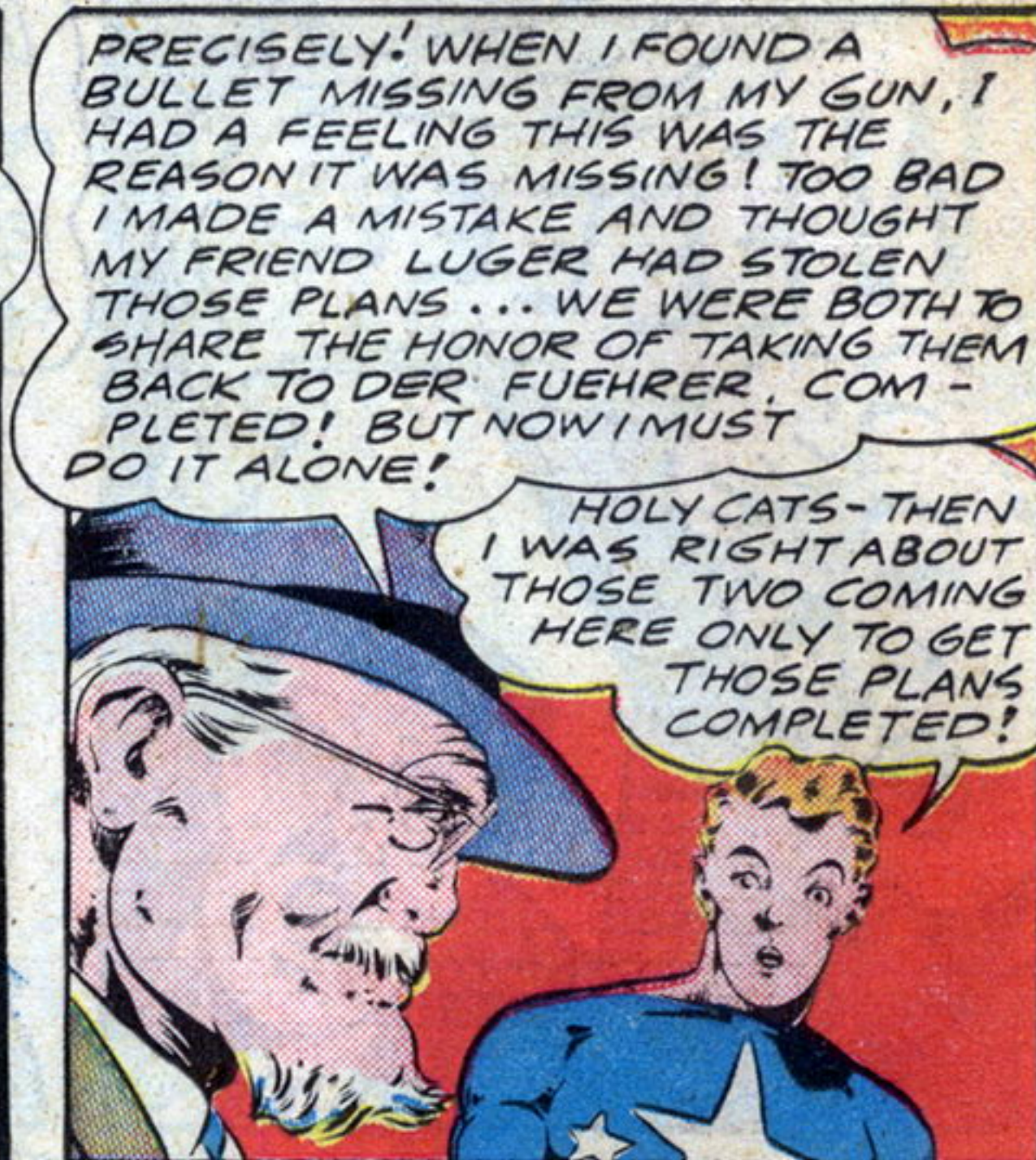
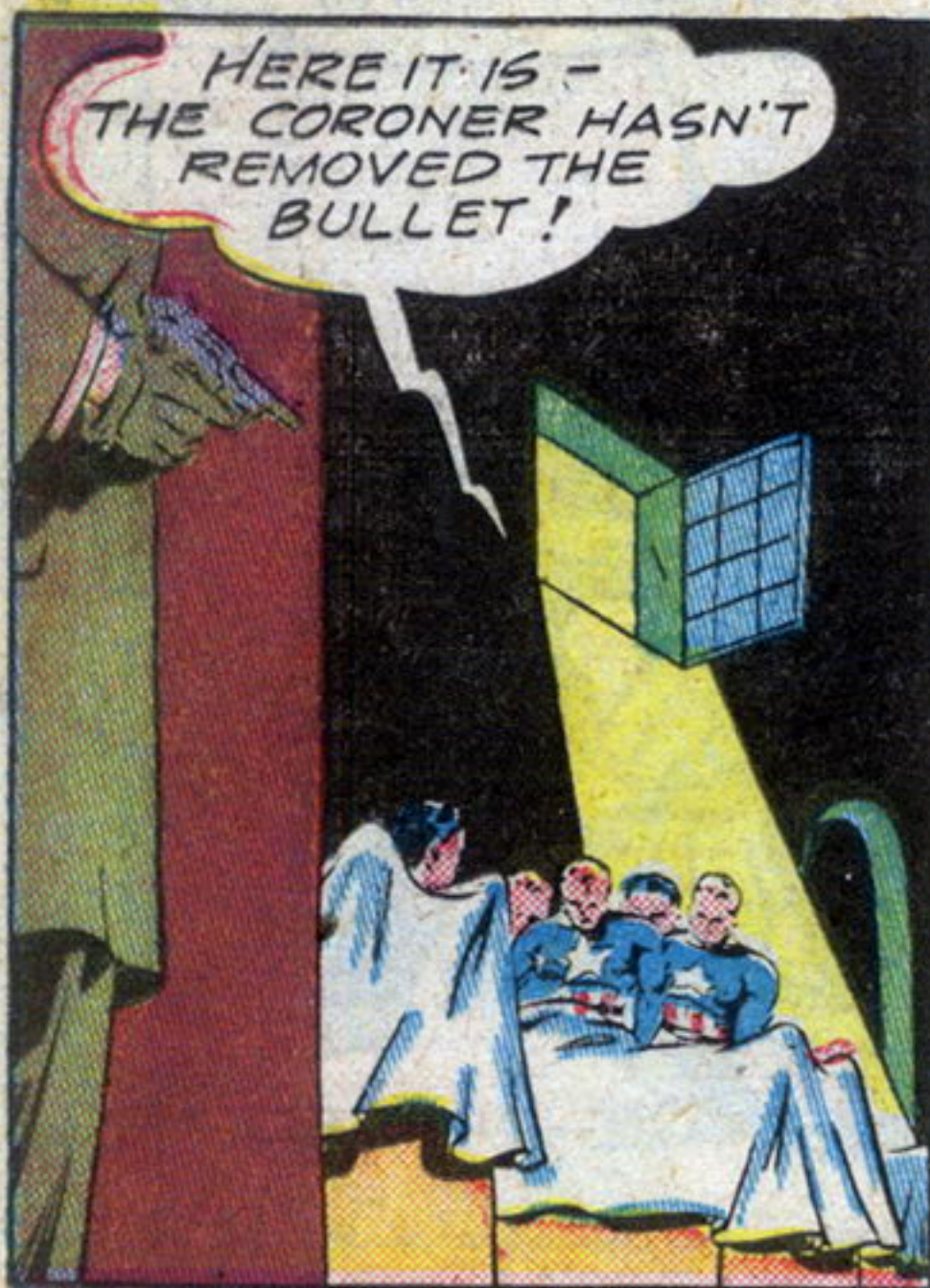


**HOLY CATS!**  
ONE OF THOSE  
POLES WE USED MUST  
HAVE TOUCHED THE  
CHARGED WIRES ON  
THE FENCE AND  
SET OFF THE ALARM!





LATER... AT THE MORGUE...





# New DAISY Play Guns READY

**BANG BANG BANG**

**- FAST AS YOU  
CAN WORK IT!**

★ **HARMLESS!**

★ Military Gun Sling

★ Fast Pump Action

★ A Repeater

★ "Bang!" Noise

★ Genuine Daisy Quality  
and Durability

**\$1.19**  
Plus  
6c  
Postage

Duty Added  
in Canada

**DAISY COMMANDO**

Repeating **PLAY GUN**

Get and shoot this new, safe fun gun—the DAISY COMMANDO! (Not an air rifle.) Just put that husky stock to your shoulder, grab the pump action and let 'er go! Makes a "BANG!" each time you work it. Be a Commando! Carry it on your back with the military-type gun sling—like a Commando does! Absolutely harmless. Exciting fun, indoors, outdoors. Ideal for military drills. Ask Dad or Mother to send only \$1.19 plus 6c for postage-handling direct to us and we'll ship your COMMANDO postpaid at once! (Or use your own money!)

This beautiful red,  
white and blue Daisy  
Victory Model Crest ap-  
pears on each play gun stock.



TURN THE CRANK

**RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT  
RAT-TAT-TAT-A-TAT  
TAT-TAT**

**DAISY  
CHATTERMATIC**

**89¢**

Plus 11c Postage  
Duty Added in Canada

TURN the firing crank—hear this sub-machine gungo "Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat!" Sounds like a real Tommy Gun—the kind soldiers carry. Daisy CHATTERMATIC is safe, harmless. Realistic handgrip, round magazine in machine gun style. It "shoots noise"—and plenty of it! Not an air rifle. Sturdy, all-wood construction. Jet black barrel, red magazine, natural wood finish stock. You'll be the envy of the other kids when your Daisy CHATTERMATIC starts "chattering." Light, easy to carry and use. Genuine Daisy quality and workmanship. Get yours now. If you haven't the money—ask Dad or Mother to mail only 89c plus 11c for postage-handling DIRECT to Daisy and we'll ship CHATTERMATIC immediately! Do it now!

**TO BOYS  
OF AIR RIFLE AGE:**

Your Daisy Dealer may have some Daisy Air Rifles in stock. Tell DAD you want one for Christmas... suggest he buy it right now from the Dealer—because no more Daisy Air Rifles will be manufactured during the war. Daisy is TOO busy making war products for Victory.

**Attention  
PARENTS!**

These two new Daisy play guns carry the Commendation Seal from PARENTS' MAGAZINE. They are made of wood on machines not needed for war production. The COMMANDO and CHATTERMATIC are harmless but give plenty of a-c-t-i-o-n and noise to children from 4 to 11 years old. Both are superior in workmanship, durability, and quality. Order DIRECT from us



DAISY PLAY GUNS MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS

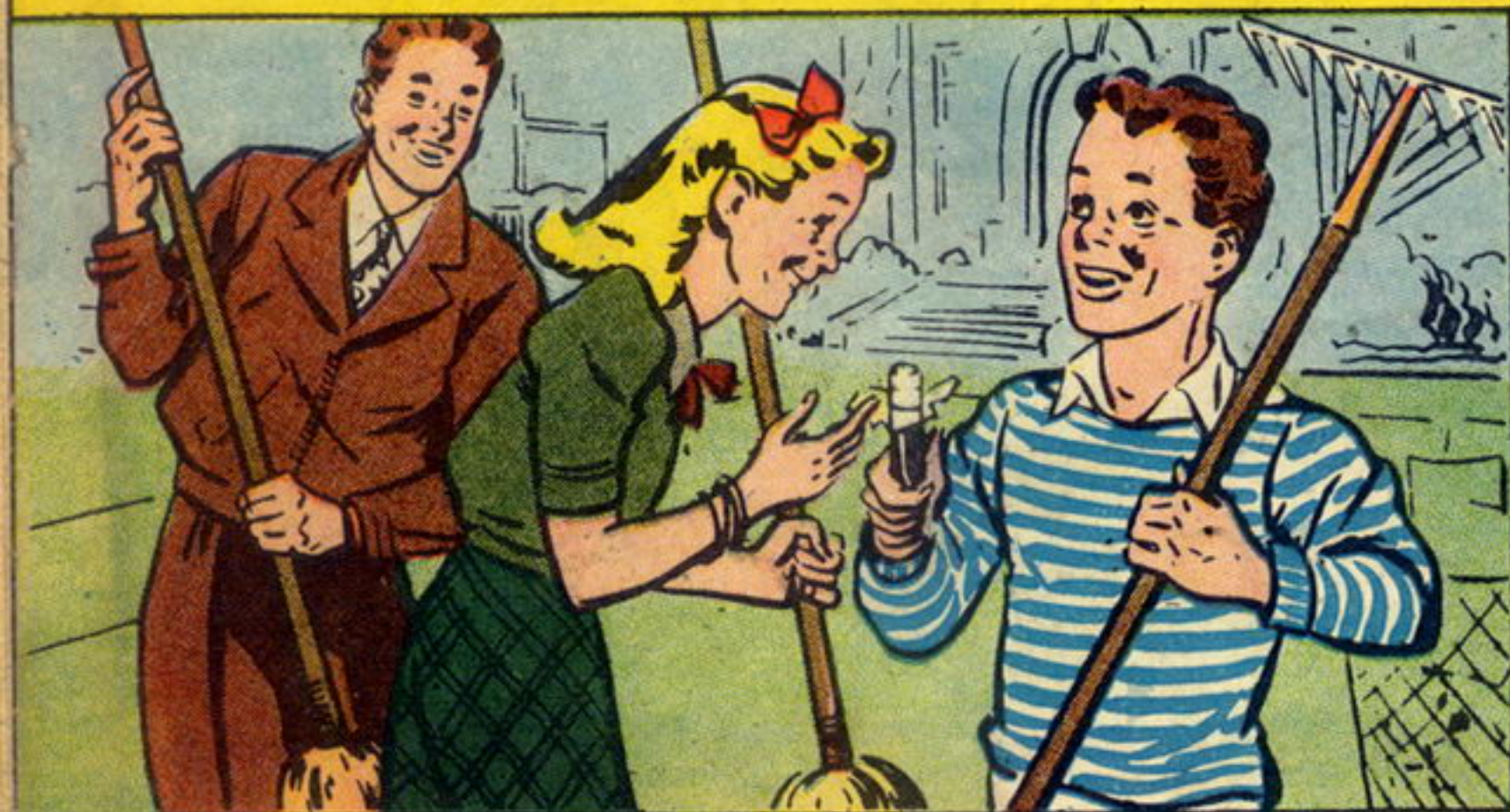
**DAISY AIR RIFLES**



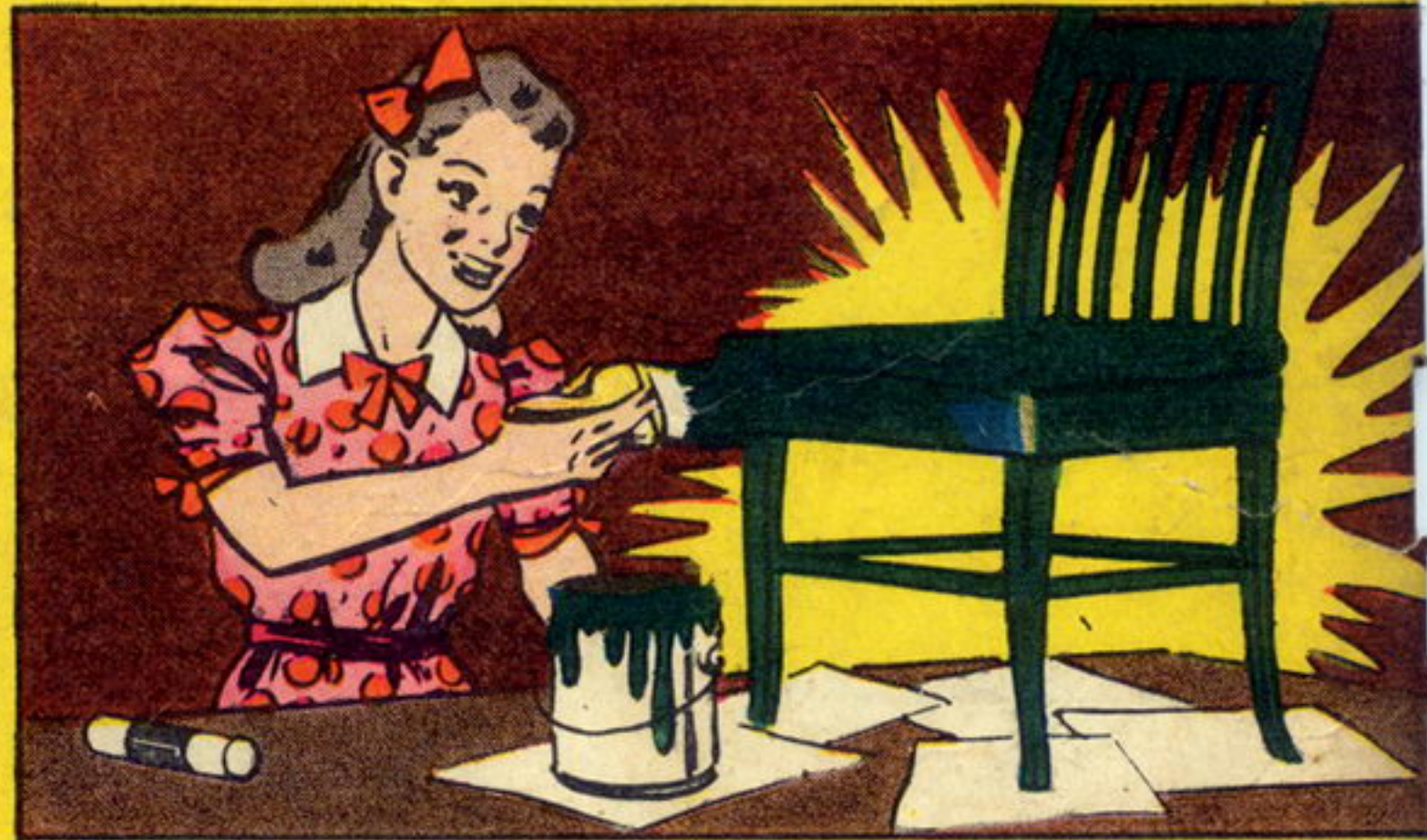
# THE Tootsie Roll OF HONOR

HONORS TO ALL

WHO HELP US WIN!



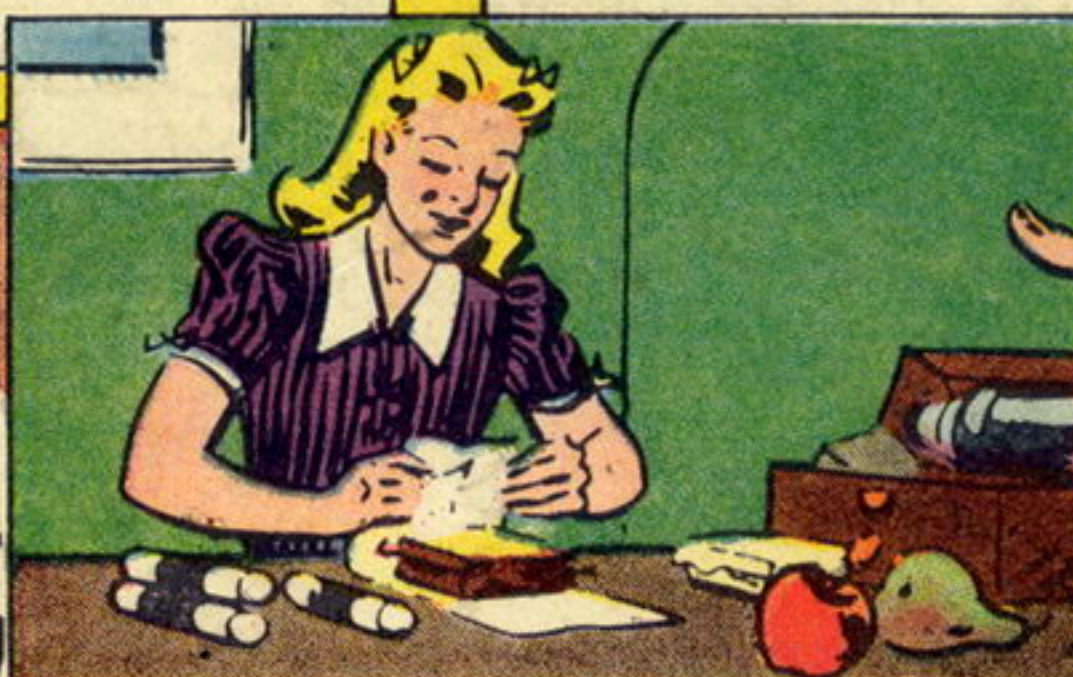
**JOHNNY T.** takes over! Big Sam who cleaned the school grounds is in the Navy now. So Johnny T. and his pals carry on. (They sweeten their labors with chewy TOOTSIE ROLLS. America's favorite candy!)



**LOOK AT ELSIE D.** painting furniture for the U. S. O. Recreation House! She slings a mean brush (and peps herself up with chocolatey TOOTSIE ROLLS. Tootsies are swell for muscles . . . and brains too!)



**DONALD S.** has distributed hundreds of posters to storekeepers! We say hurra for Donald! He says hurra for TOOTSIE ROLLS, his favorite candy! Donald eats at least one Tootsie Roll a day!



**JENNIE B.** gives mother more time for war work . . . by fixing the lunches for her brothers and herself. Tootsies go into their lunch boxes every day! They're energy-food!



America's favorite chewy chocolate candy

EVER TASTE A TOOTSIE POP?

Look at this picture of a Tootsie Pop cut open. It has a "heart" of soft chewy Tootsie Rolls! Two candies in one . . . All for a penny!



**"BE STRONG-TO WIN!" SAYS UNCLE SAM**

Uncle Sam wants you to eat what's nourishing, pure, and gives you energy. So eat plenty of chewy, chocolatey Tootsie Rolls . . .

**RICH IN DEXTROSE FOR QUICK FOOD-ENERGY**

# Tootsie Rolls

1¢ AND 5¢

**TAKE A TIP! TAKE A TOOTSIE! IT'S TOPS!**

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY  
Guaranteed by  
Good Housekeeping  
IF DEFECTIVE OR  
NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN



JonScan!



Happy Falker  
Satherhood  
2010!